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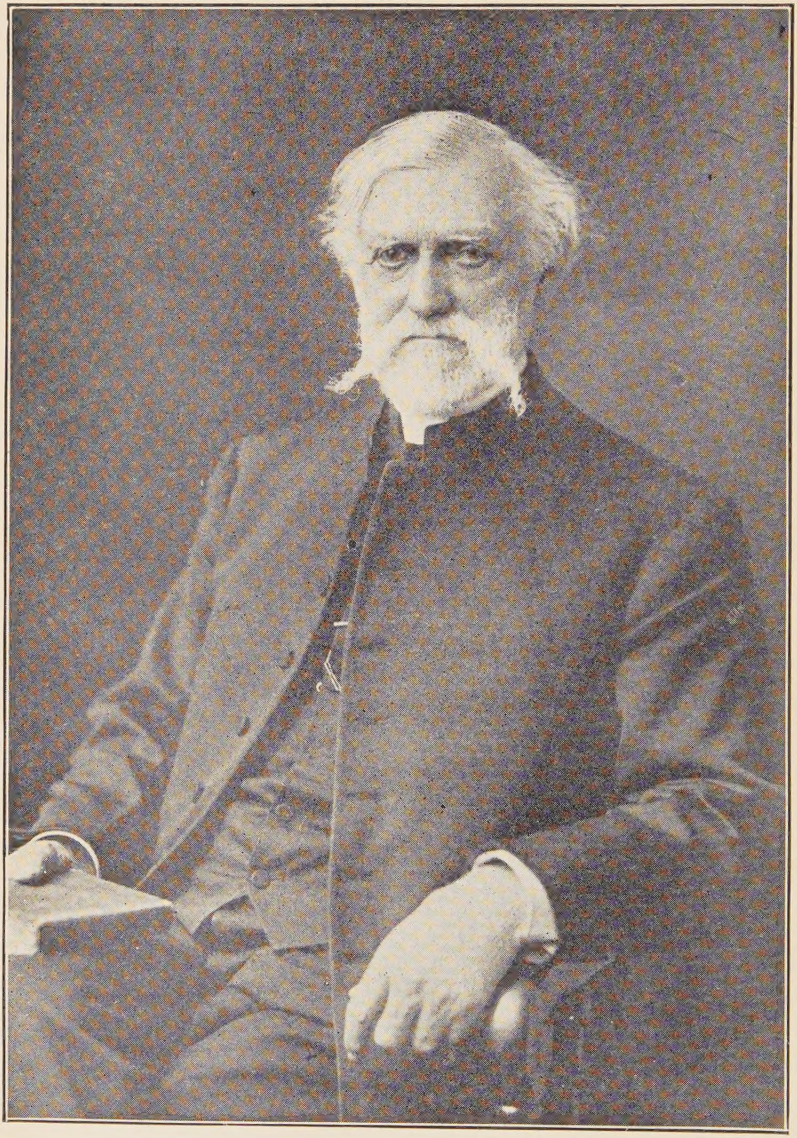

ROBERT HAMILL NASSAU

Frontispiece

598

MY OGOWE

Being a Narrative of Daily Incidents During Sixteen Years in Equatorial West Africa

9000
598

By
ROBERT HAMILL NASSAU, M.D., S.T.D.
Author of "Fetishism in West Africa," "Where Animals Talk," "The Youngest King," "In an Elephant Corral," and so forth

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BANTU PRONUNCIATION

In Bantu all the English letters are used, except C, Q, and X.

Instead of hard C is used K, e.g., Kongo.

Instead of soft C is used S, e.g., Sette.

Instead of Q is used Kw, e.g., kwango.

G is always hard.

Ñ has the nasal sound of ng.

Close every syllable with a vowel.

Accent the penult.

Among the vowels:

a has the sound as in far, e.g., ka-la-ka.
â has the sound as in all, eg., Ba-nâ-kâ.
e has the sound as in they, eg., E-lo-bi.
ĕ has the sound as in met, e.g., A-yĕ-nwe.
o has the sound as in note, e.g., Ko-ngo.
u has the sound as in rule, e.g., U-ga-nda.

Ng reduplicates itself, e.g., Mba-ngwe, as in the English "finger" (as if, fing-nger).

In the case of two or three initial consonants, a semi-vowel sound may be prefixed, e.g., Ngweya, as if iNgweya.

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N66z

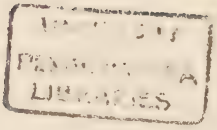


TABLE OF CONTENTS

		PAGE
PREFACE	. . . . .	11
CHAPTER		
I	PREPARATIONS	13
II	ENTERING THE OGOWE	18
III	PROSPECTING	40
IV	OVERLAND TO THE COAST — DECEMBER, 1874 . .	59
V	AT THE SEASIDE STATIONS — DECEMBER, 1874–MARCH, 1875	63
VI	RETURN TO THE OGOWE — APRIL, 1875	67
VII	AT KASA'S TOWN — APRIL–JUNE, 1875 . . .	70
VIII	UP THE OGOWE BY CANOE — AUGUST, 1875 . .	89
IX	WITH AN INSANE COMPANION — AUGUST, 1875 .	93
X	RETURN TO KASA'S, AUGUST, 1875	96
XI	THE BELAMBLA HUT — OCTOBER, 1875	100
XII	THE BELAMBLA HOUSE — MARCH, 1876 . . .	132
XIII	A HIGHWAY ROBBER, AUGUST, 1876	149
XIV	BELAMBLA PLUNDERED, AUGUST, 1876	155
XV	BELAMBLA STATION ABANDONED, SEPTEMBER, 1876	162
XVI	WITH RE-NKOMBE, NOVEMBER, 1876	174
XVII	AT THE KÂNGWE HUT, JANUARY, 1877	195
XVIII	ON THE KÂNGWE HILL-SIDE, OCTOBER, 1877–JANUARY, 1880	233
XIX	ON A FURLOUGH — FEBRUARY, 1880–DECEMBER, 1881	335
XX	A HONEYMOON, OCTOBER–DECEMBER, 1881 . . .	360
XXI	PROSPECTING AGAIN, JANUARY, 1882	368

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXII	In Camp at Talaguga, July, 1882–December, 1882	397
XXIII	In the Talaguga Hill-side Cottage, February, 1883–December, 1883	424
XXIV	In the Valley of the Shadow, January, 1884–August, 1884	445
XXV	A Mother-Task, August, 1884–1886	461
XXVI	The Mother-Task Continued, February, 1886–July, 1888	515
XXVII	The Task Ended, August, 1888–February, 1891	583
XXVIII	Furloughed. February, 1891–July, 1893	696
XXIX	The Ogowe Passes, 1892	700
	Index	701

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Robert Hamill Nassau . . . . . *Frontispiece*

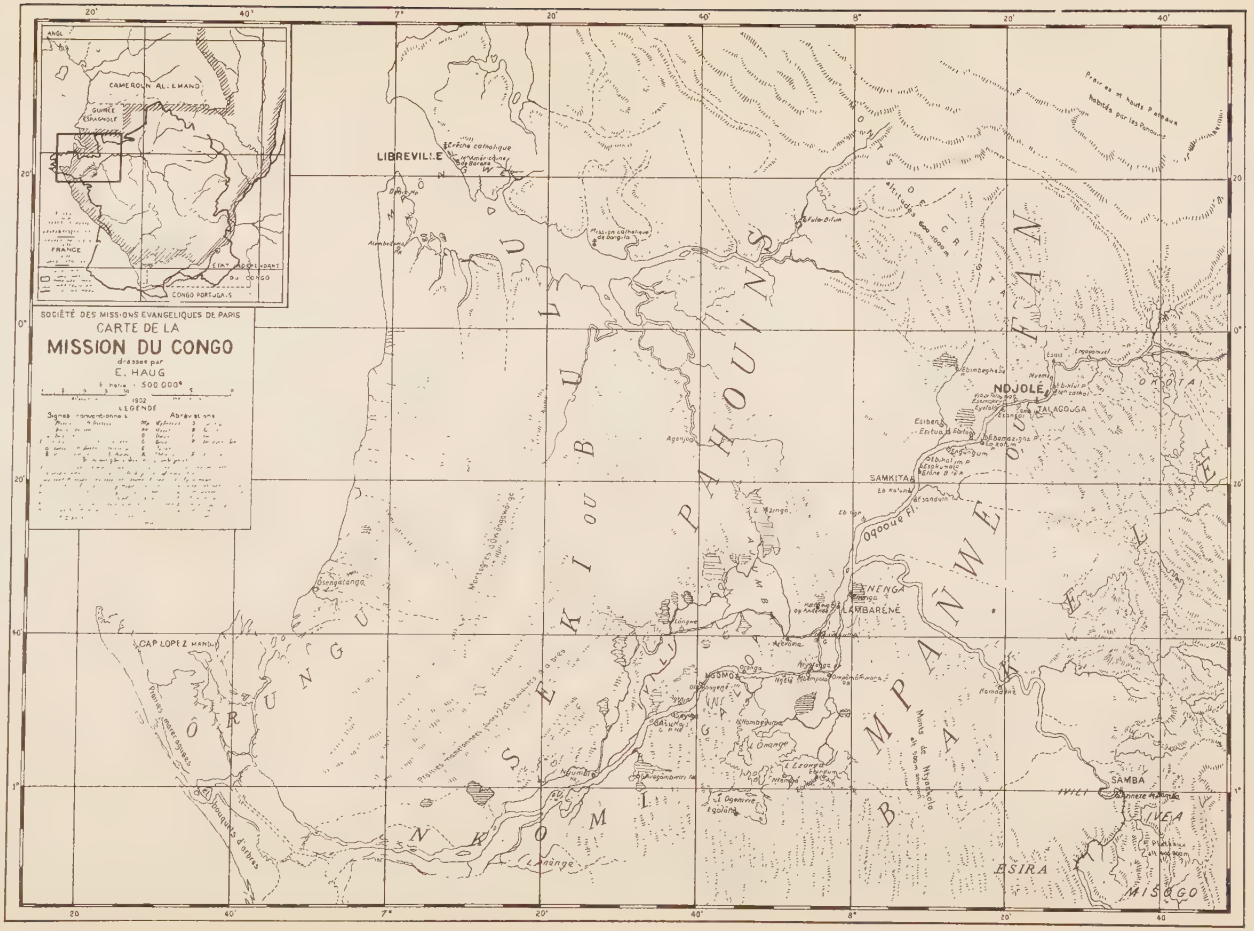
FACING PAGE

Mission du Congo (map) 11
English Trading-house, Libreville (side view) 16
English Trading-house, Libreville (front view) 18
The Lower Ogowe 21
Climbing Perch 23
View Down the Ajumba Branch from Eyĕnano Island . . . 34
Baraka Premises 62
Plateau Government House 64
Bamboo-palm Building Material 82
Hut Building 84
River Canoe-travel 89
Mygale Spider 138
Fetish Doctor and Attendant Drummers 153
A Village Palaver 158
View Up-river from Kângwe Hillside 160
Congo Francais (map) 174
Mpongwe Woman and Child 193
Village Preaching 203
Otanga, German Trading-house, Lambarene 218
Rear View from Kângwe House 232
Baraka House 240
The Ravine Bridge 247
Galwa Women 258
Palm-wine Gourd-bottles 271
The Man-leopard 286
A Bunch of Palm-nuts 338
English Trading Steamer at Aguma, Lambarene 368
Andĕndĕ Boat-landing 370
Fañwe Woman 380
Fañwe Man and Wife 382

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

French Fleet of Canoes 399
The Mountain Brook 406
Mouth of Talaguga Brook, and Log-bridge 408
Fañwe 439
Ivory Tusks 453
Big Tree-stumps at East End of the House 481
Ogowe 1st Church, Andĕndĕ (side view) 495
Ogowe 1st Church, Andĕndĕ (rear view) 497
Rear View of Andĕndĕ House 506
Kângwe School-girls 513
Miss I. A. Nassau, Dr. Nassau and Infant, and Nurse Keva . 515
Talaguga, Ogowe River 517
Caught 520
Kângwe Hill and Andĕndĕ House 522
English Trading-house, Asange 527
Talaguga Chapel 566
Palm-oil Trees 580
French Trading-house, Asange 594
English Trading-house (Ivory and Thatch), Asange . . . 602
Igenja Church 607
German Trading-house, Cape Lopez 633
Flat-bottomed, Stern-wheel French Steamer, Lambarene . . 665
Fañwe Warrior 681
Fañwe Warrior 683
Fañwe Warrior 685
Talaguga Brook, Bridge, Chapel, and Shop 687
Talaguga House, Grove, Prayer-room, and Chapel 689



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PREFACE

I

In June, 1842, a Mission of the A. B. C. F. M. had been established on "Baraka" Hill, in the town of Libreville, on the Estuary of the Gaboon River, West Africa, twenty-three miles north of the equator. Efforts to extend to the interior by route of that river, reached only seventy miles, at a point called Angom. Native obstruction barred farther advance.

A Mission of the Presbyterian Church (north) was located, in 1850, on Corisco Island, in Corisco Bay, one degree north of the equator. An attempt, some ten years later, by Rev. Messrs. Mackey and Clemens, to penetrate the interior, by route of the Muni River (one of the two affluents of the Bay), was successful for only thirty miles, being barred by native obstruction; and was never again attempted.

In 1869, Rev. S. Reutlinger, my associate at Mbâde, the mouth of the Benito River, one hundred miles north of the equator, tried to reach the interior, by that river. He penetrated only fifty miles, and returned, dying of erysipelas.

All along the coast, the native tribes welcomed white men, both missionaries and traders, for the sake of the trade of the latter, and for the goods that the former necessarily spent in purchase of food, and employment of workmen. As long as these white men prosecuted their respective works within the limits of the coast tribe, on only the sea-beach, or not more than a few miles interior-ward, they were treated with respect, were allowed large liberty in the control of their households, and in the making of short journeys. But, any attempt, by a white man, to make any permanent location interior-ward beyond the limits of the coast tribe that claimed a monopoly in him and his goods, was met by a boycott of all means of travel. A determined attempt on his part, would be met by personal injury, and, as an extreme means of prevention, even his murder. Coast monopoly must be maintained at any cost! The despised "bushmen" of any interior tribe must not be allowed a full share in the foreigner's riches!

That monopoly had thus, for thirty years of the Mission's life, barred all missionaries from reaching the tribes of the Interior.

During my furlough in the U. S., of 1872-'73, after more than ten uninterrupted years of service on the coast at Corisco and Benita, Secretary Rev. F. F. Ellinwood, D.D., spoke to me very decidedly as to our Mission's duty to reach the interior. Said he, "All these thirty years you missionaries have been hanging on to only the edge of the continent. Why don't you go ahead inland?" I explained that our apparent slowness was not due to indolence or lack of attempt, but to that impassable monopoly, that thus far had hindered even the traders who possessed stronger means of power than we. He still protested, "The Church at home will not be satisfied with that explanation, nor will it continue cordially to support the work, unless a demonstration is made to prove progress."

A spirit of adventure that, from boyhood, had made me wish to be a soldier, had always quickened my pulses at thought of the interior. I enjoyed the idea of itineration, and forest-travel, and camp-fires. And, I had been the first to obtain, in 1864, permission to break away, from the restriction of the little Corisco Island, to the larger field of the mainland at Benita. (Though, to my regret, I had allowed my friend George Paull to precede me alone by a few months, to what proved to be his death.)

I replied, "Dr. Ellinwood, the Gaboon, the Muni and Benito rivers have been tried, in vain, as pathways to the Interior. When my furlough is ended, I am willing to attempt a route by the Ogowe River; but, I do not think the Mission will permit me. Will you, not only authorise me to make the attempt, but also direct the Mission to appoint me?" He promised that he would see that the Board should make the way clear for me.

Thus it was that I returned to Africa in the Spring of 1874, authorised to make a station on the Ogowe.

MY OGOWE

CHAPTER I

PREPARATIONS

ON my arrival at Libreville, in June, 1874, while waiting formal appointment by the Mission, I gathered information from various sources, acquainting myself with the topography of the Ogowe region.

At Cape Lopez, some sixty miles south of the equator, a large river, whose name is variously spelled: by the English, Ugobai; by the French, Ogooue; by the Germans, Ogowe; by the native Mpongwes, Ogovi (pronounced, Ogowi), empties itself into the South Atlantic by numerous mouths, making an enormous Delta, as in the case of the Nile, the Niger, and the Mississippi. Two of those mouths, viz., the Nazareth, and the Ogowe (proper), open into Nazareth Bay, north-east of Cape Lopez; a third, the Yâmbe, at the Cape itself; the Mexias and Fernan Vaz emerge to the south of the Cape. The stream that opens by the Fernan Vaz mouth is the longest side of the triangle of the Delta, as it starts from the Ogowe, at least seventy-five miles up the river.

Living at the mouths north of the Cape was the Orungu tribe. They had done a large business in slaves in past years, and had amassed a great deal of wealth. One of their kings at Sangatanga on the coast, was the possessor of three hundred wives, and slaves whose number he had ceased to reckon. Notwithstanding the proximity of the Orungu to the French at Gaboon, they were still, by aid of the Portuguese, exporting slaves to St. Thomas and Prince's Islands, some two hundred miles westward.

Up the Ogowe, for seventy miles, were scattered villages of the Nkâmi tribe (mis-written by Du Chaillu, "Commi"; and by the English, "Camma"). Beyond this, for seventy miles farther, there were the Galwa, with a sprinkling of two or three other smaller tribes. All these, Orungu, Nkâmi, Galwa, Inenga, etc., spoke such close dialects of Mpongwe, that they

had no difficulty in making themselves perfectly well understood by each other. For forty miles beyond the Galwa, was the Akĕle (plural Bakĕle). Their language (called Dikĕle) resembled more the Benga than it did Mpongwe.

Farther on, were the Okota and other tribes, whose speech also was said to resemble the Benga.

So, of the numerous tribes of this river, the two dialects, Benga and Mpongwe (in the former of which I was fluent) already written, would suffice for my prospective interior advance, without requiring me to reduce any to a grammar, or to print the Scriptures for each. Except, it might be, for the one tribe, larger than any other of which we knew, the Fañwe.

Nevertheless, in each tribe, it still would be the first and all-important duty of the missionary to learn to speak the dialect of his people. I regarded this as indispensable. Happily, for whoever should locate among the Bakĕle, their language had been written, and a portion of the Scriptures printed in it, by Rev. Ira S. Preston, when he lived among that tribe on the Gaboon River. Without disparagement of the admitted attainments of others, it is true that the old Gaboon Mission lost its best linguist when Mr. Preston, by a strange Providence that deprived him of his voice for even extended conversation, had reluctantly to return with his wife, a most devoted missionary, to America. Mrs. Preston, in the United States, still tried to work for Africa, by writing a little book, "Gaboon Stories" (published by the American Tract Society).

Though no missionary work had been done in the Ogowe, it had not been entirely closed to the entrance of white men. Portuguese slave-traders, under the guidance and control of native chiefs, had been allowed to enter 140 miles, to the mouth of an affluent, the Ngunye. Its point was a sacred fetish, beyond which no white man might go. The entrance of these Portuguese was an exceptional privilege. Their only trade was for slaves from the far interior, in which they were hand-in-hand with the lower river tribes, and for which they paid, not in goods but in cash.

Long ago also, in the prosperous days of the old "Gaboon Mission," before its weakness had made it seek strength, in 1871, by union with the (then) equally weak former "Corisco Mission," Rev. Messrs. Wm. Walker and Ira Preston had made an inspection of the Ogowe, in an open boat. They found the usual mangrove forest lining the marshy shores, for the first twenty miles; scarcely enough of solid land on which to build

even native huts. Then, for the next forty miles, they found only a scattering Nkâmi population. But, there was so much opposition by that tribe to their even visiting the next tribe, the Galwa, where might be found healthy high grounds for a white station, that the Gaboon Mission made no further effort, though either of those gentlemen was willing to make the difficult attempt, if the other members of the Mission had relieved them of their posts in Libreville.

The French Government had entered the river, and made a survey, with its gun-boat. But it did no trading, nor built any house. Its guns prevented any native opposition. But that same Orungu and Nkâmi opposition would probably have been made to my entering.

I thought of attempting an overland journey, via the Gaboon and one of its affluents, the Rĕmbwe, with the expectation of emerging onto the Ogowe, in the limits of the Galwa tribe, who, I believed, would welcome me. That had been done, by a Frenchman, simply as a traveler. And, again in 1866 by a trader, Mr. R. B. N. Walker, in an attempt to circumvent the Orungu and Nkâmi. He had emerged on the Ogowe, in the limits of the Akĕle tribe, beyond that sacred Fetish Point. For which offense he had been held a prisoner by the Inenga tribe, until a French gun-boat came to his rescue. With their aid, he forced his way, with much danger and loss, in an exploration for a hundred miles farther. And fortunately for me, in 1872, he had safely ran the gauntlet of opposition from the Orungu at the mouth of the river, by means of a small steamer, the *Pioneer*, and had established a trading-house ("factory") in the Galwa tribe, at a point 130 miles up the course of the river. His success had been followed by a rival German firm of Woermann. And French explorers, March and Compeigne, had availed themselves of the fruits of his daring.

Our Mission, though reduced by the final return to the United States of several of its members, felt called on, like Gideon with only his 300, to go up to the Ogowe interior. I was formally appointed for this purpose, at the mission meeting held on Corisco Island, Monday, July 13. I immediately proceeded to Libreville, to prepare for the journey, intending to go over-land, with a chosen few of the mission employees, and a minimum of baggage. Various hindrances, by the season of the year, by mission necessity, and even by native traders and others who did not sympathize with the idea of enlightening the interior tribes among whom they traded, delayed me.

I could have gone in our mission cutter, the *Hudson,* the seventy-five miles south to the Ogowe, towing a boat, in which I might attempt to ascend the river. But the attempt would have been in vain. Personally, I would not have been injured; but, my goods would have been robbed and the boat seized.

A request to the German firm, to give me passage on their little steamer, was refused. They had little sympathy with missionary work.

In a very different spirit, Mr. Walker offered me passage and protection on the *Pioneer.* But, I was to wait until near the close of the long, cool, dry season (June-September), when the beginning of the rains would flood the river, and make safe the *Pioneer's* passage of the Ogowe's many sand-bars. His observation of previous years made him willing to start the vessel, in advance of any rains, the river always rising from interior floods in its sources lying under a different latitude from its mouth. Returning to Benita to pass the interval in visiting my sister, I finally, at Mr. Walker's appointment, started from there, with two faithful Kombe young men, on Saturday, August 29, to Elobi Island, opposite the mouth of the Muni River, arriving on the 31st. But, the *Pioneer* was not ready until Saturday, September 5. By the courtesy of Mr. Walker, I was made a comfortable passenger on the *Pioneer.* (The same as used by Livingstone on the Zambesi, in 1858, while he was British consul.)

With healths drank, and a hand-shake all around, and kind good wishes, the *Pioneer* steamed out of Corisco Bay, to stop en route at Libreville. There I took on my supply of goods and provisions. Of the two young Kombe men, one, Ingumu, was to be my cook; the other, Mediko, my general helper. Both understood English.

Everybody at Libreville prophesied that there was no use in our starting so very early in the rainy season; that the water of the river was not risen; and that the steamer, drawing five feet, could not pass the numerous sand-bars. Nevertheless, as the *Pioneer* was proceeding on its own trade-orders, I clung to its fate. So, with Captain Johns, we started out of the Gaboon, and around Pongara Point, and out to sea, southward the seventy miles to Nazareth Bay.

The Ogowe, after flowing through a delta's length of over a hundred miles, dividing and subdividing itself in a series of intricate channels, finally emerges into the South Atlantic by the already mentioned five months. Of the two that empty

ENGLISH TRADING-HOUSE, LIBREVILLE (SIDE VIEW)

Facing page 16

into Nazareth Bay, one is regarded as the proper Ogowe. It is reached, from the north over extended shallows, made by deposits of soil brought down by the river's swift currents in the semi-annual floodings, that require careful soundings as a vessel approaches. At the very mouth itself lies a small island, the narrow channel around which describes a perfect capital S.

CHAPTER II

ENTERING THE OGOWE

IT was an inspiration, at the very inception of my Ogowe life, as, on the 10th of September, 1874, we entered the Nazareth mouth of the river, to know that I was standing on the deck of a vessel that once had been Livingstone's! When he made his second great journey, back from Angola, to the Zambesi, down its canyons, out to its mouth on the Indian Ocean, revealing to the world the magnificent Victoria Falls of that river, and its possibilities for the development of the eastern Interior through the Shire branch and Lake Nyasa connections, the British Government rewarded him with a consulship of East Africa, assigning to him for the support of consular dignity, one of its damaged gun-boats, the *Pioneer.* With its engines wheezing with age, he had threaded the shallow channels of the lower Zambesi; in it he had explored the Shire; and, in its cabin, Mrs. Livingstone had died.

Condemned, as no longer fit to represent Britain's power, the *Pioneer,* at public sale, was bought by the Liverpool firm of African merchants, Hatton & Cookson, and was sent by them, dismantled of all signs of war, except two little cannon, on the forward deck, to their trading-house in the Gaboon.

And, now, I was treading where Livingstone had trod, and was resting in the little cabin where his brave Mary Moffat had yielded up her life for Africa! Could I win, even in a small measure, some of his success! Might I be inspired with some of her bravery!

Captain Johns could not conceal his anxiety, as the *Pioneer,* not daring to go at more than "half-speed," slowly crept through the tortuous S channel. What if he should run aground! Within view were villages of the monopolist Orungu tribe. Out in the Bay were canoes. Were they fishing, or were they spying? In motion, the vessel was safe; but, aground, it could readily be robbed by a horde of Orungu, who viewed with bitter jealousy the passage by steamer of their once dominated trade from their hands to the hands of the interior Galwa tribe, from whom they had obtained their riches of ivory and rubber,

ENGLISH TRADING-HOUSE, LIBREVILLE (FRONT VIEW)

Facing page 18

but to whom they had allowed only a very small per cent. of the profits received from white men. And, now, those white men were dealing directly with the Galwas, who, the tables turned, were permitting only a small share of gain to the proud Orungu.

The two little cannon on the bows were loaded and shotted. A dozen rifles were conveniently arranged on the captain's quarter-deck. The native crew could not be depended on in any contest with other natives. Besides the captain, the only other white men were the mate, the engineer, two young trading-clerks, and myself. I had with me a sixteen-repeater Winchester rifle, intended for defense against wild beasts. The captain revealed that in any encounter with the Orungu, I would not be allowed to be a neutral. My transportation was a favor; my interest to reach the Interior was a common one with the traders. "Dr. Nassau! fill up that sixteen magazine of yours! I'll call on you if we are attacked!"

The Orungu probably knew of the *Pioneer's* armament; and, whatever they may have thought or felt, we saw no signs of any demonstration against us. We drew a sigh of relief as the vessel glided into the deep and safe though narrow stream of the river itself.

Instead of fearing, we seemed to have inspired fear on a crew of Portuguese whom we met emerging from the river with a large canoe-load of slaves. Notwithstanding the vigilance of British cruisers, Portugal was still carrying on a successful slave-trade for the supply of labor in its plantations of the adjacent islands of St. Thomè and Principe. The three tribes successively parallel to the coast, Orungu for thirty miles, Nkâmi for fifty more, and Galwa for seventy more, encouraged Portuguese to enter the river for the one object of trading slaves. (But, beyond the 140 miles no white man was allowed to go.)

Those tribes, with salt (more valuable than gold), went themselves into the interior, and bought the criminal, the disorderly, the maimed, the idiotic, the orphan child, the useless woman, and the witch or wizard whose death-penalty had been commuted to sale into slavery. These slaves, as gathered at small depots near the coast, were well hidden with their boats in the back channels of the delta, under the dense mangroves, and in streams uncharted too small for the cruisers, miles out at sea, to observe or follow. Under the shadows of dark nights, and with the favorable land-breeze, the small slave-schooners could run out of the river, unseen by the cruiser, and escape to St. Thomè.

This canoe's crew looked on the *Pioneer* with terror. They hid behind the canoe's gunwales. Our flag was English! Perhaps we were a British gun-boat! And, perhaps, they had forgotten to make the fetish charm (trusting in the same superstitious beliefs of their helpless captives) that was to make them invisible to any enemy! But, we passed without sign, on our respective ways, the slavers glad to escape the *Pioneer,* and the *Pioneer* glad to escape the Orungu.

At its mouth, the river was lined on each side by a growth of mangrove fifteen or twenty feet in height. No shore was visible, nor any spot where one could have set one's foot; everywhere was the encroaching mangrove. It emerges from the shallow water, a stem only a few inches in thickness; and, immediately, as it shoots up to its attainable height, sends out a variety of branches; while, from its base there are pushed out rootlets that turn downward and enter the mud as supports for the future tree, the original tap-root finally disappearing. The tree therefore seems to stand on stilts. From the ends of the branches spring leafless feelers or air-roots, themselves subdividing and depending until they reach the water where they finally take root. And, from these arise new trunks; which, in their turn, send down new air-feelers or rootlets. It was most astonishing! A perfect palisade, impenetrable by man, and almost so by beast. Only with an axe or hatchet could one have made any advance through it; and, even then, only at a snail's pace.

How wonderful that mangrove forest! For miles and miles, no other tree or plant! Tall trees, big and little, some of them eighteen inches in diameter, with bare lower trunks, their interlaced tops struggling to the light. Standing in water and an ooze of mud, with no firm ground; and yet, by their mesh of twisted, bent, intertwined mass of roots, defending a continent's ragged edges from the ocean's abrasion; and, in the contest, coming off victor by adding to the continent year by year a few more acres taken from the sea. The silt and sand and floating jetsam of the river's semi-annual floods are caught in that mesh. The deposited soil pushes its swampy way into the ocean; and the mangrove promptly follows with new seedlings, whose clawlike root-fingers grip the mud for a new outpost in the endless contest for supremacy. Without a tap-root, the trees stand on their meshed feet, as Mary Kingsley wittily wrote, "Dame Nature up-gathering her skirts from the ambient mud." In and out of these meshed roots the tide flows. Down from

THE LOWER OGOWE

Facing page 21

the tree-tops, seeds, already sprouted before they fall, are dropping into the mud, the young tree, from the very first contact with earth, already supplied with leaves, and fitted for the fray with the tides. And, banyan-like, the long forty-foot hangars grow down to anchor themselves in that soft swamp, and thence start a new tree-growth.

The tall tree branches, pushing everywhere for sun-light, hang out over the stream so far that the steamer with ample depth of water, safely rushed at full-speed so near to them that they brushed her side-wheels. Some travelers have called the mangrove forest monotonous. True, there is mingled with it no other tree or vine; and, in its outline against the horizon, there is no feature of height or prominence or any other mark to distinguish one point from another in the stream's frequent windings. But, I never felt any monotony. Rather, there was a fascination in the infinite variety of the twists and turns and curves of those stilted roots, thrown out at tangents from the trunk to every point of the compass. No forest is ever entirely silent. In other forests, there is constantly either the tread of beast, or whisper of leaves, or twitter of birds, or at least the song of the cicada. But, in the mangrove, there are no beasts, unless it be a crocodile, breaking the silence with a splash in the muddy ooze. Yet, for the mangrove, there is the tense mystery of the silence of expectation. Silence! but, hark! the crash of the expected fall of a dead branch. Silence! listen to the scream of the fish-eagle! Silence! only a few yards away see the ridiculously eyed peri-ophthalmus fish flopping out of the mud, and climbing those endlessly varied, claw-fingered roots.

The mangrove, loving only brackish water, monopolizes the first ten miles of the river. For the next ten miles, it shares the interest of the traveler's eye with impenetrable thickets of the pandanus or screw-pine. No "pine" at all; but, its long thorn-edged bayonet-like leaves are most regularly arranged around the stem in the curve of a pine-cone. Its fruit, a good imitation of a pine-apple in shape, is inedible, except its large nut-like seeds. The pandanus too loves only the brackish waters. Its strong-fibered leaves are a veritable blessing to the women of coast-tribes. Dried, split, and dyed, they are skilfully woven into matting graced with a variety of geometrical figures; which mats form very comfortable bedding, and are a valuable commodity in sale to the interior tribes, with whom the pandanus refuses to grow. As we advanced, the land began to rise, and a larger and more varied vegetation presented itself.

The mangroves still continued, but in very much fewer numbers. As they decreased in number, they grew in size; and, though now large trees in height, they continued to send down those same long feelers, leafless, swinging in the air, and seeking toward the water thirty or fifty feet below. The tall, shady, dark-green, waxy-leafed, cotton-wood tree ramified its gnarled roots in the fertile soil of the ascending bank. It is a tree; not an over-grown cotton-plant, though its flowers do produce a cottony filament.

Another ten miles was marked by a decrease of both mangrove and pandanus, the appearance of low but solid earth banks, and the growth of palms of the bamboo-, oil-, and calamus or rattan species, and other varieties of trees. The palms stood with their tall leafless branchless trunks, crowned, at the height of twenty or forty feet, with their tufts of feathery-looking fronds fifteen or twenty feet long, and each narrow leaflet two feet in length. From one palm came the coco-nut; from another the oil nut; and from another the leaves are used for thatch.

Farther on, beneath and closely set around these trees, was a wilderness of shrubs and bushes and vines; some, beautiful for their flowers; one, white and resembling the camellia japonica; another, large straw-colored and campanulate; another blue, of the convolvulus family; others, singular for their leaves of remarkable shape or color; one with mixed white and green leaves, another with leaves alternately white and green.

Sunset brought the *Pioneer* at the end of thirty miles, to the village of Angâla, the first place where land stood sufficiently high and solidly above the river's edge, for human habitations. The alternating river current and ocean tide, swung the vessel as it lay at anchor. It was the boundary between the Orungu and the Nkâmi tribes. Old Chief Esongi came off to the vessel, to ask the captain, in a friendly way, for a "present." Formerly, it would have been *demanded* as "tribute." But, Esongi was a wise old man. He appreciated the shadow cast forward by coming events. His Orungu acquaintances might attempt to avenge their injured pride by threats of assault on the trading white men who were breaking the traditional monopoly. But, Esongi hasted to bow to the new power, and make his gains by a demonstration of friendship. He included me in his welcome; and, instead of asking the newcomer for a "gift," courteously recognised that, in his status of host, *he* should give *me* one. Thus began a friendship that lasted unbroken to the end of his life. He never deceived me, or took an unfair advantage of

CLIMBING PERCH

Facing page 23

my needs. He was, at least to me, whatever he may have been to other white men who met him on only commercial grounds, true, honest, and just. He had gathered comfortable riches and position, by his slave-dealings with the Portuguese. He did not hesitate to tell me of the sums of silver he had handled, before Great Britain's cruisers had made the foreign slave-trade precarious. His conversations on religion, in subsequent years, were most intelligent; though he always retained his superstitions. In a later year, while resting in his village over-night, I heard him make the official new-moon prayer to the spirits of the air. Pleading his own virtues, he begged them not to injure him or his people. As the spirits were supposed to be malevolent, his prayer contained no praise, no love, no thanks, only an offering, and deprecation!

The next day, the next twenty miles showed a greater variety in the vegetation, until we came to long stretches of level delta-land where the papyrus was almost the only plant. The banks still rose; but, the river's sides were steep perpendicular cuts. The feathery papyrus was mingled with large white convolvuli. I looked with intense interest, for the first time, on those papyri. Little Moses' basket could readily have been placed among these, on the very verge of the bank, but safe from being carried away by the water; for, the edge of the bluish-clay cut of the bank was a perpendicular height of a fathom or more above the stream (during dry seasons). This Ogowe, three thousand miles distant from the Egyptian Nile, was sharing in its papyrus, but had never shared in the civilization that had left its records on the tissue of that plant.

As the stretches of the river widened, its depth decreased. The channels were numerous and tortuous. Which should we choose? Captain Johns depended on the native pilot. Pilot was of the kind that depended on memory. "Last year there was a channel on *this* line, and a sand-bar over *yonder*." The lead was thrown constantly, and the *Pioneer* went cautiously ahead. But, bump! here we are aground! Last year's "yonder" bar had, with the last rains, shifted over onto "this" line. That is the Ogowe's habit. A more successful pilot is of the kind who almost ignore all of "last year's" outlines, and, with rarely alert eyes, watch the difference in *color* of shallow or of deep water, and the gentle surface-ripple near the edge of a submerged bank, warning of a decrease in depth of water.

Progress became slower; groundings and backings-off became more frequent. While thus aground near certain villages, two old chiefs came off to visit the steamer, to hear the news, and definitely to be given presents appropriate to their dignity. "Treating," on the African coast, was universal, outside of Protestant missionary circles. The host's very first invariable act is to set out the bottles, varying, according to the character of the guest, over rum, gin, brandy, wine, vermuth, absinthe, soda, and lesser mixtures, with a flourish of "What'll you have?" The two old men promptly took their glass of rum. But, native etiquette and inherited superstition were seen even in this act. Good form forbids inferiors, and even equals (if strangers) to look on one's act of eating. And, the common fear of "evil eye," particularly of a white man's hard eye (other than black) hides also the act of drinking. One of these chiefs, a very big tall man, held up a towel before his face, as he drank; and the other, a very fat man, "blew a blessing" over the fetish-charm ring on one of his fingers. This blowing is so forcible, that saliva is sometimes ejected in the act. Some travelers have misunderstood the rite, and have regarded the "spitting" as the essential part of the ceremony.

We had entered the Ogowe on the morning of Thursday, September 10, and, after going some fifty-five miles, by the evening of September 12, the shallows and impassable sand-bars definitely blocked our further progress. The river was still running with a swift current, and less than one thousand yards wide; for, my Winchester rifle, ranged for that distance, had no difficulty in striking almost any point on the journey, from bank to bank. The *Pioneer* lay at anchor there, for two weeks, waiting for the unusually late and daily expected rains. We were in a *cul-de-sac*. We could back out; and that the captain did several times, only to ground at any turn to right or left. Back again into the *cul-de-sac* there was water under us; also, for a few yards to our right; and, a few feet distant, on our left the perpendicular clay edge of the river's right bank, crowned with the dense papyri. The vessel's bow also was clear, but barred by the end of the pocket in which we lay. And, there we lay for twelve days! Mr. R. B. N. Walker had told the captain that he would find the water rising as he advanced. That was usually true. But, the rains were late. Those were anxious days. There was no lack of fresh provisions brought by the natives from the adjacent villages; and, the vessel lay safe with free keel. But, how long would native cupidity refrain from avail-

ing itself of our helplessness? Those two old chiefs had been satisfied with their present on the first day. But, able to summon a horde of their adherents, might not the ethics held by them, in common with the modern civilized wrecker, claim the "imano" that Providence had cast in their way? How easy to make a night attack!

There was a sudden and startling alarm on the night of September 13. The day had been quiet; but, no opportunity or audience for any Sunday services. At night, there was an outcry on the forward deck, among the Kroo crew. And, then, there were shouts from the startled ones. Then, shouts from those who did not know at what they were shouting. And, then shots from the officer, who thought a warning demonstration desirable. When all was investigated, it was found the whole confusion had begun with the yells of a vicious monkey protesting against a deserved punishment!

I varied time during the long delay. One day, I borrowed the captain's little boat, and, with my two Benita employees, rowed to the left bank of the river, to the town of that fat old chief Njâgu (Elephant). It was an unusually large town. Instead of only the typical one long street, there were cross streets; and the huts were larger and well-built. I had a long and pleasant conversation with Njâgu. Around the houses I found lime and orange trees, the seeds of which he had procured from the sea-coast. He presented (or, to quote a very objectionable trade-English word, which, though adopted even by some missionaries, I have never used) "dashed" me a duck. At the village of the other old chief, Oñwa-ombe (Bad-child), I was given two chickens.

The immense quantity of water brought down in the semi-annual flood was shown when I saw distinctly, on the face of the perpendicular clay bank, the water-line of the previous rise. Sitting on the *Pioneer's* deck, some yards below that line, it was difficult to believe that, in a few weeks, all those lands would be submerged. We thrust into that bank a broken plate, on a level with the water; and then daily we watched whether the water would rise above it.

It spoke well for the good natural traits of most of the Nkâmi people, that so far from attempting to rob (they never having had contact with missionaries, and, for only a few years previously, with any white men, other than Portuguese) they were glad of the opportunity to find a market for their meats and

garden products. We feasted on fresh fish, and vegetables, and wild meats, or chickens and eggs, etc. One day, there was brought a crocodile. The white flesh looked attractive; but, at that time, I had not been taught by the stern mother Necessity to accept almost any flesh for food. Our crew of Kroo-men, however, had a feast.

The days were not without amusement. I had brought with me from the United States a quantity of fire-crackers, torpedoes, Roman candles and rockets, which I had found useful, in previous years, for pleasing our Benito children on holiday occasions. With permission of the captain, one evening, I started some fun among the Kroo-men, by carefully exploding some of my treasures in the vicinity of their feet. They soon appreciated the fun, and were quick to beg of me a supply, with which in turn to startle their companions. Soon, the whole deck was in confusion. There was a great deal of chasing and screaming. The vessel's dog "Lion," entered into the excitement; he felt that something was wrong. Or, why should these men be fleeing, when (as far as he could tell) no one was pursuing? Rising to an apparent sense of duty, he pursued a flying cook, much to the terror of the latter, and caused, as evidence of the efficiency of his pursuit, a sad rent in the cook's trousers. But, my candles and rockets, and especially the captain's blue-lights, attracted an immense number of white-winged insects from the papyri. Fascinated, they rushed into the burning lights, and were destroyed by hundreds of thousands. Their assaults on our hands and faces became intolerable. All lights had to be extinguished. The next day I saw a bushel basketful of their remains swept up from the deck.

Slave-canoes occasionally stopped to barter for food; they having, on their route, learned that we were not a British gunboat. In one of those canoes was a little boy certainly not four years of age. He was such a bright-looking child! After all this long interval of years, I can still see that boy's eyes, as clearly as yesterday. Not, as I had seen in others, terror, or pain, or hopelessness. He was not speaking, nor were the muscles of his face moving. But, the eyes were full of intense interest of expectation. I do not think that such a child had been sold to the man in whose charge he was. I felt sure he had been kidnaped. Such things happened. Little packets of the valued salt (too precious, in the Interior, to be allowed to children or women) would be laid on the path by the village spring. When children came to their task of drawing water,

they seized the salt, as our children would seize candy. From an ambush would spring out the slave-trader, and would carry off the child (if justification were needed) on the charge of stealing.

By our long stay in that neighborhood, undesirable acquaintances were made. Under the low code of native morals, it was everywhere a part of a host's hospitality to provide for a guest a female companion at night. This hospitality was extended also to all white visitors. Most of the traders accepted; and the simple-hearted woman, who willingly came, at the suggestion of her husband or brother, felt that to be even the "temporary wife" of a white man was an honor. The next morning, she returned to her hut, laden with yards of calico print and an abundance of trinkets. There were actual prostitutes in her village; but, her temporary alliance did not place her down among them. Some of the latter were brought to the *Pioneer,* doubtless at the request of the crew. The captain probably would not have taken notice of the transaction, had not dispute, and finally angry quarrel, arisen over the matter of the amount of compensation. Confusion finally became so pronounced, that, under the captain's direction, the mate, with a long "kasa-nguvu" (hippopotamus-hide lash; in later years King Leopold's "chicotte") invaded the crowd, and the visitors were driven tumbling pell-mell over the railing and into the river, whence they swam ashore. Quiet was soon restored; and our sleep was not again broken by that cause.

Mutterings of distant thunder made us hopeful of a rise in the river. Other mutterings, that kept the captain in daily anxiety, of the possibility of native demands on his goods, materialised one day. Fifteen miles farther up river from our fifty-five mile limit, lived, at the town of Ngumbe, the Nkâmi Chief, Isâgi. Unlike Chief Esongi, he had not fully accepted that the Orungu-Nkâmi monopoly should be broken. When Mr. Walker had made his daring journey, carrying trade to the interior Galwa and Bakĕle, he had succeeded in passing Ngumbe only by consenting to Isâgi's demands that a trading-house should be built there, a trader permanently located with him, and a regular supply of goods be placed in his hands. It was sheer piracy. But, Mr. Walker yielded. He built the house, sent there an intelligent American mulatto, John Ermy, and deposited with Isâgi a large amount of goods. All these were only a sop to Cerberus, the price of freedom from assault. And, on his books, he put the cost to Profit and Loss. Little

would he receive from Isâgi, in ivory or rubber, in return for those goods! The real gain for the firm of H. & C. was to be made (and was made) in the Galwa trading-house, under his sub-factor, Mr. T. Sinclair. The Nkâmi were jealous of the *Pioneer's* goods being carried beyond Ermy's "factory."

Capt. Johns, hopeless of getting up the river, had sent a canoe messenger to Mr. Sinclair, distant about eighty miles, asking him to come with boats and canoes into which the cargo should be transferred and carried to its destination. On the night of September 18, arrived Ermy, with a tale of native reports of how Isâgi intended to seize the *Pioneer's* entire cargo! If Isâgi did that, I thought he would despise the little I had, and perhaps I might slip through his fingers! I planned with Ermy about getting up river in one of his canoes. But, next morning, I arranged to send my two young men with him. Just as he was about leaving, arrived his employer, Mr. Sinclair. I handed him the excellent letter of introduction Mr. Walker had given me, and I felt at once that Mr. Sinclair would be all attention. With this gentleman began an agreeable acquaintance that extended over a dozen years. Though, like most of the Traders, he had let down the bars of civilized morality, his Scotch Presbyterianism and former Christian life constantly asserted themselves. He never treated me with discourtesy; was sympathetic with missionary work; and, during all those years, was generous and helpful in matters of transportation. And, presently, came Isâgi, with five large war canoes, and flags, and native drums, and shouts, and songs of more than a hundred men! I have never known what was his real intention. Certainly, intimidation was part of his scheme. He succeeded. A spectator would have thought that he owned the *Pioneer*. Captain Johns and Mr. Sinclair gave him deference as a King. They "saved their face," by giving him, as if an advance on account in the usual "Trust" system of the Ivory Trade, a large amount of goods, that were at once placed in his canoes. Mr. Sinclair also lightened the *Pioneer* by loading his canoes, in which he kindly placed also my goods.

Isâgi having been satisfied, there was assurance that the vessel would not be molested in passing Ngumbe. The dove of peace settled on the heads of all; and it drank to the safety, good-will and prosperity of all, in many a glass of liquor. Isâgi was introduced to me; but, he deigned me slight notice, on being told that I was a missionary. He had heard of missionaries, and he was not interested in them; they were poor; did not drink rum;

had no presents to give in exchange for a female companion at night; and did not buy ivory and rubber. In subsequent years, on my boat-journeys, I stopped at Ngumbe; but, I never had any conversation with Isâgi. There seemed an impassable bar between us. He was tall, thin, silent, stern. His face seemed marked with treachery and cruelty; and, I knew that his hands were red with many a murder. After our formal salutation at his town, he would disappear. I never knew whether it was because of hatred or of fear. For, he was intensely superstitious. He left me to the good-will of his women, of whom he had many. But, they too, seemed constantly under fear of him. He had few children. But, his imperious tribal government could summon at will a thousand men for any purpose. Ermy assured me that the demonstration had no reference to myself, and he and my two young men left, in company with Isâgi's flotilla. Mr. Sinclair followed shortly after.

Besides the two firms doing a regular business up the river in Galwa, there was a third man, Schmieder, acting for the great German firm of Wöermann, who lived on a little steam-yacht, that could run anywhere over the shallows of the sand-banks, and who wasted no goods in giving out "trust" on account. In a somewhat free-booting way, he flitted from place to place, buying up at first hand from the natives, ivory and rubber that had been obtained by them, through "trusted" goods and which really belonged to the two other firms. He came down river, and anchored near us. On board with him was a young German, who years later, achieved fame as a traveler to Timbuctoo. I wrote letters to Mr. Bushnell, to my sister at Benita, and to my sons in the U. S. And, the little steam-launch carried them to Libreville.

The long delay in that low water and by those marshy banks began to have a malarious effect. Even at the sea-side, I had found the two rainy seasons, with their skies that cleared so beautifully after the almost daily or nightly rain, were enlivening to one's spirits, and better for one's health, than the long dry season; which, though cooler, was murky and obscured with dull November-like clouds. Intermittent fever and diarrhea laid hold of me. They were an old story. I knew what to do for them. They are not fatal, though they may so far weaken, as to make an open road for either of the two more dangerous "African" fevers, a bilious remittent, or a globo-hematuric.

Such beautiful moonlights! I have reveled in the moonlights

of America, on the Ocean, at the sea-coast, under a variety of surroundings. But, none of them surpass the sunsets and the moonlights of the nights of the African Interior. It is difficult, even now, to say just what it is that constitutes its superior charm. Whatever it was, was mysterious in its fascination. Perhaps something in the shade of coloring; perhaps a shimmering that may have been caused by the amount of moisture diffused; perhaps in the intense darkness of the preceding moonless nights; perhaps in the fewer stars of the southern hemisphere. True, there was the faithful Bear, and Scorpio, and Orion, and the Southern Cross; but, then, there were large patches of sky that were either starless, or marked by stars of small magnitude.

During all those thirteen days, I went ashore to "King" Njâgu's only once. I sat in the shade of the *Pioneer's* roofed quarter-deck; enjoyed the afternoon sea-breeze, and cool land wind at nights; luxuriated in abundance of fresh fish; wrote a good deal; and read a great deal. I felt a little ashamed of the easy time I was having on the steamer, doing nothing compared with the busy lives of my associates at the sea-coast stations. Yet I was not *doing nothing*, I was learning Mpongwe, for use up river, and making large notes of flying pieces of information about the river. I might have gone ashore oftener; but I wished to avoid any questionings about my projects, from the Nkâmi people, as my objective point of location lay even beyond Galwa.

Hurrah! on September 23, we saw that our broken plate sign in the river's bank was covered by a few inches of water. The river was rising! Though no rains had come to us, they had begun to fall in a different latitude, where lay the Ogowe sources, and, in their downward flow, the rising flood had reached us. Captain Johns, in a serio-comic spirit, put up a memorial to his long trial, by nailing to two stout posts on the top of the bank, a long board, on which was painted,

"JOHNS' REST, *Pioneer*, 1874."

The next day, September 24, the *Pioneer* backed out of her *cul-de-sac*, dropped down the river a few hundred yards to get below the point of the shallow, and then dared diagonally across the river. The lead line constantly sounding, at "dead-slow" speed, with what intensely quiet anxiety we felt ourselves just scraping on the edge of the long shallow opposite Chief Njâgu's town! Then stuck for a little while! Then off again! Passed

Chief Oñwa-ombe's; startled a sleeping crocodile; stuck! Off again; and drew a long breath of relief, as we emerged into a wider channel. Of course, we anchored at night. We had made only seven miles that day!

The river became broader, the channels more numerous and perplexing, and all of them shallow. Such places are the chosen resorts of hippopotami, who do not like deep water. Our progress had a new interest, in watching the animals that we alarmed: crocodiles dreaming on logs that they simulated; hippos variously submerged, often only nose, ears, and eyes on the surface. Startled, the father would lift his massive head, open his enormous mouth, and uttering a combined snort and bellow, called his family to sink out of sight until the vessel had passed. Monkeys peered from the few trees (we had not left the papyrus entirely behind us), chattered their indignation at the wheezing of the engine, and leaped from tree to tree for a safer distance from the guns of my fellow-passengers. How those hippos did bellow at night! Perhaps mystified by the lights of our anchored vessel. Perhaps males fighting for supremacy!

One evening, borrowing the little boat, Mr. Percy, one of the two young clerks, and I rowed out to do a little hunting for fresh meat. There were kingfishers, but they are small prey; a wild duck was wounded, but lost; and we lay in ambush for two hippopotami. We had been told that hippo-steak is good. (I frequently, in later years, found it was true.) But, the apparently wary animals did not come ashore; to shoot them in the water is waste, unless the hunter has time to go down stream and meet the body, that, having sunk, will rise a few hours later, at some point to which the current will carry it.

On Sunday, September 27, we had safely passed the shallows fronting Ngumbe, the half-way house of our hundred and thirty mile journey. My two Benitas again joined the *Pioneer,* and we were met by Mr. Sinclair's clerk, Woodward, who had come down with canoes, into which to lighten the *Pioneer's* cargo, and which, preceding us and punting instead of paddling, kept us constantly informed of the water's depth.

We were next in Galwa territory. The river banks became higher, heavily wooded; and, in the distance, were blue hills. Every hour's advance toward them brought us to deeper water, straighter channels, and oftener the order of, "Full speed, ahead!"

The whole panorama of the Ogowe was a most interesting study. The river is remarkably varied in the aspect of its banks,

and the characteristics of its vegetation. The advance up the river showed day by day the constant rise in the land toward the interior highland. In the first thirty miles the banks were lined successively with mangroves, pandanus, and palms. Then, until the seventy-mile limit, with papyrus, bulrush, palms and a few forest trees. Next, until the hundredth mile, palms, forest trees, high banks, and rocky points. Then, to the trading limit, at which we were aiming, high rocky banks, and isolated hills. Singularly, because of the delta, the mouth, which in most rivers would be wide, was narrow. And it widened, instead of narrowing as we ascended, until just beyond the delta's end, it was a mile in width. It is thus splendidly described by Miss Mary Kingsley, some twenty years later, on her journey with the German steamer *Möve:*

"The day soon grew dull, after the delusive manner of the dry season. The climbing plants are finer here than I have ever seen them. They form great veils and curtains between and over the trees, often hanging so straight and flat, in stretches of twenty to forty or so wide, and thirty to sixty or seventy feet high, that it seems incredible that no human hand has trained or clipped them into their perfect forms. Sometimes these curtains are decorated with large bell-shaped, bright-colored flowers, sometimes with delicate sprays of white blossoms. This forest is beyond all my expectations of tropical luxuries and beauty; and it is a thing of another world to the forest of the Upper Calabar, which, beautiful as it is, is a sad dowdy to this. There you certainly get a great sense of grimness and vastness; here, you have an equal grimness and vastness, with the addition of superb color. This forest is Cleopatra, to which Calabar is but a Quaker. Not only does this forest depend on flowers for its illumination; for, there are many kinds of trees having their young shoots, crimson, brown, pink, and creamy yellow. Added to this, there is also the relieving aspect of the prevailing fashion among West African trees, of wearing the trunk white, with here and there upon it splashes of pale-pink lichens, and vermilion-red fungus, which alone is sufficient to prevent the great mass of vegetation from being a monotony in green. All day long we steam past ever-varying scenes of loveliness, whose component parts are ever the same, yet the effect ever different. Doubtless, it is wrong to call it a symphony; yet I know no other word to describe the scenery of the Ogowe. It is as full of life and beauty and passion as any symphony ever written, the parts changing, interweaving and returning. There are *leit* motifs

here in it, too. See the papyrus ahead; and you know when you get abreast of it you will find the great forest sweeping away in a bay-like curve behind it against the dull gray sky, the splendid columns of its cotton- and red-woods, looking like a façade to some limitless, inchoate temple. Then again, there is that stretch of sword-grass, looking as if it grew firmly on to the bottom, so steady does it stand. But as the *Möve* goes by, her wash sets it undulating in waves across its broad acres of extent, showing it is only riding at anchor; and you know after a grass-patch you will soon see a red, dwarf, clay cliff, with a village perched on its top, and the inhabitants thereof, in their blue and red cloths, standing by to shout and wave to the *Möve*, or legging it like lamp-lighters from the back streets and the plantation, to the river frontage, to be in time to do so. And, through all these changing phases, there is always the strain of the vast forest, and the swift, deep, silent river." *

We had left the ocean-tide far behind us. Even at Ngumbe, where we marked a rise of a few inches, the sweep of the surface current was still down river. No anchored boat any longer swung to the tide. Swifter and stronger against our bow came the rapidly rising flood from the Interior. And, out of the lake region, at Orânga, the triple bodies of Onanga-Ogĕmwe-Isanga, rushed the water that had been pent up in them. The journey now was exhilarating. We had left behind us the marshes. Those hills, in the vistas opened by every turn in our now rapid progress, looked life-giving! So many new birds! Flamingoes, with their streaks of red! Stories of the rich meat of manatee or dugong. (Which in later years I proved true. I know no richer meat.) Here, also, natives repeated to me stories that had been told me at Benita, of a strange monster, one hundred feet in length, with a mouth somewhat like that of a crocodile, and with scales, but without feet. I have never been able to identify it with any known animal. For some of the strange stories told by coast tribes, of monsters of the Interior, there have been found bases, on which native fancy had built. For example, the tailed tribe of the Interior has been proved to be people who wore skins of beasts, the tail being retained as an ornament. But for the hoofed tribe I have heard no explanation. Their existence was asserted by Benita people. "Where?" "In the Interior." And here, on the Ogowe, the assertion was the same, "In the Interior." But, I never found what was the basis.

* "Travels in W. Africa," page 129.

Finally, in the morning of Thursday, October 1, the *Pioneer* reached its journey's end, before Mr. Sinclair's trading-house at the Galwa town of Adâli-na'nângâ (Observed-of-the-Tribes). All rivers are dotted with islands in their course to the ocean. They divide their waters at each island's head, and unite again at its lower end. But there comes a day when an exceptional island is met with, around which the divided waters never again unite; but, as they continue their flow to the sea, they divide again, and subdivide in a network of streams that finally reaches the sea through several distinct mouths. That exceptional island always marks the beginning of the river's delta. In the case of the Ogowe, its divisive island was 130 miles of the river's course from the sea. The Ogowe, coursing from the east, there made a sudden turn northward. Dividing at the head of a large island several miles in length, the "main" branch swept to the left, the smaller branch taking its independent course to the right. At the island's head was the town of Eyĕnano (the Seen). Three miles farther up, on the left bank, a town of the Inenga tribe. It was by them that Mr. Walker had been made captive. On a high ridge, to the right bank in the river's angle, and at the head of the smaller branch, was Adâli-na-'nângâ, the town of the Galwa king. One of the women of his harem had devoted herself to the captive white man. When the French rescued him, and authorized him to remain and set up a trade, he rewarded her by locating his trading-house at her town.

Mr. Sinclair with his clerk Mr. Woodward, and a German house with its clerk and assistant, were the only white residents in the river; though there were others who had been attracted, in the interest of science or adventure, to this only open door to the Interior from the equatorial portion of the west coast. Two French gentlemen, the Marquis de Compeigne and M. March, had lately returned from 400 miles farther up the river. And Dr. Lenz, of Dr. Geisefeldt's German Kongo expedition. That expedition had not been successful. It had lost two sets of instruments and other equipments worth $10,000; one, on the African steamer *Nigretia*, wrecked at Sierra Leone, and another on a steamer never heard from in the Bay of Biscay. Dr. Geisefeldt had gathered several good skeletons, specimens of the gorilla, and numerous auriferous quartz and other stones, indicating the geological presence of diamonds and other stones.

At the German house was also the Baron von Koppenfels, an officer in the German Army, seeking independent adventure.

VIEW DOWN THE AJUMBA BRANCH FROM EYENANO ISLAND

Facing page 34

He had gathered $1500 worth of rare birds and skins and curiosities.

A mile down the smaller branch was Andĕndĕ Creek and Kângwe Hill (to appear later in this history).

A few years later the deposit of silt in front of Mr. Sinclair's house (called "Aguma") so barred the approach of all vessels that he removed it out into the main stream, a half mile below the island's head, at a place since then called Lembarene; which, still later was occupied also by the French as their government *Poste*.

I remained at Mr. Sinclair's; and purposely did not go out to visit in any of the villages. I feared that the Galwas might attempt to detain me: so, I avoided communication with them. From Mr. Sinclair and others, I acquainted myself with "the lay of the land." Some ten miles farther up river was a large affluent of the Ogowe, the Ngunye, on the left bank. Its sources were from the south and west. Its upper region was the locality of Du Chaillu's, "My Apinji Kingdom." When it joins the Ogowe, the natives called the latter by a new name, the Okanda (because it comes from an interior tribe, the Akanda). But in this narrative I shall disregard that. It is a mistake; just as if the Mississippi, above the junction with the Missouri, should be called by some other name. That custom, of calling different parts of a river by different names, exists all across the continent, and has given travelers trouble. It was one of the confusing causes that were constantly starting up in Dr. Livingstone's way, in his search for the sources of the Nile.

How glad I was to reach an end, though it was not really my objective point, and though I at once met several trying problems. Mr. Walker had prejudiced me against the Galwa people. I think he had some reason (though I now believe, not sufficient) for his dislike of them. But there was, to me, good reason why I avoided making acquaintance with them just at that time. Galwa is a very near dialect of Mpongwe, which language I did not know. I spoke Benga fluently. Mr. Walker had told me that, at a place, Mbomi, some thirty miles farther up river from Mr. Sinclair's, was the Okota tribe, whose dialect was cognate with Benga. I would make my location there. And lest in the monopolistic spirit, the Galwa, who had so recently been relieved of its exercise against themselves by Orungu and Nkâmi, should attempt to exercise it on me against the Okota and Bakĕle, I sought no acquaintance with them, secluding myself in Mr. Sinclair's house.

He entered into my plans, and promised to further my journey to Mbomi. But, he was just then overwhelmed with business. A dozen of his Mpongwe and Nkâmi native traders had been lying there for two weeks, awaiting the *Pioneer's* coming, with three hundred of their crews, idle, quarrelsome, and the entire crowd fed by him daily, but rendering no service to *him*. He was anxious to get rid of them, by dividing to these traders their promised share of the *Pioneer's* goods. He was having an hourly battle with the native cupidity that grasped for more than had been promised. And I was having a contest, almost every hour of the day and night, with the chigoes! They were a new pest. Africa had possessed a variety of insect pests, especially of the ant kind. But, in 1872, a vessel sailed from Central America, to St. Paul de Loanda, having sand as ballast. Portuguese law forbidding this to be cast into the harbor, it was dumped ashore. The American chigoes (miscalled "jiggers") in that sand have since then spread over the entire African continent! I had never seen or known of chigoes. On my return to Africa in 1874, I heard much of them; but during the three months at Libreville and Benita, under good sanitation, I was not annoyed much by them. They may attack any part of the body, but preferably one's feet, particularly the toes, especially around the quick. The little female, a small red flea, half as large as a pin-head, burrowing under the skin, produces a hundred eggs in a sac as large as a pea. If allowed to remain, these will hatch and make an ulcer, resulting sometimes in the loss of the toe. Experience taught us that the insect, or its sac, must be extracted at once and crushed or burned. Rains destroy the chigoe; but, the long dry season (June to September) had favored their production. The Galwas, to whom they were new, in extracting the sac, threw it on the ground, and its eggs hatched there. The crowd around Mr. Sinclair's house were more reckless in their habits than they were in their own villages; and, the place had become very unsanitary. Mr. Sinclair, hospitable as he was, had, as the only space he could offer me for a bedstead, the top of the counter in his shop. I sat there in terror of those hateful insects. Every hour of the day I removed my shoes and socks, to pick off the frightful invaders, whom no amount of cleanliness, nor solidity of shoe could exclude. And, at night, I awoke almost every hour to rub on kerosene as a slight deterrent. In previous years, on my Benita journeys, in affiliating with the natives in their huts, and sleeping on their bedsteads (but carrying my own little pillow), I had endured,

but could not control, the bedbugs; with great care I had entirely escaped the prevalent head lice; only occasionally had I contracted the as prevalent body lice (but, they were readily removed). But here no amount of care, of sanitation, or cleanliness, could save me from this little monster. I shuddered with horror, not at its itching bite, but at the very thought of a persistent parasite on my body!

I had met with fever, with danger from poison, drowning, wild beasts, affliction, sorrow, trial, native daggers, and human treachery. None of these things had moved me from my devotion to Africa and missionary duty. But, after all these years, I confess, that, for the first and only time in my entire African life, the thought did then come to me: "I can not endure this! I will give up the work, and go back to the United States!" But, relief came. The blessed rains came! The pests were destroyed, only enough surviving for reproduction the next year. Before that came I found myself in less unsanitary surroundings, and had learned better how either to check somewhat the chigoe's advance, or, more skilfully and promptly to extract it. I never succeeded in doing so without drawing blood; and *that* left a small wound. In the first year's invasion, I had daily seen men, women, and children, the latter with tears rolling down their cheeks, digging from their feet the pests that had burrowed there. But the children, having more frequent practice, than I, on their own bare feet, especially the girls, became very skilful in bloodless extraction. In later years I came to depend on them and their services as the last act of the day before retiring to bed.

For the first time in my life I felt what it was to be on the last verge of civilization. At dinner, for a welcome to the *Pioneer,* Mr. Sinclair invited his few white neighbors to meet Captain Johns. With whom, besides himself, his clerk Woodward, the young man Percy, and myself, there were Captain Stone, an Englishman, head of a rival firm, and his guest, the German Baron von Koppenfels. The Baron was a powerfully built man, an adventurer seeking excitement in hunting. He had found it one day, on a Nkâmi prairie, when a wild ox charged him at close quarters. Without his gun, he stood still, and, as the fierce beast plunged its lowered horns at him, he seized them, and, under the tremendous force of necessity, slowly and steadily twisted the beast's neck until it broke (as is related to have been done by a gladiator in a Roman amphitheater).

We were thus, at the table, seven white men. On the *Pioneer* also were its mate and engineer and a Mr. Dixon temporarily left

in charge. Somewhere on the river were Schmieder and another man. In all, only twelve white men in the entire course of the river. But, when the *Pioneer* should leave, there would be only nine, of whom no more than three would be in the same household. And, for me, going to the Beyond, to the east, there would be only myself, and Superstition, and Bakĕle and cannibal Fañwe.*

As I deliberately avoided the Galwa, and Mr. Sinclair was very busy trying to get his traders off to their places, there was much of the time that I was alone. Thinking of the future made me anxious. Thinking of the past made me sad. I thought I had conquered homesickness. But, familiar home tunes played on a hand-organ, one evening, made me feel that there was still much in me that I had not entirely controlled.

The *Pioneer* left on Monday, October 5, for its return to the seaside, taking with it a large mail I had written. She would have no trouble with shallows. The rains had come, and the river was rising very rapidly. Mr. Sinclair kindly gave me the benefit of his experience with the river tribes, as to customs, prices, etc. But, living in narrow quarters was painfully accentuating a local eczema which was irritating me. I had suffered with it chronically years before, at Benita. It and boils were two of the alternatives I had accepted as exemption from African fever. Both disappeared during my furlough of 1872–'73 in the United States. There, a doctor, who had ostracized himself from the "regular" profession, because of his making proprietary a cure he had discovered for certain diseases, gave me an eczema ointment to use in the future. I had no faith in it, but, having no other relief, I tried it at Mr. Sinclair's. Its first application, one night, was torture endurable for only fifteen minutes; next night, I was able to endure it for thirty minutes; and, the third night, for one hour. The fourth day, the eruption was gone, and my skin smooth and healthful.

The sunsets were incomparably beautiful, under the clear air of the rainy season; far surpassing any I had seen on the sea-coast. In the distance south-eastward were the blue hills of the river Ngunye; in the middle distance the green of the forest; and, in the foreground, an orange sheen on the sands on the

* This word has several forms of spelling. At the sea-coast, the Bengas called it, Pa-ngwe; the Mpongwe, Mpañwe; Du Chaillu had written it, Fan (with the French nasal ending); De Brazza wrote it, Pahouin; the tribe itself certainly, with an explosive sound, said Fang, though there seemed to my ear also an elusive final W, like Pfangw. I compromise on the form, Fañwe.

beach and islands. The views of the entire river had been very fine up to that Aguma Point; but, Mr. Sinclair promised me something magnificent in the lakes. He had, as far as he was able, put me so at home in his " factory," that I did not feel as lonely as I had expected. He took such a hearty interest in my project that he actually offered to go with me in my selection of a site, instead of my hiring a boat and going alone. He informed me that the Okota people had left Mbomi; and he advised me to settle among the Bakĕle who were now occupying that place. Everything seemed favorable; only, I still feared that some jealousy might be aroused among the Galwa, against my going to the Bakĕle. I felt there was need of prudence and caution. Though 130 miles from the sea, in the course of the river (ninety in direct line) the afternoon sea breeze reached there, and the nights were cool. But mosquitoes were plentiful, and chigoes fearful. Mr. Sinclair insisted on my being his guest, and would make no charge for entertainment,—but, I had my own employee, Ingumu, as washman.

Mr. Sinclair assisted me in the purchase of a canoe, and in the hiring of three Galwas. I mention their names, as they remained in my service several years: they were, Alendeginye, Oraniga, and Aveya. Galwa canoes were flat-bottomed, their sides straightly perpendicular as of a box, the pointed bow and stern not elevated much above the level of the sides. They were very " cranky." In smooth water they were safe; but, before waves raised by a strong wind, they had no buoyancy.

The Okota tribe, in disappearing from Mbomi, instead of advancing seaward, as is the ambition of almost all inland tribes, had retired interiorward. Of the Akĕle tribe who were occupying the deserted site, I knew nothing, except that I remembered a description given of their dialect by the accomplished philologist, Rev. Ira M. Preston. He said, " Take the Benga, chop off its final syllable, and you have a Fañwe vocabulary. Then take that same Benga, add to it a syllable, and you have the Dikĕle vocabulary." This, I have since proved, in my own acquisition of those dialects, to be sufficiently descriptive, as an epigram. So, still anxious to utilize my knowledge of Benga, I decided to locate among the Bakĕle people. Mr. Sinclair kindly directed one of his Mpongwe traders, Agaia, who could speak English, and who was located near the village of an Akĕle chief, Kasa, adjoining Mbomi, to escort me on my journey thither.

CHAPTER III

PROSPECTING

I WAITED at Aguma for the company of the promised escort, while Mr. Sinclair was dismissing his Nkâmi subtraders to their "factories" up the rivers and down to the lakes. The one who was going up river with me, Agaia, I had known at Benita, he having been an employee of the Sierra Leone negro trader Hamilton, in 1870. So, my two Kombe young men affiliated with him, at once, and he was very helpful to me.

Finally, in the afternoon of Monday, October 12, the first day of the fortieth year of my life, with my own canoe, my five crew, and a portion of my supply of provisions and goods, escorted by Agaia and his five canoes laden with goods, and with his sixty men, with their guns firing, flags flying, and shouts of songs, I started on the second stretch of my Ogowe journey. I had no direction of the route, though I made careful notes, for my own future travels. Nor had I any authority. I allowed my own crew lazily to follow Agaia's people, in the vigor of their hilarity that left little strength to be applied to their paddles. We had gone only a few miles when the sun set in an unusually magnificent array of color, and, we stopped for the night on a sand-bar. Some of Agaia's people went off to an adjacent Inenga village, where they could share in the usual evening dance in the village street. After a supper of sardines and crackers, rain fell heavily. I kept most of it off by crouching under my enormous umbrella, where also I gathered my perishable treasures and bedding. I slept tolerably well, with no chigoes and but few mosquitoes, but with rain, thunder and lightning, and with the snorting and bellowing hippos in the adjacent shallows, angry at our invasion of their sleeping ground. The next morning an early start was made, and the mouth of the Ngunye, only ten miles from the Aguma "factory"* was

* This word, "factory," was the common one used in trade, all along the entire coast. It meant the house of the trader or "factor." But, lest it be misunderstood for a *manufactory,* I shall, in this history use "trading-house."

passed. Much of the day was wasted by Agaia's men in their slow paddling, smoking, animated discussions, and long narrations.

In my subsequent government of my own crews, while I encouraged them to sing, and did not forbid conversation, I required that the tongue's motion should not be a substitute for that of the paddle. The journey would have been very tiresome, had I not been busy with pencil and paper, making charts of the routes, the villages, etc., etc.

My Kombe, Mediko, did well in cooking. In the mornings, I ate cracked wheat (a gift of my dear mother!) and tea (from Miss Jones of the Mission). Then, in the middle of the day, a hearty meal of plantains and rice. At night, a slight repast of crackers and molasses. Often, I omitted the evening meal; the one hearty meal a day satisfied an appetite that had no companionship to excite it. By sunset we had made only about twelve miles. Heavy rain was coming. To escape the rough waves of a storm, the canoes ran into a little creek, where was neither time nor place to build a fire. There was passed a most uncomfortable night. The big umbrella kept away rain pretty well from my body; but the mosquito net over it did not keep out the insects. I tried to get some comfort out of a mouth-organ.

By the third day the crews awoke to the necessity of work. But, the current of the stream was strong, making a journey up stream, long; down it, very quick. And many stops were made on the way. At a certain "head-man's," Avyake, he made me a present of a chicken, and promised me a goat, which, I told him I would claim and eat when I should make him a future visit. At "King" Ondĕñe's, I was accorded quite a reception to the Akĕle tribe. He seemed proud of the distinction of my visit. He gave me a chicken, which I cooked at once. He was very curious and inquisitive. He wanted to see my toes, wondering that chigoes could invade shoes; and wanted to taste my syrup of limes and other foreign articles. A great dance was going on, for the prevention of witch influence. I liked the man's mixture of dignity and friendly interest. Resuming the journey, I observed attractive mission-sites. The banks of the Ogowe had become continuously elevated, higher above the river-level than were the Mbâde and Bolondo houses, at Benita, above the sea-level. With all these delays, our flotilla did not make more than eight miles that day. Agaia reached the village adjoining Kasa's, about twenty-five miles from Adâli-na-'nângâ, only at sunset, in a drenching rain.

The next day, October 15, was a rainy day, but I was busy having clothing dried in the hut, and boxes inspected lest their contents had been wet in the canoe. Kasa came to see me; and I specifically acknowledged his jurisdiction, and put myself and people under his care. I told him I would look to him to assist me in selecting a site, as I intended to build in his vicinity, if I found conditions satisfactory. He made me a present of a goat, a bunch of plantains, and a half bushel of ground-nuts. I was pleased with him. Though he was not as dignified as King Ondĕñe, I thought him more available. I at once took with him the position of telling him what I wanted, and of objecting to what I disliked, as I would to a friend. He was very intelligent, and with some civilized ideas that agreeably surprised me. Our friendship continued during his life. But, his heathenism was deep, and his superstitions, as I became better acquainted with him, were amazingly strong.

He took me from Agaia's village, and established me and my belongings in a large room of his own bamboo house, my room door opening into the public reception room, where were people coming and going or lounging all day long. In the evening, as we all sat conversing in that room, there occurred one of the usual demonstrations of hospitality given to all visitors of distinction, and especially to white men. A man approached me smiling, and leading a woman, who looked at me with a graceful expectancy. I inquired, what was the matter? He asked me for a glass of rum (!) and said, "I have brought this woman to be your wife." This experience was not a new one. But, it never was repeated in the same region. On the first occasion, years before, I had answered indignantly. But, without lowering any of my own standards or ideals, I had learned *to look at* all questions of ethics, and even of morals, from the native's point of view. Advancing on that line, I had met receptivity. Standing thus on common ground, as a friend, I found that I had more influence in explaining *my* standard, than if I had attacked his, as an enemy. As to the women; I had learned that their approach, as on this occasion, was not as the brazen wantons of civilization. There was no immodesty in manner. And, in her thought, there was for me, the duty of hospitality (so highly held in all eastern countries) and, for herself, the distinction of alliance with a great white man. The sin, in these cases, was (1), on the part of the white man, who, in accepting, lowered his own standards; (2), and, on the part of the native man, who expected to obtain pay for the woman's dishonor. I could hold

my Christian position, without being discourteous to the woman. I told Kasa, in a few words; and he publicly warned that missionaries were not to be thus approached.

He then paraded before me his own twenty-six women, and placed me under the special care of his chief one, or "queen," Ñwanajâ, who was to see that provisions were to be regularly supplied to me (of course, I would buy them). She was a ladylike woman, of unusual strength and amiability of character. Our friendship continued for years.

I was awakened, on the 16th, by the ringing of a witch-doctor's bell. There was a parade of a grotesquely clad company of men and women searching for the witch or wizard who had been causing some troubles in the villages.

Kasa wanted to see all my curiosities. Among other treasures, I put on my dressing-gown (as a kingly robe!) and played on my flute and accordeon, and explained the workings of my sixteen-repeater Winchester rifle. *That* was a wonder! That a gun could "talk ten times," without stopping to reload, fascinated the crowd. But, Kasa, spurred in pride for his own possessions, told me he had that which could make my rifle harmless. He stepped into an inner room, and emerged with a heavy string of fetish-charms contained in a gazelle-horn, shells, genet skins, etc. Adjusting them around his neck and shoulders, he said that he was invulnerable to any spear or gun or other weapon of man or beast. He offered to stand as a mark for my Winchester! Thinking that he was only boasting, I accepted the challenge. He stood erect. I paced off about thirty feet, and threw a cartridge from the magazine into the barrel. The click was distinctly heard. I cocked the trigger. Its click too was heard; but he did not flinch. I deliberately aimed at him. Still he did not flinch. His people were frightened, but he was not. He was perfectly sure of his invulnerability! I desisted, feeling I had been worsted. But, two years later when he died, gored by the tusks of a wounded elephant, I reminded his people of the useless fetishes.

I was not in want. I scarcely began on my own provisions. At first, Kasa fed me: I bought only for my people. We all had as much as we could eat. A goat was killed every day. There was a good-sized population. In his town were three hundred people; and, in adjacent villages, one thousand. I talked in Benga to Mediko, who then spoke in Mpongwe to one of the Galwas, who repeated in Dikële. But, I felt that I would soon be able to speak Dikële myself, if I remained there; for, it re-

sembled Benga somewhat. I was very well. I did not even think of fever, and had no occasion to use quinine. My plan was to spend a week each with three others of the principal men in that district, while surveying sites.

Kasa was to take me to examine desirable building sites. But, first, I thought I would go alone, and see what there was at Mbomi, about a mile distant. On the way, passed the mouths of two small creeks, Little Isango and Big Isango, whose sources, I was told, joined, in the rainy season, with the Mbomi. These former Okota sites were now occupied by Bakĕle. I was disappointed in the situation; the land lay too low; and the interior "lake," of which Mr. Walker had told me, amounted to nothing. I was pleased, at another village, Isĕmĕ's, that the children seemed less afraid of the white man than did some of the coast tribes. There was there a very attentive little boy, and a very pretty little girl, Awĕthĕ. I returned to Kasa's, and was to go to another village, Ntambi's, to eat with him and Kasa. There was plenty of goat-meat and plantains. Even after the long interval to the present time, and tasting every variety of vegetable, I know none that I enjoy more than boiled ripe plantains.

On the long way from the river's mouth, and during the delays, whatever time or labor were spent on physical necessities or plans, uppermost was my interest in my distinctive missionary work of teaching or telling of the Gospel. There had been few opportunities for formal preaching. But, daily, when ashore, if there were no gatherings of curious villagers, I had at least the five members of my own household, with whom to read or sing in Benga, or Mpongwe, or Dikĕle. I had the printed Gospels in all three dialects; the latter two, though I could not speak them, were easy to read. And, I was making a daily effort to talk, however, brokenly, in Dikĕle. Little Awĕthĕ came often to see me. The child's prattle was a far better school in which to learn than would have been any adult's formal teaching. That also had been my experience in my acquisition of Benga. I am convinced that it is the only best mode of language acquisition. The grammar and the critical teacher have their place later.

On Sunday, October 18, after breakfast, I told Kasa to call together his people; and I held a little meeting. I spoke in Benga to my Benita man Mediko; he, knowing also Mpongwe interpreted in it to Agaia, who, knowing Dikĕle spoke in that dialect. Certainly, a confusion of tongues! From an English brain in Benga, through a Kombe brain in Mpongwe, and then

through a Mpongwe brain into Dikĕle! I do not know how true or faithful the interpreters were. But, God's use of means is wonderful! Even by the mouth of babes! Perhaps I started on too high a plane. For, after I had ceased speaking, I found that my Bakĕle audience had no proper idea even of my character or object of my coming. They knew of white men only as traders. They asked me for drinks of rum; and wished to be amused with an exhibition of my rifle. I promised to amuse them if they would come on another day; and spent some time in trying to explain to them the Sabbath. To people who had neither measure of or division of time (except the new moon), and who were "resting" every day, the call for *physical* rest did not appeal. And, it was a long day off, with "precept upon precept," until they began to appreciate the spiritual side. Little Awĕthĕ came again in the afternoon. People were surprised that not only could I recognize her from other children, but remember and correctly speak her name.

The day had many confusions. I was told that Kasa had cut one of his women, in anger at her accidentally having broken a jug. In the common use of other people's property in a village community, one of Kasa's men "borrowed" my canoe without asking for it. I made my protest to Kasa, willing to be helpful, but declining to be appropriated as a convenience. I felt lonely in the latter part of the day, thinking of loved ones far away, as I looked on family gifts: my mother's tin of cracked wheat and bottle of horseradish; slippers from cousin Anna How and from Mr. Patten; Miss Jones' covered tins; and jars of good things from Rev. Dr. Allen's Old Pine Street Church, Philadelphia.

I began to be restive at Kasa's vacillations. At times, extremely demonstrative; at others, apparently indifferent, almost to discourtesy. At times, liberal in gifts of food; and then avaricious in asking returns. I knew very well that very few natives gave anything without expectation of a return. *That* I had accepted, along with my other adaptations of native customs. But, I expected that there should be a minimum interval of one day between the two transactions. And, my "return" was always much more in pecuniary value than if I had been buying the "gift" outright. Sometimes their avarice so overcame them that, a native having made me a pleasant visit and chat, and laying at my feet a "gift," on leaving, would beg for some small favor. In such cases, I instantly returned the gift, refusing either to accept or buy it.

Kasa had planned a gorilla-hunt. I offered to join him with

my Winchester. Perhaps I showed too much interest, as if the excursion was for my sake. Shortly before we were to start, he suddenly asked what pay he and one of his men were to receive! I declined to pay, or to have anything farther to do with the hunt. And it was abandoned. He went off, without notifying me, to visit King Ondĕñe. On his return, I took no notice of him. For, during his absence, there had arrived, by Schmieder's little steam-launch, my first Ogowe mail! I shared the joy of my letters with my two civilized Benita men. And, Chief Mabe, from Mbomi, had come to see me with some of his people, apparently interested in my missionary talk. And, little Awĕthĕ asked me to go and see her father, in Ntambi's village.

Kasa had been fluent in promises to show me sites, from which I could select one for building. He had, indeed, taken me to quite a number of places; but, all of them were unsatisfactory. My experience at Benita had impressed on me that the presence of people was *not* the first requisite in a site. Rather, I wished at least a quarter of a mile between my house and the noisy native village. *They* would be sure to come to me, and I could visit them. So, I required (1), a tract of at the very least, twenty acres; (2) not in proximity to a village; (3) a landing-place on the river, under my sole control; (4) a spring, or fresh-water brook, on mission property, and not to be used in common with others. None of Kasa's sites had any one of the requisites. He promised to show me others. Tired of his delays (he evidently wished me to remain in his village), I decided to visit Mbomi again. He objected strongly. But, I would not listen; being indignant at him. I went to Mbomi for several days, where Mabe was quite attentive. He sent a young man to escort me up the creek. I saw nothing to suit me as a building-site, though the day's canoe-travel was very interesting. After the night's rain, the day was clear and bright and cool. It was a luxury to lie back in the canoe, as it sped among the cool shadows, under the tree branches and overhanging vines and flowers. I saw, for the first time, a real native suspension-bridge over the creek, made of strong vines strung from trees on each side, guyed with other vines, with a footpath of sticks tied like the rungs of a ladder, and with stretched vines for a hand-railing. Mabe also inquired whether positively I would come back to Akĕle after my expected return to Gaboon for annual meetings, and promised to find me just such a site as I had described with requisites. Then, he went away in a large canoe with eighteen men and women, to talk a " palaver " at the village

of Anyambe-jena (God sees), several miles down river, leaving me to the care of his son, who neglected me. So, I left Mabe's, and went to another's, Isĕme, who professed to be very anxious have me settle near him. I was not deceived by these professions; but, I was willing to see what he had to show me. At another village, Mboko's, I had an admirable opportunity of illustrating to the people the *love* of Christ in dying for sinners. I had not, in the Ogowe, found, among my few words, *enough* to express this. In his village were three chained prisoners, who were to be killed. I inquired of Mboko whether, if some friend of theirs would come and ask to be chained in the prisoner's place, and the prisoners freed, would he be willing? He curtly interrupted me, and said there was "no use talking about such a thing." Again, I asked him to consider: Did no one have a friend with love so great as to be willing to die for another? "No! people don't do so!" I passionately told him that I knew that scarcely would "people" do so, but that the Son of God did just that very way for him and me!

The body of a kind of antelope I had not before seen, caught in a pitfall, was brought into the village. It was a large red-colored one. Its name, "njivo," attracted me; for it was the name of a young Mpongwe woman, a Baraka schoolgirl, one of two sisters, who, in their natural endowments, their education, their civilization, and their Christianity, for many years contributed much to my enjoyment of native society, at first in Libreville and, later in the Ogowe. Their names will reappear in this history. They are both dead now.

One of those days, at Mabe's, some of his women came to me indignantly complaining against one of my Galwa men, who, they said, had spied on them while they were washing themselves in the creek. If they had demanded a fine, I might have suspected it was a case of blackmail. But, I preferred to believe in the women's virtue. I knew that most white men said that the native women had no virtue that was not purchaseable. And I was aware of the, to civilized standards, strange willingness of the women to be the temporary wife of the village guest. But, I knew also that there was an explanation of that which still left room for a degree of virtue. Nations differ in their definition of virtue.

At Isĕme's, my cook prepared a chicken in a, to me, unusual manner. After the feathers had been plucked, he slit the skin over the breast, and readily skinned the entire fowl by simply turning it out of its skin, as one would slip out of one's coat.

Then, cutting all the meat from the bones, and chopping it small, with condiments, he stuffed the meat back into the skin of the body, wings, and legs; and, then roasted it, as any other chicken is usually roasted. It was attractive eating, free from bones. It was called, "a la Ashantee," having been invented by a Fanti cook of Accra, on the Gold Coast.

My living, not only in a native hut, but also in a village itself, revealed to me many things in customs, beliefs, and superstitions, that I could not have otherwise learned. I had known that sometimes natives refused to eat certain foods, for other reason than personal dislike. But, I did not know what was that reason. On October 27, I discovered it. My crew had been working faithfully; I liked to feed them well. But that day I had only a small chicken. Taking my own share, I divided the remainder among the five. This made only a small ration; but, it was better than nothing. They all took the ration, except Oraniga. Thinking that his quiet neglect arose from dissatisfaction, I was about to rebuke him; but, the others told me that chicken was his "orunda." On every child is laid, by the fetish-doctor, a prohibition of some article of food, which, thenceforward, is sacred to the guardian-spirit of the child's life. The orunda or "taboo" is sacredly kept by the African, even if hungry.

I continued my investigation of sites, several of which were shown me by Isême; and to others I went, on independent trips with my crew. But none of them were satisfactory. On October 29, I returned to Kasa's. He was away; but, Ñwanajâ took good care of me. Dissatisfied with the proximity to villages, of the many sites that had been shown me, I took one of Kasa's young men, and followed a footpath, back from, but parallel with the river, through a deserted village site of a man Ibanyi, and on down river a mile almost to Kâkamba's, being barred from proceeding farther by the Mbilye Creek. I was pleased. The trader ReNjâge interpreted for me at evening prayers. Then, I recreated myself and amused the people with my flute. Rats were numerous in the huts; destructive and annoying. They often gnawed at the people's feet: but for great personal cleanliness, they would have attacked mine. They did not; but, they often awoke me, by their running over my body.

Because I had been so pleased with the abandoned site of Ibanyi's village, I went to him to sound him as to whether he would be willing to remove, in order to give me the desired larger area. He promptly assented. But, I had come to suspect all those chiefs, from Ondĕñe down, of duplicity, and was on the

lookout for a subsequent revelation of some selfish proposition. All this was unpleasant: but, it was natural, and not unknown in dealings among civilized circles. So, I kept up at least the form of friendship; for, undeniably, I was safe, and was treated with kindness and respect by their people. I played with them; the men and women had the curiosity of children to see my four-bladed knife, a combination tool-knife, syringe, flute, and a few fire-crackers. And I was interested to see, among their boys' plays, the existence of a pop-gun; they using a hollow reed and slices of plantain, just as I, when a child, had used a quill and slices of potato.

A month had passed; and though it had been usefully spent in learning Dikĕle, and in obtaining an intimate knowledge of native customs, I was no nearer settling the question *where* my house should be, except that I had been at many places where it would *not* be. I was under no obligation to Kasa. I had not promised to live with him. I had not said even that I would live in the limits of the Akĕle tribe. So, on November 2, I left Kasa's, being given many good-by gifts, especially by the young traders (of other tribes). And I went down river to King Ondĕñe's. He seemed pleased to see me; but, he gave me very uncomfortable quarters: sheep, on the other side of the thin bamboo wall, all night butting against it, in their fight with mosquitoes; and restless chickens on the other side of the wall at my head. I told him that I had come for him to show me the sites he had promised a month before. He sarcastically denied having made any such promise! And, added, "I could not have done so, being a man of no power. Carry no report of me to the sea. Kasa and the others are great. Do not even name me, etc." I replied, "I had heard otherwise; that you were great. If it were not that you were king, I would not have come here yesterday." My diplomacy delighted him; and, he at once became cordial, but not familiar as Kasa. He was afraid of the rifle. He took me to adjacent villages, where my coming was welcomed with gifts of eggs and chickens. And, at evening-prayer, an English-speaking Mpongwe trader, whose wife had been taught in our Baraka school, interpreted for me. The next day we visited sites near Mbilye Creek. Of the thirteen eggs given me, only two were good! With those two, my cook made some pancakes. Another broken sleep in my poor hut: dogs were coming in, hunting scraps of food.

I left Ondĕñe's, and came on down river a few miles to Chief Avyake. He was good-natured; but, his people were overrun

with cupidity. In order to make a basis of acquaintance and possible friendship, I had a conversation with him and one of his women, Bya-utata, who, to my surprise, could speak Benga. Among other of my questions to him were, "Is this woman your wife?" "Is she an Akĕle?" "Where did she learn Benga?" "You say you have ten wives?" "But no children?" "I had only one wife, and yet I had three children!" etc., etc. All this he was so pleased with, that, to every visitor who came in from adjacent villages, he repeated the whole conversation over and over. At the evening meeting, when I was trying to impress on them the difference between my object and that of the traders, I remembered the unpleasant incident at Kasa's. So, I said that missionaries did not take other men's wives; and added that my bed was for myself alone. One of the women promptly ejaculated, "And for me too!" When I expressed my displeasure at her boldness, all the company laughed, as if it was a good joke.

That first day's unpleasant impression of the village and its people was removed later. I was given information of the interior of the Ogowe, which, in later years, I proved to be correct. The people, especially women and children, became interested and helpful in teaching me Dikĕle. I was told much of the Dwarfs, whom they called "Abânge" and "Akowa." (I was somewhat amused some twenty years later, to find these Dwarfs spoken of, in another part of the mission, as new and unknown!) Avyake showed me building sites. The people seemed ashamed of their first demonstrations of covetousness; so, that, when a canoe came with plantains to sell, and the strangers set out the proper number of bunches, but some of them small, Avyake's women quietly substituted larger ones. And, when I was taking a small stool on which to sit, they brought a better one. Not all those women were stolid. Bya-utata looked so sadly, and her face varied with different expressions of her thoughts, as she told me she longed to know books, and doubted whether women, or other than children, could acquire the benefits of the mission I intended to bring.

On Sunday, Avyake, though, I think, he understood but little of the Truth, was all day repeating to visitors, the words my interpreter had spoken in the morning. And, at night, out in the street under the stars, we tried to chat, with Bya-utata's aid, about my Dikĕle words; about what I had said in the morning; about elephants; and about hymns; and they wanted me to go

on singing "until the Morning-star failed," i. e., until sunrise!

The next day I was busy writing several letters to relatives in the United States. Bya-utata sat by me all the while, fascinated with the mystery of the little black marks that could talk to my people far away! Tired with the stooping over the writing-table on my knees, I stretched myself by the side of the house on the bare ground; and she thoughtfully brought me a native pillow.

The river tribes, rated in the importance estimated by themselves (a rate assented to pretty generally by the traders) stood in this order: Orungu, Nkâmi, Inenga, Ajumba, Galwa, Akĕle. The prominence that the Galwa had obtained in foreign estimate was not at all due to any nobility of character, but solely to their strategic position at the head of the delta. In my search for a mission site, I disregarded the Inenga; they were so very few. Somewhat dissatisfied with the Bakĕle, I thought it well in order to make an exhaustive topographical report to the mission, to visit the Ajumba region. It lay on the seaward course of the smaller division of the Ogowe, and, in its course down the delta, it was joined by a stream from a lake, Azingo; beyond which lay an overland path across an elevated watershed, to the banks of the Rĕmbwe, an affluent of the Gaboon river. So, I determined to go from Avyake's down to the Aguma H. & C. House, and thence to Lake Azingo.

Leaving Avyake's on November 10, I stopped, on the way, at a village of Anyambe-jena. Evidently, the Akĕle chiefs were becoming jealous of each other, each desirous that the (pecuniary) benefit of the presence of the missionary should be given to their own limited district. I had heard that he had threatened harm to me, if I finally should locate *beyond* him. (The sea-coast monopoly idea!) When such threats were made by any native against another, the latter would carefully avoid the village of the former. But my practice had been from Benita days to at once seek occasion for making a journey to the village whence came the threat. Conscious of having done no wrong, either my audacity, or a clear explanation, always strengthened my position, and disarmed my (supposed) enemy.

I gave Anyambe-jena a chance to talk; but, he said nothing; and actually seemed afraid of me. He was rather young to claim chieftainship. He gave me the customary chicken; and, I lunched on it, while the rain fell. And then resumed my

journey. There was a singular cry of a bird; a series of sounds like attempts at vomiting, that increased with hysteric rapidity until, as my crew told me, the bird would cease, almost suffocated.

From Mr. Sinclair's I made a call at the house of one of the two adjacent traders. There occurred an incident that interested me much about a class of native women, with regard to whom I learned to differ from most of my fellow-missionaries. And these first impressions on this subject were deepened and convictions strengthened during the subsequent years of my life in Africa. I was living in the villages; and in my itinerations necessarily obtained wider views than would be gathered by missionaries living in the narrower seclusion of a mission house.

Among the native women, in the neighborhood of white settlements, and especially at the sea-ports, there were those who unblushingly and deliberately led the life of a harlot. In a stratum above these, were other women who respected themselves sufficiently not to go onto the street to seek men, but who would yield if sought. Above these, and resenting the vile name, were lady-like women, some of them our former schoolgirls, who resisted general solicitation, and who held themselves faithfully to the one man of their choice, some of them for years, in exactly the same relation, as the "common-law" wife of civilization. As these latter held a legal status in some of the United States, and were never associated with "prostitutes," I could not see why that name should be applied to women who held the same status even in a country where the standards of civilization were lower. Those African "common-law" wives were modest, faithful, lady-like. And, I thought that they were rather to be pitied than condemned. (A distinguished missionary Bishop of the Methodist church expressed himself to me, as sympathizing in my view.) Such a "wife," Sisingâye, a civilized Benga woman, felt herself lonely among the ignorant Galwa women, and asked me for a book, and came to attend my evening service. She said, "I know I am not a Christian; but, I wish I was living where I could have at least a chance of hearing the Gospel."

On Friday, November 13, I started down the "smaller branch" of the Ogowe; which, as it led through the Ajumba country, was sometimes called the "Ajumba." At once I was attracted by a hill, Kañgwe (which two years later became my home). On, down through the divisions and subdivisions of streams. And, in the late afternoon, I stopped to eat at the village Fanga-'nângâ

(Afraid-of-Tribes). There, for the first time, I ate hippopotamus meat. It was very good beef; it was tender; for the animal eats only the tender grasses of the river banks, except when he destructively invades the native plantations. There also, I met with the first large hills of the termite ant.

On Sunday, November 15, at Lake Azingo, in Anege's town, I was among a people, most of whom had never heard of Sunday, and none of whom ever observed it. In my company, but not under my control, was a native messenger sent by Mr. Sinclair with dispatches to Libreville *via* the Rĕmbwe River. This young man, when he was not playing cards (the first amusement adopted by the natives from the example of the traders), was bargaining with men of the town for porters to accompany him on the overland journey. I kept the day in my own quiet. Sitting on the shore of the lake, I thought of One who long ago had sat by the shore of Gennesareth, speaking the Word of Life to a mixed multitude on the beach. My audience, in the morning had been one drawn together only by curiosity to hear what "this white man" would say. Besides my own crew of Kombes and Galwas, there were before me members of the Nkâmi, Ajumba, Akĕle, and Fañwe tribes. The only native tongue which I spoke fluently was Benga, though I had been working on the Dikĕle. The Galwa (Mpongwe — Nkâmi — Ajumba) and the Fañwe were to be my future additions. In the afternoon, I went through the villages, talking from hut to hut. And held another meeting at night, under the beautiful moonlight streaming over the wavelets of the lake. Chief Anege was more civilized than any I had met. He entertained me comfortably and politely. He gave me a goat for food.

Monday, November 16. How tribal jealousy runs into all relations of life! My Kombes and Galwas were quarreling over the division of the goat. There was abundance for all; but, their discussion was as to which should have most. Leaving them to their quarrel, I followed Anege, who wished to show me other villages. At one, I met a larger number of children than I had seen in one African village. Such a crowd of people! Such numbers of children! The mother of the head-man came rushing through the crowd, and, in excited whispers, addressed me, saying that other white men had passed them by, that I was their first white visitor, and that, as I had come, she hoped I would stay, and that my coming would bring them "good." The only "good" of which she was thinking was probably pecuniary gain. The entire native population of that portion of Africa placed its

earthly hopes on the white man. Many were afraid of him, especially of his eye (particularly, if it was blue or gray) and therefore were obsequious. But, they all looked to him as the source of gain; the men all wanted an advance loan of his trade goods, promising to repay with ivory or india rubber; and many of the women would be pleased to marry him. They then could have all the bright clothes and ornaments for which their barbaric tastes longed! And, they could sit in idleness, no longer carrying heavy burdens from the forest plantations! They had heard also, that white men treated women kindly, not beating them, as did African husbands!

The native hair, is, of course, negro hair. But, as in the case of other races, it varies in length and in fineness. Coarse natures have the short, coarse, wooly tufts not more than three inches long. Finer and more aristocratic ones have fine hair, eight or ten inches long. Much care is taken in the braiding of those into chignons and ringlets. And, like the Chinese queue and the American "rat," these are elongated by strings of fiber from plants, and ornamented with pieces of brass wire twisted into them.

Most delicious meat is that of the manatee. A man had killed one, gave me a piece, and allowed me to witness one of their superstitious ceremonies for future success, in their manatee-hunting. A piece of the flesh was cooked (not in a foreign iron-pot, but, in native earthenware). It was then carefully covered by a plantain-leaf; no women or children were allowed to be present. Then, the men gathered around the pot, with a variety of incantations, and ate the meat. When it was consumed, they simultaneously jumped and shouted. "My belly is not full!" This was said, even if their appetite had been satisfied, as a sort of prayer to the spirit of the feast, that they wanted more at a future day. When, then, the fisherman shall go again manatee-hunting, he puts a small pot of boiled leaves and barks, as a sacrifice to the spirit, in the bow of the canoe; and, it is then expected it will attract the animal to its death. The man gave me a piece of the uncooked meat, conditioning, however, that I should *boil* it, and not have it cooked in my preferred mode of *jomba*. I yielded to his condition.

My visit to Azingo Lake was, in at least one respect, satisfactory. According to my habitual custom, I was looking ahead for possible means of return to the coast, for the annual meeting of mission in December. In civilized countries, it is easy to pack up, at an hour's notice, and leave by boat or rail for any destina-

tion. But, in our Africa, we never knew, for a month at a time, when any of the little river trading-steamers would be arriving or going. Moreover, they were not public carriers; the obtaining of passage on them was a matter of personal favor and courtesy on the part of the trader. I had gone to Azingo, to find out in advance, whether the route would be practicable, financially and otherwise, if, when, December came, there was no other way of my reaching Gaboon.

I returned to Mr. Sinclair's, sleeping one night on the way, at Fanga-'nângâ's in Ajumba: and reached the Aguma house late at night, just in time to escape a heavy rain. On Thursday, November 19, I found that the *Pioneer* had arrived on the preceding Sunday, and had gone up river on the Tuesday, with Mr. Sinclair. I went to the room which he had kindly designated as mine, and found his clerk, Mr. Percy, sleeping in it. I did not object to that; but, I had to arouse him, in order to ask for the key to the store-house, where I would sleep on my original counter. Percy handed me three letters from parties in Libreville. I was disappointed. Where was my mail from America? Percy was drunk, and said there was none. But, Mr. Sinclair's bright little native valet told me he had seen another parcel. He brought it. It was the blessed mail, with a dozen letters and other documents! I sat up very late, reading them. Some of the news was glad, and some sad. I was troubled to find from sister Isabella's Benita letters, that the mission carpenter had not kept his distinct promise to me, that he would promptly build her house. On that promise, I had left her house unfinished, and had gone to my Ogowe work. He had been provokingly slow, and even discourteous. I wished to haste to her and do the building myself, and determined to go to the coast sooner than I had intended. But no plans could be made until Mr. Sinclair and the *Pioneer* should return, which I was told would be for a week or ten days later!

I waited a week restlessly. I tried to amuse myself by playing on my guitar. But, the memories of the old songs made me feel my loneliness more acutely. I occupied myself by writing a letter to the American Geographical Society. But, anxieties for my sister weighed on me. And, as I proved again and again, the worst factor, in *developing* a fever, is brooding over troubles. Sometimes, an indigestible article of food will be the last feather on the back of patient Nature. I had often suspected that bananas, eaten comfortably by almost everybody else, were not good for me. But, I liked the taste and odor. I ate a large

red one. (I have never eaten a banana since then, attractive as they are.) I went to bed on Sunday, the 22d, my teeth chattering with a chill of intermittent fever. (Probably, the mosquitoes of Ajumba had a good deal to do with it.)

The *Pioneer* returned on Tuesday, and hurried away on Wednesday, the 25th. A strange incident occurred that day, illustrating the lawlessness of the African wilds, and how, when civilized men are left to their own autocratic devices, they lower their social and moral standards.

Mr. Sinclair was always to me a gentleman, most kind and generous. In the abstract, he favored missions; for, in Scotland, he had been a church-member, and his sentiments to me, in conversation, were always elevated. But, I knew that he followed the custom of the country, and had a common-law native wife. She was not brought to the table; but, I frequently saw her in his room and about the house, where she gave orders as she wished. As I was his guest, it was understood that I should be blind and dumb as to her presence. She had her servants; and her relatives were favored about the house. One of these, a young brother, happened to come into collision with clerk Percy, who was continuing his daily semi-intoxication. Percy struck him, for some impertinence. *That* was nothing new at a white man's trading-house. Natives were accustomed to be struck. But, this lad was a son of the Galwa "King," and brother to the white man's "wife"! He had been allowed a great deal of liberty and assumption. Mr. Sinclair, suffering with a boil, came limping on the scene. Instead of rebuking the lad, he violently berated Percy for daring to strike his favorite's brother! The lad seemed to take a cue from this, and, in a rage, he ran to his village, and returning with a trade flint-lock gun, without warning, discharged it point blank at Percy. Those Africans do not *aim* their guns; they only *point* them. But the discharge would probably have been fatal had not another native struck the barrel upward, and the shots went through the thatch roof, almost setting it on fire. The gun was taken from him, but the angry lad snatched up one of mine that was lying near. That was time for me to interfere. No punishment was laid on the lad. Percy was thus placed in a very humiliating and even unsafe position, before the natives. It was common for some of the trade agents to treat their white clerks as inferiors. We missionaries were constantly received in the agent's office as his equals. But, if his clerks happened to enter the room, we were not expected to salute them or take any notice of them. And,

yet, out of that office, or not in the agent's presence, those young men and we were affable!

In that new country, away from the aids of physician and surgeon, foreigners sometimes suffered exceedingly. The chigoes, which had been such a terror to me in September, had evaded Mr. Sinclair's vigilance, and had burrowed not simply *on* a toe or near a nail, but actually under it. The pain and ulceration were so great, that as an alternative to allowing the insects to remain and breed and extend their destructive work, he had himself deliberately torn the nail away! An operation, which in civilization, is performed only under an anæsthetic! But, such were the necessities of a pioneer life. I knew, also, of a physician, who, after days of suffering from a tooth, himself applied the forceps, and extracted the tooth. And, on one occasion, a young white man landed at my door, from an all-night stormy boat-journey on the ocean, after having suffered for a week, and demanded relief. I admitted that I knew how to extract teeth, but that I had not my instruments with me. He insisted that I *must* relieve him. I succeeded, with an ordinary carpenter's pincers.

On Sunday, November 29, I saw a pitiful incident in slavery. The day had been a beautiful one. I had recovered my usual health, after the bit of intermittent fever. I had finished all packing and plans for my overland journey, ready for Monday. I had enjoyed a quiet reading, on Mr. Sinclair's veranda, looking off across the wide Ogowe, studded there with islands, and beyond to the blue hills of its affluent, the Ngunye. He looked up from his pipe, and saw a collection of canoes on a beach several hundred yards distant. Thinking they might be some of his sub-traders, he rose to go and inspect them. I followed. The canoes were of Orungu slave traders. Their slaves looked thin and sad. I protested that they should be fed. Their masters said that, in their grief and fear of to what they were going, they had refused to eat. (I did not believe that; though I had been told that interior slaves thought that they were being exported as food for the occupants of white man's land. Considering the cannibalism of the interior, that was possible.) Among them was a comely looking woman, who, attracted by his kind looks, pleaded with Mr. Sinclair to buy her, and save her from a possibly cruel native master. One of Mr. Sinclair's Nkâmi-tribe traders was standing by with his own little slave boy. The child said that, in the tribe from which he had been stolen when very young, he had left his mother, whom that woman so resem-

bled that he believed she was his mother! (This incident I developed, in my novelette "Mawedo," published by the American Tract Society, 1880.) That Nkâmi man had told me that another of his slaves had seen, many tribes distant beyond the interior Bakote, a white man traveling and paying his way with cloth, and not with rum. Who was it? Was it Livingstone? or some one from the East? Or, Dr. Nachtigal from the North East?

CHAPTER IV

OVERLAND TO THE COAST — DECEMBER, 1874

STARTING on Monday, November 30, by my own canoe and crew, but with four of Mr. Sinclair's Galwas, who were to bring the canoe back to Aguma, I made the run down the Ajumba branch to Lake Azingo in one day. The chief, Anege, was expecting me, and was helpful. The same hunter, who had killed a manatee on my previous visit, had just killed a half-grown female hippopotamus. The cutting up was to be with certain superstitious ceremonies, which I was permitted to witness the next day. The hunter, a young man, thrust a stalk of canna ("Indian shot") wet with water from a pot of "medicine," in front of the animal's nose, as it lay on its back. Then, he rubbed red chalk in a line from the tail down the raphe to the lips. Then, sitting on the jaws, with a series of slaps (as if in a patting way) he talked to the spirits of the animal's life, asking them not to be angry with him, nor to upset his canoe, or in any other way make it difficult to obtain another animal when next he should go hunting, etc., etc. His mother, standing by, also addressed the animal, begging it not to avenge itself by permitting other beasts to hurt her son; and, like the Hebrew damsels for Jephtha's daughter, bemoaning that this animal could never become a mother, etc., etc. Then, the young man, with paddle in one hand and harpoon in the other, mounted the body at the tail, and walked over the belly to the nose, singing as he walked. Then, he cut off small slices of the skin from the nose, each knee and the navel, and put them in his fetish-bag. Then he stabbed the swollen body, and applying his mouth to the wound, inhaled the fetid gas. Then, others assisted him in disemboweling. After the viscera had all been removed, he threw the contents of the pot of "medicine" into the cavity, and stooping there himself, he threw the dirty bloody water over his shoulders, singing all the while. Then he bailed out the mixture with his hands, all the time praying the spirits of the animal to help him if his canoe should upset, etc., etc. When the body had been almost all cut up, he took the canna-stalk from the mouth, and, with some leaves and

the pieces of the skin, went aside by himself, and cut the stalk in small pieces, blowing a blessing on them, and talking to them, in an undertone, words I did not understand.

In traveling the world over, the necessities of the traveler are pitted against the greed of his employee, whether that employee be a United States cab-man, a European porter, or an African boatman. I began the diplomatic task of hiring carriers, for my overland journey. Three Fañwe were willing to go, for a lump sum of $9 (trade goods), simply as guides, and refusing to carry any burdens. I dropped the negotiation with them. Later, at a village, I found four, who, for $10 (trade), said they would go both as guides and porters. Anege was helpful in lessening their demands. Then, I had trouble with Mr. Sinclair's employees. He had stipulated that I should send them back to him immediately on my arrival at the lake. I had reached the lake on the night of Monday, November 30; but, they refused to start back until the morning of Wednesday, December 2. On going with friend Anege to the village of my newly engaged four Fañwe, to see whether they were getting ready, they demurred saying that, for the promised $10, only three of them would go. I did not yield to them; for, Anege hinted to me that this was only a threat to test me. I bought of the hippo hunter, for $2 (trade) all the bones of the animal's head. I wanted them for a gift to American friends.

On Thursday, December 3, I was ready to start, having seven packages, each of thirty-five pounds weight. (East African porters carry burdens of double that weight.) Friend Anege started with me and my five crew, in a borrowed canoe, to the village where I was to pick up the four Fañwe. They stood at the beach, smiling in their sense of power, and declined to go at all unless I would add $2 more. Helpless, I consented. And, they promptly entered the canoe. Anege remained with me, while we crossed the lake, and landed on its northern side. There, he made the Fañwe a formal address, committing me to their care, and demanding a faithful fulfillment of their contract. They replied in as formal and earnest manner. This scene, of conflict with cupidity, was one that was repeated many a time in my African pioneer life. Diplomacy! diplomacy! I felt a duty to go to trouble rather than yield to expense, expense that would, at the time, have made things easier and more comfortable for myself; but, I knew I was making precedents for my successors. Traders did not have to be so diplomatic. Their rum bottle was a power, before which all difficulties vanished!

Contests sometimes arose with my regular monthly employees, in the way of a "strike." To them, I never yielded; as an alternative, I dismissed them. The necessity that sometimes compelled me to yield arose only on journeys, and among strangers, for unexpected needs.

The journey overland was not difficult. It was interesting in new sights. There were swamps, crossed by single-log bridges, on which I had to practice very careful balancing:— and a river, where the log was actually afloat, and there was only a vine, as a guy-rope, by which to steady one's self:— and many streams, which I waded, first removing my shoes and socks, and even disrobing. (In that matter, I wisely saved health, at the expense of time. Other white men, including a few missionaries, preferred to rush in, and then walk with their wet garments. I know of some who lost their lives from a resulting fever.) There were dark ravines through the foothills and steep ascents, until the top of the watershed between the Ogowe and the Gaboon was reached, and then there was a level plateau. The path was narrow, but well-trodden, under the forest of ebony, mahogany, and many other trees, among which were some edible-nut bearing. On the path, we met companies of Fañwe and Bakĕle. It is a rule for white travelers, in malaria districts, to drink no water until it is boiled. *That* was the only rule of health I ever deliberately disregarded. Hunger I could readily bear, for a whole day; but, thirst I could not. I drank anywhere, of any water. On that journey, the water was from clear mountain brooks. If, in my life in Africa, I exposed myself by drinking from waters less clear, the evil of my indiscretion was overcome by my faithful caution in all other hygienic and sanitary respects. I never felt any ill-effects from my indiscriminate satisfaction of thirst. The resulting profuse perspiration was itself a healthful thing. And, I always, at such states, guarded from foolishly plunging into cold water for a bath, or sitting in chilly shades. Two nights were spent on the way. The natives, for their own convenience, along such routes, had built exceedingly light and rude rest sheds, having one side of a roof (the side toward prevailing rain-storms) otherwise entirely open; but having roughly made bed frames. My guide passed one of these, at sunset, and declined to stop, saying that there was a better one beyond. When we reached its site, it was in ruins. It was night; and we slept in the open forest. The next night was in an Akĕle hamlet, where the bed was, like Jeremiah's, too short for legs to stretch themselves.

On the morning of the third day, one of my Kombes told me that he had overheard people in the hamlet telling news, and saying that, at the village, Agonjo, on the Rĕmbwe banks, to which we were going, there was a little cutter, *Lizzette*, belonging to the English firm of J. Holt & Co., which was about leaving for Libreville.

The plan of my journey had included the hiring at Agonjo of some canoe, in which to paddle down the Rĕmbwe and into the Gaboon. I hurried my caravan of nine men, hoping to get passage on the *Lizzette*. In my haste, I myself led the way, though I was lame from having bruised my shin, on the previous day, against a stump on the path, and the wound was painful. I saw the morning mist over the river ahead, and it incited me. We raced, under the plaudits of the inhabitants of Agonjo, to the boat-landing. The crew of the *Lizzette* were laboring in an effort to lift their anchor! Without asking the owner's permission, I pushed Ingumu into a canoe with some of our packages, to request passage on the little cutter. He returned for our second load, myself and the other four men. Just as I reached the little deck, up came the anchor! The Mpongwe captain knew me; he was Mr. Holt's employee; I did not need to haggle for a price of passage. He only said, "Dr. Nassau, God has helped me and you! I had been pulling at that anchor for an hour. It would not loosen its hold below, until you hove in sight!"

Farther down the river, the *Lizzette* transferred us to another of Mr. Holt's boats, a larger one, the *Brunette*, commanded by a white man. Two days and nights were spent on the *Brunette*. Its captain, a Dane, treated me well enough, especially as he made use of my men, to work for their passage. But, he was so surly and profane with his own men, that it was unpleasant to hear him. Finally, we reached Libreville trading-houses, by 9 A. M. of Monday, December 7. I went onwards to our mission station on Baraka Hill, for a welcome by Rev. Dr. Bushnell.

BARAKA PREMISES

Facing page 62

CHAPTER V

AT THE SEASIDE STATIONS — DECEMBER, 1874 — MARCH, 1875

AT Baraka, the warmth of the welcome was mingled with disappointment about my mail. Dr. Bushnell, not knowing I was coming so soon, had properly forwarded it to the Ogowe, by first chance, on the little French trading-boat, on November 17. It had not reached Galwa when I left there on November 30. It would probably not be returned within two weeks. Such were the irregularities of chance mail communication in those days! That I might reach my sister at Benita, I made anxious inquiries for possible sailing boats or little trading steamers going northward. There were accounts to be settled with the mission treasurer. And, an official call on the French Government house at Plateau, where the Commandant was very much pleased at my report on the overland Azingo route, as a feasible road to the Ogowe, and promised me encouragement in the development of that river. Only two white men had preceded me on that route; and both of them made their start *from* Libreville. The traders were agreeably surprised that I had so successfully accomplished it. On Sunday, December 13, I relieved Dr. Bushnell in the pulpit, both morning and evening.

On the morning of Thursday, December 17, I got passage, accompanied by my two Kombes and three Galwas, on a small trading cutter going the thirty-five miles to Elobi Island in Corisco Bay, whence I hoped a boat might be found for Benita. Reached a trading house of two Germans, by nine o'clock that night. In uncivilized lands, a man's civilization reveals itself, as against the greed, treachery, or cruelty of other races toward a stranger. However little common ground of religion or morality there might be between missionaries and many traders, the common humanity of our civilization always gave a welcome and shared their best. Those two men were short of civilized food; but they gave me a comfortable bed, which I valued, after my day's seasickness.

Next day, I found a sailing boat of a Kombe man, Jali, that was intending to go the fifty miles to Benita. They knew me of

old; and, for a reasonable consideration, they hastened their departure on Saturday. There were twelve of us crowded in that boat. Jali himself landed at Sipolu, and sent two of his men to take me across the river to Bolondo, where I was finally landed, under a heavy rain, at my sister's door, about four o'clock of Sunday morning, December 20. My sister needed me; and had been hoping for my coming.

I walked the two miles to church that morning, to the services conducted by the missionary in charge, Rev. Wm. Schorsch. There were glad welcomes from my former Benita parishioners. In the afternoon, on request, I conducted the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The next day, I set to work, and got native carpenters to hasten the work of building my sister's house, which Mr. Menkel had neglected. He was away, just at that time, at Libreville, in his capacity as captain of the mission schooner, *Hudson.* That vessel returned to Benita on Thursday, December 24, bringing in the mail, my share which had been returned from the Ogowe.

Friday, December 25, was "Christmas." But, I did not care for Christmas in uncivilized Africa. I could not keep it with natives, most of whom knew of it as a day on which to beg for gifts. I would not even have thought of the day, if Miss Jones, my sister's associate, had not reminded me of it. We read our letters all together, and compared notes. At my landing on the Sunday morning, Jali's two men had failed properly to beach the boat; it floated away; was found by two Benita men, and held for ransom. I was unjustly involved. After much ill-feeling, Mwanytye "Tom" came to say that the demand for $50 for the boat had been receded from, and that the boat was to be released. He wanted me to go to Upwanjo village, and it be given up in my presence. I went, in my sister's boat *Evangeline;* stopped at Mbâde, and saluted Mr. and Mrs. Menkel; went to the village; and the boat was yielded. Returned to Mbâde; and, with Mr. Menkel, went off to the *Hudson,* and got my boxes and other things, brought from the Ogowe, which I had left at Baraka.

My stay at Benita was a series of confusions in efforts to hasten the Bolondo house building; defense of my sister against Mr. Schorsch's oppressions; quarrels of Mr. Schorsch and Mr. Menkel; outbreak of the people against me because of my movements against Mr. Schorsch; and goings back and forth on the sea. The next week, with a native carpenter "Wilson," from Corisco, and Ebuma, one of the Benita elders, the work on the

PLATEAU GOVERNMENT HOUSE

Facing page 64

building was pushed. It stood on the edge of the dense forest, from which one night came a leopard and killed sister's milk-goat Brownie. The operations I interrupted one day, to go with sister, in the *Evangeline*, to Mbâde, to put in order the graves of Mrs. Nassau and my little Paull. I stayed to lunch with the Menkels; and had a long talk with Mr. Schorsch about his allowing desecrations of the cemetery. And, another talk, with Mr. Menkel, in an effort to establish some peace between him and Mr. Schorsch. I thought both worthy of blame; Mr. Menkel for his irascibility, and Mr. Schorsch for his autocracy.

On the morning of Wednesday, January 6, 1875, I left Benita, on the *Hudson*, with Mr. Schorsch, my sister and Miss Jones, for the annual mission meetings at Libreville, arriving there in the morning of Saturday, the 9th. I was elected clerk, and, as a sop to Cerberus, we chose Mr. Schorsch as moderator; but, some of his doings were almost maniacal. The meetings having ended, I should have returned to my Ogowe work. But, affairs at Benita were in such confusion, I did not think it safe to leave my sister until some settlement was made. On Saturday, January 16, our company started back northward, stopping over the Sunday at Elongo Station, Corisco Island, of Rev. C. De Heer. And, on Tuesday, the 19th, I was again at work on the Bolondo house. Mr. Schorsch came from Mbâde in his canoe, to call on me; and made a strange confession of his suspicions against me, and his hope of improvement in good feeling. I accepted his words; but, really, I believed his professions a part of his insane duplicity.

The work at Bolondo continued. Before he came to Africa, Mr. Schorsch had been known as "eccentric." Africa intensifies any prominent part of a foreigner's character. His eccentricity became a monomania. On all other points he was sane. His mania was that he was in supreme authority. He became so outrageous that I asked him to go with me for a called meeting of mission to decide on his claims. He refused to go. Warning him that I would go without him, and that action might possibly be taken against him, I went, on the *Hudson*, February 25, stopping on the way, at Corisco, for Mr. De Heer; and reached Libreville, Wednesday, March 3. The mission decided to remove Mr. Schorsch from all his offices. On Friday, March 5, I started back to Benita, arriving there, Saturday, March 6. On the 8th, I sent Mr. Schorsch the mission's official notification. He declined to recognize the mission, or to yield the offices. He played into the cupidity of the people; who, though they did

not respect him, valued him as a means of obtaining money and employment. He seized, and refused to deliver some goods for my sister, that had been landed from the *Hudson,* by Mr. Menkel, at the Mbâde house. He incited a mob, led by three heathen chiefs, Metyeba, Ivina, and Monyamo (which most of the church members also joined), then threatened me with violence, if I attempted to enforce the mission's order. Even Mwanyatye Tom and Isanga (former intimate friends) while they protected me from assault, ordered me to leave and "go back to Ogowe with your badness." Only my sister's Bolondo young men were faithful to me. (That outrage of the Benita mob remained in my memory during all the subsequent years.) After some days of exciting conferences, the mob feeling subsided. Mr. Schorsch yielded. And, on Wednesday, March 17, bidding good-by to my sister, I started, on the *Hudson,* with Mr. Schorsch, again for Libreville, stopping at Corisco Island, for Mr. De Heer, for the quarterly mission and presbytery meetings; and arrived in the Gaboon River on Saturday, the 20th. Mr. Schorsch made a great deal of excitement and trouble in the meetings; and it was decided to report him to the Board in New York. He would obey no orders, nor comply with any requests. There was no place for him in the mission. Mr. De Heer would not receive him at Elongo Station, nor Dr. Bushnell at Baraka. My sister would not be safe, if he were sent again to Benita. As a solution, I offered to accept him as an associate in the Ogowe. (I did not then know that he had no intention of being an "associate.") Finally, after our patient endurance of his threats to have us all punished by his Emperor of Germany, he boarded the *Pioneer* with me and my three Galwas and one Kombe to start for the Ogowe, on Tuesday, March 30.

CHAPTER VI

RETURN TO THE OGOWE — APRIL, 1875

LIVINGSTONE, in his diaries of his journeys with that same *Pioneer,* on the Zambesi and Shire Rivers, speaks of the wearying stoppages of its engines. History repeated itself on that journey of mine into the Ogowe.

Progress was so slow, and I was so anxious to get back to my Ogowe work, that, when the vessel stopped at Chief Isâgi's town Ngumbi, I sent ahead, by a passing canoe, one of my men, Alendeginye, for him to report at Aguma the state of affairs on the *Pioneer.* Hopeless of the vessel's getting any farther (for, with its unskilled engineer, it had been stopping almost every hour of the journey), I hired a very large canoe and nine Nkâmi young men and two boys, making, with my remaining four, a crew of fifteen paddlers. With Mr. Schorsch, our baggage, food supplies, and lumber and other building materials, the canoe was heavily laden and closely crowded. I left the *Pioneer* on Friday, April 9, for the fifty miles pull to Mr. Sinclair's trading-house. The young men were desirous of employment, and were willing to take me up river, though, in so doing, they were unintentionally helping to destroy the universal African trade monopoly. And there were murmurs by Isâgi's people, threatening to prevent their going. I hastened our departure. In journeys by boat, I usually took the rudder, thus keeping all the crew at the oars or paddles. But, in a canoe, guided by a paddle, more skill was required, and I always left that post to a native as captain. Mr. Schorsch soon revealed his animus by displacing the steersman, and himself tried to steer, as a sign of his supremacy. He was so unskilled, and the canoe swayed so wildly under his hand, that the crew protested. I had to push him aside, and replaced the native. We stopped to lunch; to buy provisions; and to attend to a man's toe ulcerated by chigoes.

Later in the day, about 5 P. M., stopped at a village, for the crew to eat. Mr. Schorsch went ashore, to eat by himself, and to preach, though he knew nothing of the language of the

Ogowe, and my employee whom he used as interpreter knew only a smattering of English!

After dark, we continued the journey, hoping to reach the Igenja village of a certain man, Ombya-ngwana. In passing a village of the Ivili tribe, near Ashuka, most of the crew wished to stop there for the night; but, the captain, Anângâ-'mwĕni (Other-tribes) was afraid of a family quarrel there; and we proceeded. Later, when the slow movements of the paddles showed that the crew were tired, we stopped for the night at another Ivili village. The crew went to the huts ashore; but, I slept on the uneven boxes in the canoe, under a slight rain, weak from a diarrhea, and protected by only a mosquito-net. The crew returned next morning (Saturday) by six o'clock sunrise, after I had been buying plantains, farinya, and extra paddles (to replace broken ones). We passed the body of a woman floating in an eddy near the river-side. Monkeys were in the oil-palm trees, plucking the nuts.

Stopped at a village, Nandipo, of a young man, Azâze, for the crew to eat. Taking me as his guest, he presented me with a bunch of plantains; and, professing friendship, wished to seal the bond, by the usual act of native hospitality to a white man, of loaning me one of his wives. The young woman, standing smiling by, was, like Barkis, "willin'." My respectful explanation that missionaries did not approve of that feature in their hospitality, was accepted. Du Chaillu, in one of his books, relates that he was offered three hundred "princesses" as his wives. It is probable that that number of women were offered him. But, to be an African "princess," her father may be the "king" of a village of only fifty people. No such offer is made to a missionary, by the same man, a second time. Nor is it repeated in any region in which a missionary has once traveled. The report in regard to mission-character is carried in advance.

We rested on the Sunday. In all my missionary life, I never traveled, in my own conveyance or afoot, on Sunday. Even if I did not know the native dialect, or had no interpreter, and none of my crew or of the villagers were Christians, I kept the day free from labor. My journey, I was sure, even if I was in haste, would be the more prospered during the ensuing week. In almost any village, there would be at least one person, who, in his wanderings among white men, had picked up a few words of English, through which I could make myself understood as to my Commission.

The next day's pull was a successful one. Though it was the

season of the heavy "latter" rains, I kept dry; at villages where we stopped, I obtained abundance of food; and, at one place, where I sat resting ashore in the shade, a snake passed between my legs without attempting to strike with its fangs.

I reached Mr. Sinclair's by 1 A. M. of Tuesday, April 15. He was away. I awoke his new assistant, Mr. Travis, landed my goods, and was in a comfortable bed by 2 A. M. It had been a hard trip. It proved to me that, though an open boat might do for my personal travel, I should not transport goods and supplies in that way. (And, yet, in the later years, I often had to do so!) Naturally, after such a journey, with all its responsibilities, one would need to rest, have clothing changed and washed, and examine boxes, to see if their contents were wet, and re-pack. But, by 8 A. M., Mr. Schorsch was urging that our journey should be resumed! I declined. Then he asked me for four of my men that he might go on ahead. With his maniacal traits, I was afraid to entrust him with authority over them, and I refused. Then he broke into hysterical tears, making an unpleasant demonstration before the trading-house people. After a while, he recognized the propriety of our awaiting the return of the head of the house, Mr. Sinclair, from his journey.

In November, '74, I had left boxes in the Aguma house. They sadly needed examination. My supply of rice was infested with weevils. An enormous quantity of great black ants in my box of clothing had ruined my best black suit. By Saturday evening, Mr. Sinclair returned. At the supper table with him, besides Mr. Schorsch and myself, were Mr. Travis, Captain Stone, and a Goree trader. The only representatives of civilization in all that river! I felt the sentiment of wishing for a larger representation and, by permission, I placed on the table a tin of fall pippins given me by my sister from her box of Lawrenceville, N. J., presents.

On Sunday, April 18, the *Pioneer* arrived. The noise of debarcation and unloading destroyed any likeness to Sabbath rest. But, in the evening, while I was quietly singing by myself, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," Captain Stone recognized the tune. And, afterwards, Mr. Travis joined us; and we sang other hymns, among them, "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," and "All hail the power of Jesus' Name." The lives of those men were in defiance of religion and morality; but, in their own England, they had probably been churchgoers. I was glad to be of some use in keeping alive their thought of religion.

CHAPTER VII

AT KASA'S TOWN — APRIL — JUNE, 1875

THE engines of the *Pioneer* had been repaired, and, on Monday, April 19, Mr. Sinclair suddenly decided that the vessel should go some twenty-five miles up the Ogowe to inspect his Osam'-'kita trading-house. I really think he did this out of kindness, to give me passage to Kasa's town. It certainly was more comfortable than two days' paddling in a canoe, open to rain, etc. I had bought an old canoe and gave it to the nine Nkâmi young men, who had so successfully brought me to Aguma, for them to return to their down-river homes. And, Alendaginye had arrived from his village just in time, bringing with him three new young men for my crew, Ogandaga, Tivino and Kĕngĕngĕ. It was pleasant to sit on the deck of Livingstone's *Pioneer,* and note, as she slowly passed, the landmarks I had charted for myself, on my canoe journeys six months previously. There was the mouth of the Ngunye on the left bank, and the familiar islands, and sandbanks, and the villages whose inhabitants were to be my friends, whose language I was to learn, and whose lives I hoped to influence. We were at Kasa's town by 10 P. M., being able to travel even the Ogowe's tortuous channels at night, with the season's deep water, and under the bright moonlight. By the aid of the *Pioneer's* surf-boat and its crew of stout Kroo-men, and Captain Johns' energy, my goods were soon landed, and temporarily stored in a store-house which Agaia had built since the preceding November. I spread my rug on my pile of boards, and, being very tired, hoped to sleep. But, my mosquito-net was inaccessible in one of my boxes, the insects were very bad; and there was little sleep. The next days I was welcomed by all the people, especially by Kasa's head-wife, his little nephew Mutyi, and the little girl Awĕthĕ. Kasa had been anxiously expecting me, and had begun almost to believe I had deceived him; because, on leaving him in the preceding November, '74, I had told him I would be back again before three months. And, now, it was six months! (I had had no idea of what lay before me, in the Schorsch and Menkel troubles.)

I took Mr. Schorsch a walk, to show him the place, near Ibanyi's village, where I had decided to build, and where I assumed he would associate with me. But, the next day he was violently excited with the idea that the room in Kasa's house in which we were sleeping was not good. He went off by himself, and established himself in the adjacent village of Ntambi. He wished also that I should divide the Kombe and Galwa employees with him. I needed them all for the building of the house, which I assumed would be for us both. I thought that, if he wished to live separate from me, he should have engaged his own servants from the coast. However, for the sake of peace, I would have consented. However, I could not *compel* the young men against their own will. Only one was willing to go with Mr. Schorsch, as cook.

Mr. Schorsch got into his tantrums two or three times. But, as it takes two to make a quarrel, and as I sat still and listened without reply to his complaints and charges, he stopped. He quieted a good deal from his Benita violence, and I hoped I would not have trouble from him. I did not believe that he had really changed, or that, had he the power, he would not make confusion. *I* now had the power (in the estimate of the people), but I in no way avenged myself, now that the tables were turned. The separation between Mr. Schorsch and myself he made more positive and final. I had made with him a fair division of my goods and supplies, hoping for at least an outward appearance of unity in our work. I had no idea what were his plans. Certainly, he had been given no authority or funds to build a house. Those had been placed in my hands by the mission; and the supposition had been that, when it should be finished, the two missionaries would live together, as was elsewhere the custom.

On Sunday, April 25, I held a morning service in Kasa's village. Mr. Schorsch held a separate one in Ntambi's. I sent to him for my share of the Sabbath-school alphabet-cards which were in a box I had loaned him. He refused to let me have any. I managed along with one old copy. (Later, he yielded to my reasonable complaint about his refusal, and gave me some.)

The most valuable article, for purchasing food-supplies, was salt. Originally, the natives in the Ogowe had almost no salt. Feeling the need of some condiment besides the indigenous cayenne-pepper, the skins of ripe plantains and bananas were sun-dried, and then carefully reduced to ashes. This gray ash,

having a potash taste, they sprinkled on their food. Subsequently, the coast tribes, in their interior journeys for slaves, carried salt which they had evaporated from sea-water (in imported large brass pans called "neptunes"). It was worth almost its weight in gold. The interior men reserved it for their own use, allowing none to women and children. At the time of my entrance into the Ogowe, white traders had begun to introduce foreign salt. But, it was still so valued an article, that, I, in purchasing provisions, measured it out, only by the tablespoonful, into the hand of the native. Little children, standing by, eagerly picked up any few grains that happened to fall to the ground, enjoying it, as our civilized children enjoy a piece of candy.

The rats in my room were very bad. Somehow, they had gotten into my food-chest, and, carrying off crackers, were nibbling them in the hollows of the bamboo-walls.

It was pleasant to observe the taste of the women, in adorning their hair with flowers. This was not common. Usually, they depended for ornament, on foreign brass jewelry and bright-colored cloths. There came to evening prayers quite a company of these women, with wreaths of ferns and flowers.

The evenings were the occasions for social enjoyment. The people needed it; my coast tribe employees needed it, to keep them satisfied; and I needed it, as a means of obtaining that acquaintance with the heart of the native, without which I felt sure I would have no influence over them. The antitribal feeling of my Kombe and Galwa, if left alone by themselves, might have eventuated in a quarrel; in my presence it amounted to only amusing banter, in which our Akĕle townspeople found much amusement.

Natural cupidity soon showed itself among the people. I had come to them under privation and difficulty and even danger, in overcoming the opposition of the coast tribes, and therefore I was treated with more than ordinary kindness and civility. Personally, I was safe. But the sacred character of my work was as yet not at all felt or valued. I was only a white man with goods, which they would obtain in exchange for their native provisions, at the highest possible price that my necessity would compel. It was simply the commercial attitude of civilized communities; with, however, this fact in my favor, that there was no organized boycott, or the threats of a trade union. When Kasa's people failed to appreciate my presence, by becom-

ing too exacting, I could, by the little trouble of a canoe journey of a mile to an adjoining village, get better prices. But, had I gone to remain permanently at that other village, the result would have been the same as at Kasa's.

The days of delay were becoming trying, as I could no nothing about building during Kasa's absence. Authority for the purchase of the site depended on him. His head-wife, Ñwanajâ, came to me in excitement, on April 29, knowing that the news would interest me, saying that, in a dream, she had seen Kasa. I jokingly asked her whether, in her dream, she had seen him coming with a promised goat. For, she had previously told me that he had gone on his journey to get a goat with which to welcome me. Kasa returned suddenly on May 4, bringing the goat! The day was an excited one. King Ondĕñe had come to see me, with his retinue. The townspeople came back from the forest, where they had buried a woman, who died the day before. And, in the evening, in the presence of the assembled crowd, Kasa gave a detailed account (pâ) of all the events that had occurred since my departure in the previous November. And then, I gave mine. Then, the company wanted to be amused by being shown some of my new tools; among the rest, an india-rubber syringe.

I became more anxious to get into my own house; for, though I believed (and still believe) it desirable for one to mingle much with the people for whom one is working, I found it was unnecessarily trying to live constantly in the midst of their noise and confusion. On the night of May 5, there was a great deal of tumult in the street, which prevented my sleep. I felt grateful, when I overheard my Kombe young man pleading with the people to keep quiet, for my sake. Indeed the question of noise so influenced me that I decided not to build at the location I had selected, and told Kasa I would choose a place far from all villages. This he did not like. But, I told him, I did not mean to avoid *him* or *people;* for, I had made my long journey to come to *people.* And, that I would constantly do so, on *visits;* and people should *visit* me. But, that I wanted a place where I could sleep quietly at night. There were other reasons, which I did not mention to him, e. g., I wanted a site, whose water-side landing, and whose spring of water should not be held in common with any other village or person. (Difficulty had arisen for me at Mbâde, Benita, on both those points.) And, when, on May 7, some people, for whom Kasa had been wait-

ing, to consult with them about a certain proposed site, I shortened the discussion by informing them that I no longer desired that place, even as a gift.

My evening chats with Kasa and his people were entertaining and instructive. I learned a great deal about the interior tribes; their locations, size, dialects, customs; the rivers, mountains, etc., the animals, productions, etc.

In the afternoon, Kasa took me, with quite a number of his people, a mile down river, to an uninhabited portion of the forest, near Mbilye Creek, in order that I might choose a spot where he and I should build together! I went. But, I reserved for another day, the destruction of any hope that I would allow him or any other native to build near me.

Kasa's was a strange character. That he had strength, I saw by the obedience that was rendered him. He could be severe; though I had not often seen it. He was good-humored, not pretending any "kingly" dignity. He was quick to learn and see; but was most persistent in his own wishes. He was kind to me, and often helpful, almost to generosity. But, I always knew, back of it all, there was greed and expectation of gain; for, he was selfish. I liked his camaraderie; but, in making my occasional gifts, felt I was paying a hotel bill. We each were using the other "position." And, I never trusted him too far.

On Saturday, May 8, events were culminating for my plans. Aveya and four others of my Galwa employees returned from Mr. Sinclair's with a small canoe, which they had bought, at my direction, for $5 (trade). I killed for them the fatted calf, in the shape of the big goat Kasa had given me, sending also portions to Mr. Schorsch, and to the Nkâmi trader ReMombi, on whom I was dependent for favors in the way of sending and receiving mail, by his occasional canoe-messenger to Mr. Sinclair's "Aguma" (so named for some large silk-cotton trees near it). It was worth while to watch and enjoy the intensely hungry excitement of my seven employees, when I handed over to them an entire half of the goat, for them, not in any usual ration, but at their own riotous pleasure.

I went again to the forest near Mbilye Creek, with Kasa and his people, to decide about the site for my house. There, there was a long "palaver" (talk). The two points of difficulty were: On my side, that I marked out an area of very many acres. Not that I really could make use of them all, but because I felt sure that I would be followed by Kasa or some other chief, who would desire to live near me. In which case, I wished my

boundary to keep their expected village noises far enough distant for my peace and quiet. On the part of Kasa, that he wished to build actually alongside of me!

The matter of an interpreter was a serious one in my preaching. At best, interpreters are a very lame means. Sometimes, they actually intentionally misinterpreted. Familiar with Benga, I had hoped to find it useful in the cognate Okota, whose tribe had been my objective point in entering the Ogowe. But, they had disappeared. The Dikĕle was also cognate with Benga, so that I was able to use it in a smattering way for daily wants. But, not for preaching. So, until I should acquire Dikĕle, I had to speak through one of my Kombes, who passed the words to Masomami, one of Kasa's young men, who happened to know Mpongwe. When my words finally reached my Akĕlé audience, they had passed through five linguistic ranges! A very slow way! Well might such preaching, in its weakness, be called "foolishness." But God could make use of it.

On Monday, May 11, I went again with Kasa to the ground near Mbilye, to mark the outlines of the mission premises. He yielded to my wish as to the northern side; and the boundary line was at once actually cut from that point westward to the Ogowe River, marked by a large *bwibe* tree near a *kuda* tree. That had evidently been one of Kasa's hunting-grounds; for, there were remains of a fence used to turn small animals into snares. Then we went to the top of the small bluff or hill above the landing-place, and began to clear away the bushes, for the actual site of the house. After a while, he and I left the men at work, and we went to the rear, eastward of the clearing, to see where the line should be cut across a plateau that was enclosed in a large bend of the Mbilye. I agreed to the limit which he indicated. Then, he led me back, West and North West to some of the Mbilye lowlands. As it was marshy, I went no farther. Then, he led me North East, to the place he had several times before mentioned as the line for his town near mine. I refused even to speak of it; and took him back to a certain inlet of the creek, and claimed it as my ultimatum. Then, we two had a scene that was really dramatic. He begged and pleaded. I kept the temper of a friend, but, with eye looking coldly and steadily into his, quietly and firmly refused. (Africans are afraid of the blue or gray of a white man's eye. It tells so much more than does their own black eye.) He seemed to yield; and we returned to the clearing.

Evidently, at some time, a traveling coast-tribe man had camped there; for, there were growing a lime tree and a West

India bamboo. Those trees are not indigenous to Africa; had been brought from Jamaica to the Coast; and thence were carried by coast-tribe traders to the interior. (Trees sprang from the seeds of fruits dropped at such camps.) While Kasa and I were sitting amicably talking, I introduced my denunciation of foreign intoxicating liquor brought by all the traders, white and black. Suddenly, he startled me by asking, "Well!, if God is angry with drunkards, what will become of me?" It gave me excellent basis for a personal appeal, and for the offer of God's universal forgiveness of any repented sin. We returned to Kasa's town, with abundant promises on his part. But, I declined to do any more work at clearing, until he had actually outlined and marked (on trees) the entire boundaries. I wanted no future claims or disputes. In the meanwhile I made visit to King Ondĕñe. He tried to be courteous, but failed. An initiation into the great Ukuku or "Yasi" society was in progress. No woman was permitted to see even the procession, much less any of the lodge ceremonies. As a man, my seeing the procession was not resented (at least openly). Yet, I soon became conscious that my presence was not desired; and I left, Ondĕñe giving me only three pitifully small chickens. But, I treasured the incident, and reserved my indignation at Yasi for a future day. (It came, four years later.)

On the way back, the crew, though thirsty under the hot sun, would not drink of the water of the river (as they and I were constantly accustomed to do) because of the too recent sight of the corpse of a woman thrown into the river, at Ntambi's town. At that period, *burial* was accorded to only persons of distinction. Slaves, the poor, and especially poor women, were cast either into the river, a prey to fishes (the natives said that the gavial-crocodiles ate only bodies which themselves had killed) or, into the forest, a prey to wild beasts and the scavenger "Driver" ants.

One of the crew fell into the river, and, in unskillfully scrambling again into the canoe, filled it with water, and almost upset it. (Ogowe canoes are flat-bottomed, and are readily upset.) So, my legs were thoroughly wet, and chilled before we reached my room, where I could change for dry clothing.

The next day, I bought of Kasa, at a fair price, a goat. And he gave me two good-sized chickens, for Ondĕñe's three little ones. He seemed ashamed of the "King's" meanness. My chickens and goat were to run loose with the town flocks, until I should wish to claim them. But, the subtile Kasa said nothing about setting the boundaries of my ground. I feigned indif-

ference, and said nothing: but, I kept my men at work in cutting timber, and shaping window-frames. I was not well enough to work myself; the wetting of the previous day had given me a chill, and I was dosing with quinin.

On May 13, there was a horrible odor of some imperfectly dried elephant skin that was being roasted for Kasa's breakfast. The natives, in butchering the wild animals they killed for food, did not skin them (unless they had a special need for the skin for some other purpose). The hair was only singed off.

A canoe of the man Schmieder, trader for the firm of Woërmann, had come to Iviněně's adjacent village, with a barrel of rum. All day, the village was filled with a noisy drunken crowd. The liquor was of a particularly bad type, and some of the natives were drinking in wild excess. At night, one of them, one of Kasa's men, died from the effects. I could not sleep much that night, with the noises of yelling, shouting, singing, wailing, and gun-firing. (Firing of guns, as part of an entertainment, in Africa, takes the place of fireworks in other countries.)

The next day, after Kasa had returned from the funeral of his man at Iviněně's, he said he was ready for the marking of my premises. We all went, my people and some of his, in two canoes. Arrived at the site, he began his usual trouble, of wishing to build by Mbilye Creek, near me. Ñwanajâ and another of his women were with us while we talked. Our discussion became angry; and she left, to go to her relatives at Mbilye village. Kasa took me to the line to show me exactly what he wanted. I was so indignant that I left him, saying nothing, and going away alone; and, he went alone, for Ñwanajâ. But meeting her on her return, they both overtook me. She told me, in his presence, that her people had assented to my taking the whole ground. This seemed to settle the matter. I was grateful to her for her efficient help. As we walked toward the landing where our canoes were awaiting us, I was impressed with the wildness of the land I was acquiring. On our path, we started up an antelope in the bushes. Down in the river, hippopotami were snorting and bellowing. And, on our way back, we passed the floating dead body of a man.

On Sunday, May 16, very few persons came to my services. Kasa and most of his people were off at Iviněně's, where was being held a witch-craft "palaver," over the cause of the death of the woman who had died there recently. A woman had been seized and charged as the witch. I felt greatly depressed at the joy over the seizure shown by even little boys of the village.

Like the satisfaction which, in civilization, we feel at the arrest of a murderer. (In later years I learned to understand the native point of view; they *really* believed that the accused were murderers.) One of my Kombe men, Mwanyatye, had been at the scene, as a spectator. He told me that the woman was begging for her life. On Corisco Island, in such cases, I had always gone and interfered, with some hope of success. For, I spoke the language freely, and the Bengas had some degree of civilization. But, with those Bakĕle, whose language I could only smatter, and whose civilization was in its rudiments, my interference would have been in vain. But, I made indignant protests. When Kasa returned, he avoided me. My people said he was afraid of me. At sunset, a canoe with Mr. Sinclair and his valet, Oshalowe, brought me a mail. My letters! My son William's photograph! What an interest and excitement Kasa and his people displayed over my child's picture! Communication by letter was a comparatively new thing to them. Their surprise that the boy could talk to me on paper! They handled the letter as if it was a living thing; and, to each newcomer, they told over and over my simple story.

On Monday, May 17, I had a decided talk with Kasa about the "witches," whom he had threatened to kill. And he had an excited talk with Mr. Sinclair about his trade; Mr. Sinclair not having honored him by locating even a native trader in his village, a village which he now claimed was greater than King Ondĕñe's, because a white man (myself) was living in it!

On Thursday the 20th, I went to the clearing with Ñwanajâ, who, since her efficient intervention, was deputed by Kasa to mark out the remaining outlines of my grounds. I sent my people along the forest path, for the canoe was too small for us all. Though the month was May near the beginning of the dry season (marked by cooler nights), a time when the river would be expected to run low, it actually rose two feet in twenty-four hours; thus showing that its sources must be in a different latitude. (The latest maps prove this to be true.)

On Friday, the 21st, I went, with four of my people, in my small canoe, up river to Mbomi, to buy plantains. Kasa had been in an ugly spirit, and was venting some spite by demanding for plantains, an exorbitant price. His women therefore had hesitated to sell to me sufficient for my people, though Ñwanajâ saw to it that I obtained enough for myself. At Mbomi, I bought a dozen bunches. While at dinner, an incident happened. There was there a little child of a Mpongwe trader.

Coming from the sea-coast, it was accustomed to some civilization, to white faces, to good dress, to table and plate and spoon, and attractive cooking. Evidently it was petted, and a little spoiled; for its parents employed a native nurse for it. It had seen me eating; and it cried persistently until its nurse had yielded and permitted it to join me in my plate! After I had eaten, I walked through the villages. While there, a red antelope, and a large python ten feet long, were brought in from the forest. I would have waited to buy some of the antelope; but I saw a storm coming and I left. (I had better waited.) Giving presents to my kind entertainers, I pushed off. There was a strong wind blowing up-stream, against the river's rapid current, creating a succession of choppy waves. Ogowe canoes have no buoyancy. They do not rise to a wave; they simply cut through it. My canoe was very small. Myself and crew of four were too many; and the dozen bunches of plantains sunk the gunwales to the level of smooth water. In the rough water of that day, the canoe began to fill, and I thought of turning back; but, as there was another canoe accompanying, I decided to take the risk. Passing rougher water at the mouth of a small creek, Big Isango, we swamped; a paddle and the plantains went floating away; my cooking utensils, box of medicines, and umbrella sank. We, in the water, clung to the canoe. The other canoe, that had passed us, returned to our help, bailed our canoe, and started us again. We overtook and recovered eight of our plantains. But the storm of wind and rain piled higher waves as we were passing another point of land, and the canoe again upset. One of the young men, Ngângâ, struck out for the shore. The other three stayed by me, clinging to the canoe, though they all could swim. I too can swim; but, I felt it would be impossible to reach shore in my heavily soaked clothing. Mwanyatye saw that I was becoming numbed with the cold, and that I with difficulty retained my grasp on the revolving canoe. He wished me to let go, promising that he would swim with me ashore. I believed in his willingness and faithfulness, but felt sure I would be too heavy a weight. I bade good-by to the young men, and told them to save themselves by swimming ashore. For myself, I felt that my hands could no longer cling, and that in a little while I would be at the bottom of the Ogowe. I was not in pain nor was I afraid. A strange coolness came over me. The young men saw that that other canoe had seen our plight and was hasting back to us. It rescued us, and landed us at the mouth of another creek, Little Isango. One of my crew,

Oraniga, while clinging to the canoe, had held on also to our food-chest, saving it. The plantains were all lost. I sent him and Mwanyatye in the canoe (the force of the tornado wind having somewhat abated), while I walked the forest path with Ngângâ and Kĕngĕngĕ to Kasa's. There, the people's anxiety was very great at the story of my danger. Ñwanajâ brought me a pile of plantains, bidding me never again to go elsewhere for them.

I had been in danger before, during my previous fourteen years of life in Africa, but never in as great danger as that day. I learned thereafter, when traveling by canoe, in sight of a coming storm, to run ashore, and wait until the wind was past. In a *boat*, there was less danger in heading that wind.

Every few days wild animals were brought in from the forest by the village hunters. The smaller animals were caught in nets. Among them were porcupines. I found their meat as tender as "pork," without any pork taste; indeed, resembling chicken-flesh.

Sunday, May 23. Another day of confusion. There was mourning in Ntambi's village for another death. And in the afternoon, came a little boy from Ntambi's, in excitement, to tell me that Mr. Sinclair's Mpongwe trader, Dosĕ, was fighting with my Galwas. I did not go; but, I sent my two Kombes, I to be summoned only if they were unable to separate the combatants. For a time there was quite an uproar. In the evening Ñwanajâ went with the other women to Ivinĕnĕ's, to dance "pâga" for the sorcerer-doctor who was to find another witch-victim in place of the young woman I had induced Kasa to release. He did not seem to understand that I had pleaded for a *principle*, and not simply for a *personality*. Of course, I was pleased that that young woman had been saved.

May 24. My Galwas were excitable and unreliable: especially about their monthly accounts. Not so much in regard to the *amount* promised for their wages; but, in pleas to be permitted to overdraw, or, in objections to the articles with which they were to be paid. (For all our purchases and payments, at that time and for many years afterwards, were made, not in cash, but in barter.) I sent two of them away, on a vacation, to visit their homes for a while. A third, Kĕngĕngĕ, I had to compel to leave. Dissatisfied as he had seemed to be, he did not wish to leave my service. The pleasantest of the Galwa company was Aveya.

May 25. Though living in adjacent villages, Mr. Schorsch

and I had almost nothing to do with each other. As he had announced his entire independence of me, I made no offers or advances, lest, in his excessively suspicious nature, I should be charged with interfering. But, on the other hand, in a few instances where he had asked for assistance, I was pleased to give it. He suddenly decided to go away, and went through the villages seeking in vain for the loan of a canoe; for, mine was too small to contain all his luggage.

My life in the huts, in the canoe, and in the forest, was hard on my clothes. And the unskilful laundering was still harder. Repairs were frequent. Many hours with my needle (I never succeeded in using a thimble) were spent on rents, patches, darns, and buttons.

May 26. The long delay in beginning the building of my hut was becoming trying. In a land where time was of no value, natives allowed decisions in matters of utility to drag along for months. With foreigners, they deliberately played on this as a diplomacy. For, with white men, time was money; in some cases, almost life. Restive under delays, the traders obtained their objects by payments of money. Natives learned to expect this. I believed that Kasa was playing this same game with me. I did not yield to it, partly because I had everywhere to study economy of the mission's money; and, also, because, if I submitted to domination, I would feel myself in a kind of slavery. The traders had, in their rum bottle, a lever which served them in almost all emergencies.

I went again to complete the actual marking of the boundaries of my premises, going by forest-path, rather than by canoe. In crossing a frail bridge of poles over a creek, it broke. There happened to be a line of "driver" ants on it. I was covered with them. That I fell into the creek was no salvation from them. I know of nothing but fire that will turn them. Of course, I had to go back to Kasa's. The young man, Upanga, whom I had left as guard over my goods, I found asleep. I sharply rebuked him; and, the remainder of the day, he seemed to try to compensate by being extra-industrious.

In my dealings with all natives, I never adopted the attitude of most of the traders, i. e., of domination, with actual violence, in the way of blows, kicks, and lashes. My attitude was that of affiliation. In it I generally won their respect and love. Mr. Schorsch, both at Benita and in Ogowe, took the attitude of familiarity. Natives hailed it as good-fellowship, gathered around him, for what they could make out of him, and disrespected

him. As he was unable to get any natives to remain in his service, at his request, I detailed one of my young men, Alendeginyĕ, to serve him. I sometimes, on occasions, ate with my people, as my children. Mr. Schorsch took him regularly at his table as an equal. But, there came a day when Mr. Schorsch's suspicious nature irritably broke into a quarrel. Then the young man gave way to insulting language, such as he would never have attempted with me; and, for which a trader would have maimed him. Mr. Schorsch left on May 28.

On May 29, having collected, during all the delays, a quantity of poles, thatch, and other building materials, I went in Kasa's big canoe to the cleared spot on my premises, (called "Belambla") and actually cut the mbingo (saplings) of the frame of the clay-floored hut, which was to be my step to a more permanent dwelling. The young trader, who was at Kasa's when I landed there in 1874, returned. He and his canoe-men were desirous of learning to read. I found in them a satisfaction for direct missionary work, in the evenings and on Sundays.

On May 31, my patience broke, under some disappointments. I had been paying my Galwas regular wages, in order to keep them on hand ready for work on the hut, whenever Kasa and Providence would allow me to begin. Now, that I had begun, those Galwas, who had been paid for simply "being on hand," left, dissatisfied with their pay. I felt that I had been feeding them all these weeks, they doing little or nothing, while waiting for building materials; and then, when I was ready to begin, they went away. I also felt depressed by the apparent loss of interest in me by the villagers, since the native traders had increased in number. In the evening, I shook off the depression with somewhat of the sentiment of Grenfel's. "'Tis Dogged as Does it." and walking down the street, I chatted with the men, women, and children, and felt inspirited. At night, there was a large gathering at the usual prayer-service. And, late into the night, I was teaching to read.

On June 3, the Galwas were back again for work; and the day was spent as a successful day at my hut building. With a memory of my almost fatal ride in the small canoe, I preferred to walk the distance to the work, though there were several inlets, through which I had to be carried, where the river water was backing in. The river continued to rise, though the season was the dry, and there were no signs of rain. The flood was coming from interior affluents.

Sunday, June 6, was a day of excitement. A native trader

BAMBOO-PALM BUILDING MATERIAL

Facing page 82

came to see me. He came to look after his rubber-trade interests, not having confidence in a young subordinate, who was a drunkard, and who was drunk on Sakwĕle's liquor, which he furnished that young man, with which to make drunkards of the Bakĕle!

In the afternoon, there was a fight. Kasa's sister, the mother of the lad Mutyi, had left her husband because he became a polygamist. Polygamy was the universal custom of the country. Every heathen man planned to become a polygamist as soon as he could acquire the funds to buy another wife. Some few women welcomed the added wife; because, being servants and practically slaves, the new servant helped to divide their work. Most women, while in their hearts they resented the division of the husband's love, silently submitted to a custom they were helpless to resist. A few, like Mutyi's mother, dared to make a protest. She had left her husband's village, and fled to her brother Kasa for protection. The husband came to Kasa's to claim her, accompanied by the new woman. The two women quarreled; the husband became very angry; a third woman interfered; he cut her across the nose with a knife. Then there was greater excitement; Kasa threatened to kill the man; Sakwĕle interfered for peace, declaring that he would remove his trade-house if Kasa did not quiet down.

Notwithstanding these confusions, many young men came all day to learn the alphabet. And, in the evening, they were interested in looking at my pictures of civilization and Christianity. The trust-system of trade had the bad effect of making the natives unwilling to work without pay in advance. For rubber and ivory that were not yet gathered, they were "trusted" by the traders. The trusted goods were immediately wasted. Then came the long indebtedness; the impossibility of obtaining any further advances; and, the hard task of working for a joy that was past, and nothing in expectation. One Akĕle, Masomami, had been willing to work for me. When, at the month's end, his companions saw how *many* (but really not much) goods he was getting, that were all his own, and no work yet *to be done* for them, they envied him. Fights were frequent. The different coast-tribe traders were jealous of competition. The Orungu clashed with Mpongwe. In the evening of that same day, Sakwĕle's own Galwas had a fight among themselves. And, then, the villagers went to a dance under the moonlight!

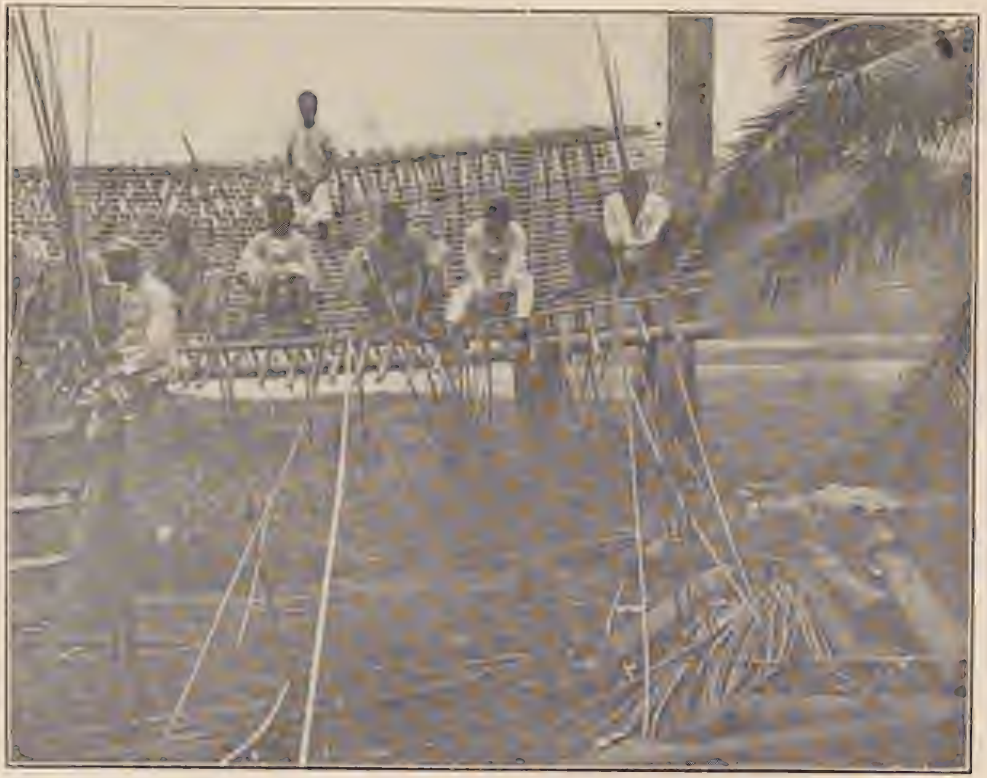
The building of the hut was proceeding well. The boundaries of the property, though not *formally* marked had actually been

agreed upon. Kasa had nothing morose in him. He had dropped his displeasure about our boundary differences, and was treating me in a most cordial manner. He gave me the entire premises as a gift, not even hinting at any return! But, the affair would not be oriental if there should be no return. I remembered Abraham and the Cave of Machpelah. So, Kasa being in fine humor, I called him, and asked him to name anything he would like to have; for, that I desired to give him whatever he should wish. He replied that he would take only what I might offer. So, with much formality, I spread before him, 1 gun, 1 keg of powder, 2 machetes, 4 brass-rods, some pieces of crockery, and a number of yards of calico prints. (Actual *cash* value to the Mission, only $10 for the 20 acres of ground.) He was highly pleased, and told me that the land was all mine. That evening, he arranged a great dance, as a reception for another wife whom he had recently bought. He asked me for some special adornment for the occasion. I loaned him my bath-robe.

And, next day, in the presence of King Ondĕñe and other witnesses, he made his "mark," signing the deed for the Belambla Station Mission-premises. Then, I walked, as usual (because the dry season wind made the river too rough for my little canoe) to my building. He and the king followed to inspect it. While at work, one of my men pointed out Mr. Schmieder's little steamer coming up the river. I went to the water-side to watch the unusual sight. Seeing the white man, I lifted my hat to him, not as a signal, but in ordinary courtesy. He recognized me, and shouted to me to send a canoe for some freight he had for me! Hastily sending off my canoe, I soon received treasures of 1 box of oranges, 1 box of young plants (bread-fruit, Avocado pears, mango plums, etc., etc.) from Baraka, and a dozen letters from loved ones in Benita and the United States! It was a precious consignment! From those plants, trees are living today at Belambla and other places in the Ogowe.

On June 12, Kasa decided to remove his village, so that he might be near me. Of course, I could not prevent him or any one else from building near me, as long as they kept outside of my lines. He made a vain effort that I should allow him to include the coveted spot which he had formally signed over to me. This convinced me that, whatever pleasant relations I should maintain with him, I would never implicitly trust him. He would be true to me only while it was his interest, as my "patron," to be so.

June 14. The days were busy. I, at my building; Kasa, away



HUT BUILDING

Facing page 84

on a journey for rubber; the native traders, Sakwĕle and Re-Mombi, unable to loan me the use of their crews to push my work; my only Akĕle, Masomami, sick. The water of the river was rapidly sinking to its normal dry-season shallows. When I left the town in the morning, a very sick man, Mambolamina, was sitting alone at the water-side. When I returned in the evening, he was nowhere to be seen. I suspected that he had been thrown into the river, as sometimes was done, in tiresomely long cases of sickness, if the invalid was of poor family and without friends. The next day I was told that he was *dead;* but, they would not tell me what had become of him.

I succeeded in getting some Bakĕle to work for me at the hut. By June 17, most of the thatch for the roof was in position. I had grown to feel that the place was to be my home. I felt sadly at leaving it, even temporarily, to go on the long, but supposedly necessary journey to the Coast, for the semi-annual meetings of mission and presbytery. The river was low, the sand-bars appearing, and hippopotami numerous.

I started down river on Friday, June 18, making many visits on the way, and stopping for the night at a native trader's. On Saturday, reached Mr. Sinclair's. He was away. And there were no prospects of any steamers in the dry season. I made arrangements, after I had dismissed to their homes all but one of my Galwas, Tivino, with Mr. Sinclair's clerk, Mr. Woodward, to send me and my three men, down the Ajumba Creek, on the route I had gone in December, 1874.

I started, on Tuesday, June 22, sleeping for the night at Fanganângâ's. And, on the 23d, reached Anege's, on Lake Azingo. He could not obtain for me Fañwe; for, they were just then at war with clans on the route. I therefore hired three Bakĕle, at $3 (trade) apiece for the two days overland. Very early, the next day, friend Anege took us in his canoe across the lake to the village where I was to pick up the Bakĕle, and from which the actual start of the journey would be made. There was the usual delay, experienced by all white men on African journeys. Excuses, by which to weary the hasty white man, and thus induce him to offer more pay, if the porters will hurry and start at once. I hired a fourth Akĕle, paying him $1, in advance, the other $2, to be paid at Agonjo on the Rĕmbwe, at the end of our two days' walk. Finally we started, an escort of female friends, with much shouting and laughing, accompanying my four Bakĕle a part of the way. The men took me a different path from the one of the previous December. When the women

departed, we breakfasted. The path was good. I did not feel tired. I carried my Winchester myself; the six men had sufficient of burdens in my luggage. At night, we camped in the open forest. No danger of rain in the long, cool, dry season. The scene was romantic and adventurous. It appealed to my childhood desire (that had never died in me) to be a soldier. The forest was weird, with my flickering camp-fires. I taught my Bakĕle the *Name* of Jesus. Late at night, after I had lain down on my rubber-lined traveling-rug, I heard them repeating it among themselves. The next day, the 25th, we were all up before sunrise, and again on our way. Recognized that we were on the last year's path. Met many Bakĕle, who were migrating, in fear of the Fañwe war. These so alarmed my Bakĕle, that, when we stopped for the noon lunch, two of them deserted. The bundles they honestly left had to be readjusted on my other five. And, later, on nearing a Fañwe village, a third deserted. The remaining four men were now very heavily laden; but, we reached Agonjo town before sunset, and were welcomed by three civilized Mpongwe traders, Njombi, Owondo, and "Morris," who treated me with great hospitality. A white man of Libreville, a Mr. McFarland, with his cutter, had just come down the river, on his way to Libreville. I went to his little vessel, to ask for passage; and slept at Owondo's. The next day, Saturday, Mr. McFarland kindly offered me passage, saying that he would start on Sunday, the 27th. Remembering my very unpleasant Sunday travel of the year before, I thanked him, and said I would try to hire a canoe on Monday. Very considerately, he waited a day for me. Having no Sabbath scruples of his own, he made another trade-journey up-river, returning in the evening of Sunday. I went aboard, and slept there that night. We successfully reached his Libreville trading-house by 2 A. M. of Tuesday, the 29th. And, I was at our Baraka mission-house before morning prayers were over, and welcomed by my friends, the new missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Reading, who, with their infant baby boy, had recently arrived from the United States. They had brought for me, from my dear ones of the United States, abundance of letters, photographs, and gifts, beautiful and useful, of pictures, books, clothing; and a microscope, stereoscope, case of dental-forceps, a small patent portable stove, and others.

The next day, I went to the French Government office at the Plateau, to have the deed of the Belambla mission-property duly recorded. Several days were spent at Baraka. Mr. Schorsch

was there, having left the Ogowe by river steamer, in advance of me. The meetings were to be held at Benita.

On July 2, the *Hudson* came, bringing word from my sister that she was anxiously expecting me; for, that affairs at Benita were in a distressing state. After a communion service on Sunday, July 4, the members of mission at Baraka started, on the *Hudson,* early of Monday, for Benita, stopping on the way at Elongo Station, Corisco Island, for Rev. C. De Heer. We reached the Bolondo house before 5 A. M. of the next day. There were busy days, of welcome, and opening boxes recently arrived from the United States; reading of mail; meetings of presbytery and of mission; and examination of three candidates for the ministry. Mr. Schorsch resigned (?) the offices, of which he had been deprived at the previous quarterly meeting.

On Wednesday, July 7, the meetings adjourned, and the other members left on the *Hudson,* I remaining to visit with my sister and her associate, Miss Lydia Jones.

The *Hudson* returned on the 14th. The next day I went early, with a large Kombe canoe I had bought (more buoyant than the Ogowe kind) and three new recruits, Manga, Ekomba, and Ikunduku, to the Mbâde house of Mr. Menkel. There I baptized his little Katy. And then, boarding the vessel, with my sister and Miss Jones, we started for Corisco. Stopped there on the 17th, to land my sister for a visit there. And, on the 22d, the journey on the *Hudson,* with Miss Jones, was resumed to Libreville, arriving there just before sunset of the 23d. There I found seriously ill Mrs. Bushnell, and little Arthur, the infant son of my friends Mr. and Mrs. Reading. I remembered my own little George Paull, of almost ten years previously, at Benita, and devoted my most intense medical attention to the little child. But, he died on Tuesday, July 27. That night, I was assisted, in the arrangement of the coffin by the three ladies, the Misses Jones, Lush and Dewsnap, Mrs. Bushnell being still confined to her bed.

A letter recalling Mr. Schorsch had arrived from the Board in New York. There was confusion also in regard to his case, as he had disappeared; supposed to have returned to the Ogowe. On August 2, the *Hudson* was sent to Corisco, to bring Mr. De Heer for a specially called mission meeting. The vessel returned on Wednesday, the 4th, with Mr. De Heer, and bringing me the distressing news of my sister's sickness at Elongo Station. A meeting was held in regard to Mr. Schorsch. At the same time a troublesome letter was received from native Licentiate, Ntâkâ

Truman, located at Nengenenge out-station, sixty miles up the Gaboon River.

I was anxious to get back to my Ogowe work, and, believing that the coast monopoly had been broken and that I would have no difficulty from it, I decided to ascend the river in my canoe. On August 6, on the *Hudson*, with the canoe in tow, I started for Nazareth Bay. The vessel was detained two hours at the French guardship by some government red-tape. So that, we lost the favorable morning wind, and met the opposing afternoon sea-breeze. That little vessel was poorly built, and could not sail into an opposing wind; progress could only be made by constant long slow tacks. How much I suffered, for years, from persistent seasickness, in my necessary voyages on the vessel! In sight of the Nazareth mouth of the Ogowe, we ran aground. While waiting for the tide to clear us, an Orungu boat with a man whom I had met up the Ogowe, came alongside and stated that Mr. Schorsch had already gone up the river. As I had the Board's official letter for him, it was desirable to be positive as to his whereabouts. So, I went ashore a long way in my Benita canoe (which had been a great hindrance to the *Hudson's* progress) to make inquiries at villages. On the way, I met another native boat, whose crew confirmed the statement as to Mr. Schorsch's movements. Not only had the ebb tide stranded the *Hudson*, but, while returning to the vessel, I discovered a shark stranded also. My crew attempted to capture it, but, it succeeded in wriggling into the deeper water.

When finally the tide rose, and the cutter floated at night, there was an exciting run under the moonlight and before a fair strong wind towards the river's mouth. We edged along the sand-bar, constantly throwing the lead. For a long way, there was the anxious, "1 fathom!" "1 fathom!" fearing every second that we might again ground on less than that. Then, the nervous tension was relieved by, "2 fathom!" "2 fathom!" And, presently, we were safe in "3 fathom!" "4 fathom!"; and as the wind changed, and was opposing, we anchored for the night some ten miles from the river's mouth.

RIVER CANOE TRAVEL

Facing page 89

CHAPTER VIII

UP THE OGOWE BY CANOE — AUGUST, 1875

I HAD twice ascended the Ogowe by steamer; for the first time I was to attempt it, from the mouth by canoe.

The *Hudson* had finally reached the mouth, on the night of the 9th. Leaving the vessel, about 7 A. M. of Tuesday, August 10, in my canoe, with a crew of three Kombes, one Galwa, Tivino, and a passenger, Okalanga (passengers paid their way by paddling equally with the crew). "Good-by!" was waved from the *Hudson's* United States flag. Breakfasted, about 10 A. M., in the mouth of a small inlet, in the Mangrove Swamp. My breakfast consisted of roasted native *mevândâ* (cassava roll), oily *udika* (kernels of the wild mango), bread and butter, and potted ham. As I met canoes during the day, I inquired about Mr. Schorsch; they had not met him. When twilight fell, I looked for a resting-place among the bamboo palms. Afraid of possible hippopotami ashore, I slept in the canoe.

The next day, Wednesday, August 11, I reached Angâla, the village of King Esongi. He was exceedingly pleased that I knew his name. That gratification is universal, in civilization and in savage countries. In Africa, I cultivated the ability to remember native names; and, I attribute to that fact, a large measure of my acceptance by the natives, and my success with them. Instead of a blunt "Mbolo!" they recognized friendship and fellowship in my "Mbolo, Such-an-one!" At Angâla, I was informed that Mr. Schorsch had passed there. In the afternoon, another village told me that Mr. Schorsch in his little canoe had stopped there a few days before, had been sick unto fever, and, in his delirium had attempted to throw himself into the river. Farther on, I passed a village, at which the people said that Mr. Schorsch had stopped, on his way *down* the river in June. Looking for a sleeping-place, I entered an exceedingly muddy rivulet, whose banks however were sufficiently high, but, the ground was not dry. I had a few boards in the canoe, with which I made a hasty flooring on which to spread my traveling rugs. It was not an ideal place; for, I had seen one snake wriggling into its hollow tree and another (a *pe*), the deadly cerastes, at the edge of the

water. And, there were many sounds at night, of birds, and animals, and of fish flopping in the water, and an adjacent hippopotamus.

The next day, Thursday the 12th, I passed old King Njâgu's place, in the Nkâmi tribe; and also the site of "Johns' Rest," of the previous September on the *Pioneer*.

The dry-season wind was very strong, and raised waves that tried my nerves. My umbrella, acting as a sail, became a hindrance, and I closed it; though, in so doing, my eyes suffered. The night camp in the forest was a poor one; noises of mosquitoes, monkeys, parrots and bats. And, the water I drank had brought on a severe diarrhea. (At that time I had not learned the importance of using boiled water on a journey.)

As I was somewhat exhausted, I stopped at Chief Isâgi's town though it was only the middle of the afternoon of the 13th. Isâgi gave me but little courtesy. I think he was afraid of me, I being "a God-man." But, his women were attentive; and his little son, Okavi, attached himself to me. The child, in his simplicity, told me some of the village scandal, as current news! When I responded with my news of God, he said he thought the God was "a white man." Isâgi was beating one of his slaves for having spoiled one of the fetish-charms. I saw there the bones of three gorillas, a male, a female, and a child. I had not then the scientific interest in the gorilla, which I developed ten years later, or I would have tried to buy the specimens. On Saturday, August 14, I proceeded up a back creek, on the right bank, to avoid the rough water of the main stream. This was the middle of the Ogowe delta. I passed the mouth of a stream leading to Lake Azingo. In the creek, were many large birds of the heron kind; never before had I seen so many pelicans and monkeys.

I was reaching the limits of the Galwa tribe, and met with canoes, in one of which was one of my former employees, Kĕngĕngĕ. I had often to cross that creek, out of direct route, to avoid herds of hippopotami.

I emerged again into the main stream; and shortly after sunset, was glad to stop at Igenja, the town of Ombya-ngwana, the last year's pilot of the *Pioneer*. It also was the home of my passenger, Okalanga, who was vociferously welcomed. I was too sick to hold any evening-prayers; and the people in their curiosity were noisy and obtrusive. I slept the sleep of exhaustion; and was glad to disrobe. In the helplessness of seasickness on the *Hudson*, and the houselessness of my camps in the low for-

ests, I had not undressed for nine days. Rest, on Sunday, August 15, with a comfortable bath, a reasonable bed, and the protection of a roof, were real medicines. I tried to hold a religious service with the people; but, it was very lamely done, aside from my weak physical condition. Not knowing the Galwa dialect, I spoke in Benga through an interpreter who understood little of either Benga or of the Story of the Cross I was telling. But, I spent much time in teaching those who wished to learn to read.

The day was marred by a continuous quarrel between a man and a woman who did not wish to be his wife. As usual, in such cases, might carried the day. I went to bed indignant at the man's treatment of the woman.

With returning health, on Monday, the 16th, I resumed the journey, by early 5 A. M., daylight. One sign of health I noticed at that time (and I have marked it until the present day), i. e., enjoyment in drinking water. If I was thirsty, and water "tasted good," I was sure that my system was in good condition. But, if I had no longing to drink, and water gave me no satisfaction, then, I knew that something was wrong, and that I needed either medicine or change in diet. As the canoe passed close to the heavily wooded banks of the river, in the early morning, I heard the loud outcries of chimpanzees. As I passed villages, frequent call (from those who had not yet learned who I was) was, "Stop! we wish to buy rum!" The missionary was, as yet, new in that part of the river; all the few other white men were dealers in liquors. Whatever else of the "good things" of foreign trade he did not happen to have, the trader was sure to have with him, at least, rum. With it, he could always, at any time, everywhere, buy anything, in all the range, from food for himself and crew, to a female companion at night.

In passing Ngomu, at the mouth of the exit of Lake Onanga, I met two Orungu canoes of John Apoma and another Mpongwe trader, whose little child I had seen at Mbomi. They were on their way to Gaboon. They told me that Mr. Schorsch was sick at Mr. Sinclair's. I sent word by them of my progress, to the friends at Baraka. Progress was slow against the Ogowe's strong current, in a heavily laden canoe, with only four paddles. We failed to reach the village of one of my men, Tivino, before night, and, in an unusual dry-season rain, stopped at Arâmba's village, Aromba, where I had spent a Sunday in the previous April journey. Though the people gave me no gifts, and asked large prices for their peanuts and fish, I was pleased that I was welcomed by the young men, and especially by the chil-

dren, one of whom, a little boy, came and seated himself on my knee.

On the next day, August 17, with an early start, we soon came to Tivino's village, where he was accorded a loud welcome. A messenger was sent to call his wife and child, who were temporarily absent. She and his father made me presents of food, for my safe care of him at the sea-coast. Hired a new man Ñandi-ki-yemba. At a village where I stopped for the night, I met a slave who had run away from Corisco. His language was a curious mixture of Benga, Galwa and English. As I had lived on Corisco, he was pleased to talk about persons and places there. Of all the missionaries, he remembered meeting only Rev. Mr. De Heer. I bought there skins and an idol. Of such things I have given away very many as curios, to friends in the United States.

On the 18th, with an early start, I reached Mr. Sinclair's by 11.30 A. M., in time still for "breakfast." In the traders' cuisine, they ate a small informal hasty meal in the morning. Then, "breakfast" at 11.00 A. M.; informal cups of tea and crackers in the mid-afternoon; and, a hearty course-"dinner" at night. Mr. Schorsch was there, looking very poorly. Mr. Sinclair told me of Mr. Schorsch's vagaries, to the point of loss of reason. After breakfast, in our room alone, I handed him the official letter of his recall by the Board. This man, who had insulted and oppressed my sister to the point of injury to her health, and who had annoyed me in a multitude of ways, to the point of arousing the Benita mob to drive me away, broke down, and made a voluntary and pitiably humble acknowledgment of all his wrong-doings toward my sister, myself, and the Mission. He begged me to "allow" him to remain in the Mission! He knew I had influence, though I assured him that the action, on which the Board based its recall, was of the *entire* Mission, and not of myself or any one alone. Whatever resentment I had against him disappeared, when, all his arrogance gone, on his knees he begged me to retain him as my personal servant, to be, as he said, my "hewer of wood and carrier of water"! That he could make such a proposition was itself evidence of unbalanced mind. It would not have been safe or wise even if in any way possible, for me to have kept him.

CHAPTER IX

WITH AN INSANE COMPANION — AUGUST, 1875

AS Mr. Schorsch had no funds, his status as a missionary gone, he could get no farther supplies from the traders, and he would have to leave the river. But, it would not be safe for him to journey alone, even if natives had not been afraid to travel under his insane authority. In his helplessness, the only solution of the difficulty was for me, tired as I was with my nine days' canoe journey up the 130 miles of the river, and anxious as I was to get back to my work at Kasa's, to turn and go down again, escorting Mr. Schorsch to the river's mouth. He submitted, apparently gratefully. But, I never was sure, in dealing with him, of how much of cross-planeing his diseased mind was capable.

So, the next day, August 19, I started again in the canoe, with Mr. Schorsch, down river. At night, in the village where we slept, he was in a very excited state, and uttered thoughts of suicide.

He was full of suspicions. When, on the 21st, I shot an iguana, as food for my crew, he seemed shocked at my cruelty (?) in killing the animal. (I have never killed animals simply for the sake of *killing*.) Such sensitiveness was part of his disordered mind, considering how regardless he had been of the rights and feelings of his fellow missionaries.

At Onanga's Nkâmi's village, where the people politely presented me with fish and a fowl, again Mr. Schorsch was distressed, actually suspecting that those articles were a safe and purchase of himself! Late in the evening, we reached Angâla.

The next day, Sunday, was passed quietly at that village. I needed the rest and a bath. Chief Esongi was intelligent in his chat. I held a service with his people. Mr. Schorsch was more rational in his conversation. Indeed, talking seemed to relieve him; he needed to give vent to his fears and suspicions. A certain man, Koruma, of Cape Lopez, with a canoe-load of slaves, stopped at Angâla, on his way to the Cape. And, when I and the slaver resumed our respective journeys shortly after midnight (the moon being bright, and I anxious to finish my task),

Mr. Schorsch expressed the absurd fear that I intended to sell him to that slaver!

Between 8 A. M. and 9 A. M. of the Monday, I reached a little island near the river's mouth, where Mr. Schmieder was locating a new trading-house, as a sop to the Orungu, and where was lying at anchor his little tug-like river-steamer. At once, I dispersed my men to the adjacent villages, some to buy food, and others to find some large comfortable boat or canoe, for Mr. Schorsch's seventy-mile sea-journey to Libreville.

A Mpongwe sub-trader, Ogombedĕngĕ, and his wife, Anyingila ("Agnes") came to visit me. She had been a most troublesome and disorderly schoolgirl at Baraka, during my short occupancy of it, in the spring of 1871. But, she had settled down into a very submissive wife.

My men returned, bringing abundance of *mevândâ*, plantains, fowls, and fish, for the voyage to Libreville, and reported that a large and comfortable canoe, belonging to Ogombedĕngĕ, available for my purpose, was daily expected from up-river. Mr. Schorsch and I slept that night on the deck of the little steamer. He seemed more quiet, and less unreasonable.

On Tuesday afternoon, the big canoe arrived. I allowed my men to show their joy (joy that we should soon return up-river) by giving it a salute from my Winchester. Mr. Schorsch began to be alarmed, as, for the first, he fully realized the fact that I was not going to Libreville, and that, for the rest of the way, he would be under the care of the natives. And, my troubles increased, with the almost inevitable haggling about pay. Four Orungu men had asked $2 (trade) apiece for the voyage. I had agreed on $1.50, each for five men. But, I felt sure that they would make a "strike," at the last. There was delay in some repairs to the canoe, and alterations for Mr. Schorsch's comfort. I stood by, giving measurements to the carpenter. At night Mr. Schorsch's suspicions came out again; and, for the first, my patience broke, and I answered indignantly his charge that he had seen me making marks on the canoe where the crew should cut him! We again lay down on the deck that night; but, I slept little. I did not know what thoughts of murder there might be in his heart. He and I alone, he could have thrown me into the sea.

The expected haggling did come next day. The Orungu wanted a crew of eight at $3 apiece. I settled for five at $3 apiece; and Ogombedĕngĕ kindly gave me three of his own men for nothing. With a strong crew of eight, with paddles, the

men would not have to depend on their sail. Well provided with food, Mr. Schorsch started on Wednesday, August 25, Ogombedĕngĕ, with my canoe and my crew, escorting him out of the river, to assure me that there would be no delay at the village at the mouth, and that the canoe was actually out at sea. (Mr. Schorsch was kindly treated by the men, as their wages, on my written order, were to be paid at Baraka, only on condition of their safe delivery of him at Libreville.)

RETURN UP RIVER.

Then, on Thursday, August 26, I began again another week's journey in ascent of the river. On the way, I observed, for the first time, the handsome blossom of the pandanus (screw-pine). Reached Angâla before sundown, having been able to make the thirty-mile run in one day, because of the good tide, and the canoe being practically without any load. Traveling next day, with various incidents, to a forest-camp at night. The next day, to a village opposite to Ngumbi, where I remained over Sunday (pleasanter than at Isâgi's, across the river). The next day, to Igenja. And, the next, to the village of my man, Tivino, beyond Orânga. And, on the next, Wednesday, September 1, reached Mr. Sinclair's, at sundown. The exposure on the way had given me ague-chills; and my feet were sore with the dry-season chigoes that had infested me at Angâla, and, to which I had been unable to give proper attention. I had to make an inventory of Mr. Schorsch's effects, and arrange for sending them to him.

My feet broke out with ulcers, from the neglected chigoe pustules.

On Sunday, September 5, there was no opportunity for preaching at Aguma. I remember the beauty of the evening, as I sat on the veranda admiring the views across the river to the distant hills on the Ngunye affluent.

CHAPTER X

RETURN TO KASA'S, AUGUST, 1875

ON Monday, the 6th of September, I was troubled about reports that Bakĕle had been building on my Belambla premises. So, as my feet were slightly better, and leaving some of my belongings to be brought by a canoe of Mr. Sinclair's a few days later, I hasted up river, on the 7th. A frequent annoyance, for years, in travel, was that I was limited in my plans for stopping at certain places, by the fact of some one of the crew having a "palaver" (feud) of either his own or of his family at a particular place; and, he would fear to be seen there. In later years, when I had become acquainted through the whole river, I was able to assure my crew that my simple presence would protect them. And, it was so. The man in the case might feel uneasy, and the villagers might look askance at him, and might go so far as to mutter to him, "Wait! until we catch you, when the white man is not with you!" But, the personal respect that was accorded me, together with the common tribal law of hospitality that protected not only the visitor but his retinue also, prevented any assaults on my crew.

During the day, on the way, at a village, I had been warmly recognized by a woman, Bya-utata, one of Chief Avyake's wives, who had enjoyed listening to the singing of the hymns by Ingumu and myself, in the previous year.

That evening, a convenient stopping-place would have been at the young Chief Anyambe-jena's. But he never had treated me courteously. So I passed, intending to sleep in the forest. But, I yielded to my crew, who, though tired as they were, paddling after dark, wished to go farther, to a little island, where trader Sakwĕle had his house. They wished for society. And, his wife could understand a little of my Kombes' language.

The next day, Wednesday, September 8, we passed a hippopotamus at the same spot where one had pursued us in the preceding June. The men picked up from a sand-bar a small sawfish. It had been recently killed, probably by an alligator; and only its head had been eaten. I was surprised, all the way, at sight of the number of new villages that had sprung up during

my three months' absence at the Coast. I stopped at Avyake's, to eat our noon meal. Tobacco smoke had always been a distress to me. I could not allow it in the boat or in my house, or during work hours, though I did not forbid it on the premises. The long seasicknesses of my ocean-steamer voyages had been intensified by the inconsiderateness of fellow-passengers in their disregard of the vessel's prohibition of smoking in the saloon. And, as a guest in native huts, my request for a cessation of their smoking in my presence was almost always politely regarded. But, that day, a certain man persisted, and I made complaint to my host, on my guest-right; and he rebuked the offender. I stopped at King Ondĕñe's, to make him a present (commonly miscalled, a "dash"). He told me that it was not true that my Belambla premises were being trespassed. My fear was not entirely relieved. As I passed Mbilye village, the people called for me to wait for one of Kasa's men, Disingwe, who wished to go with me. I did not choose to wait, being still displeased with the thought of that report about trespass. Disingwe followed me to Belambla; and we walked over the premises. It was not true that there had been no trespass. I saw where people had begun to clear; but, they had not actually *built*. He seemed very anxious to show that Kasa had interfered to prevent. I was pleased with his apparent interest; but, I had learned to doubt the sincerity of Kasa's movements. Proceeding, I was recognized in the passing canoe, and was received with vociferous welcomes. As I approached Kasa's at dusk, I fired a salute of five shots from my Winchester. It was a common practice among the trading-canoes; was an announcement of one's own dignity; and a recognition of the importance of the village chief. People came running to the landing, among them Masomami, and Kasa's sister, and young lads Mutyi and Kimagwe and Mokun. The Nkâmi trader, ReNjĕgâ, was there.

The next day, Thursday, September 9, I remembered my mistaken kindness of a year previous, in which I had allowed the men several days' rest at the end of the long journey: and, then, had met with murmurs when I set them to work. So, without delay, I set them all at cleaning my guns, shoes, fishing-net, rusted tins, etc., etc. In looking over my goods left in Kasa's care, I found them all in good order, except that he had broken my cane-seated folding easy-chair, evidently by an excessive use of it. But, that was part of the price I had to pay for having a native "chief" as my friend! (Indeed, it was not only a

"native friend" who thus used and abused my furniture, a white missionary friend did the same thing once while I was in the United States on furlough.)

I was pleased that more of the Bakĕle were now willing to work for me. Masomami's good example was followed by Mitimambi and Dumawĕbĕ (a brother of Ñwanajâ): and three boys came regularly to my little school, Mutyi, Bideli, and Kimagwe. I rewarded Ñwanajâ and Masomami each $2.50, for their care of my goods while I was away, not an iota of which had been stolen. Also, I gave to her a dress which Mrs. De Heer of Corisco had kindly sent for her. She did not know how to put it on; so, I showed her; and then she started out to exhibit it on the street. At night, there was a good service. And afterward Disingwe came to present me with chickens, and to tell me of a witchcraft murder.

I kept anniversary days. Friday, September 10, was the fifth anniversary of the death of Mrs. Mary C. Nassau. I had written of its memory, for his mother, to my son Charles, a few days previous. It was a fitting work, by which to mark the day, that I resumed my building, gradually each day taking a portion of my goods away from Kasa's. I started early, with materials I had accumulated, thatch, doors, tools, etc., with five men and four boys, to my hut-building. Several other boys came along, of their own will, to help. Ñwanajâ also came, to manifest her interest in the progress of the hut.

Sunday, September 12, was the fourteenth anniversary of my landing on Corisco Island. I had a large collection of people at the morning service; and Ikunduku helped teach the children in a little afternoon Sunday-school. The next day, Monday, the 13th, the start for work was delayed by our going to an adjacent point to watch four elephants which were swimming across the river. Then, I had to make payments to Mawale and his women for their plantains, yams and sugar-cane. Then, native trader Dosĕ's canoe came, on its way down river to Mr. Sinclair's; and I took the opportunity to write short letters to him, and to Mr. Reading, at Libreville, Gaboon. So, having begun the work on the hut late, I ran it on until dusk; and returned to Kasa's. But, the work had so progressed, that, in order to save the carrying back and forth of the tools, chest of goods, etc., I left them with Tivino and Ekomba, to take care of them, in the almost finished first room of the hut, enough of it being completed, for their sleeping there. They dreaded to remain in the lonely forest; for, a heavy storm was coming of

thunder and lightning, which broke just after I reached Kasa's. It was the opening of the rainy season.

The next day, the 14th, was a successful one. That first room's enclosing was completed, and the clay floor leveled. People from adjacent villages came to see and to sell. And, at night, at Kasa's, was a good evening — prayers, with interesting questions by the people about the future life.

The next day, the 15th, in going by canoe, we followed a live floating alligator. It disappeared. But, presently we found one which had been shot at the day before; it had grounded on a sand-bar. My men were exultant over their prize. As we towed it to my landing, the villages we passed joined with shouts in our joy. Some time was required in carefully removing the skin, which I wished to preserve, and in dividing to the hungry friends who gathered about the scene. I gave one-third to my men for the day; one-third for them to dry for future use; and one-third to my Bakĕle friends, among them, of course, were Ñwanajà and others of Kasa's women. All this made confusion; and there was not much building done. People came to sell sweet potatoes, rough-hewn planks, rattan-twine, thatch, plantains, yams, and fish. Sakwĕle arrived with some of the boxes I had left at Mr. Sinclair's to be forwarded to me. The next day, Thursday, the 16th, enough more of the hut was done to justify my leaving two more men also to sleep there. I returned late in the evening to Kasa's, to lodge there for the last time. A few more days' work, or, at most, a week, I hoped would complete the hut.

CHAPTER XI

THE BELAMBLA HUT — OCTOBER, 1875

ON Friday, September 17, I removed my goods from Kasa's and established myself at my Belambla grounds, although only one of the five rooms was perfectly complete as to doors, windows, bedstead, shelves, etc. It was only of native materials, but larger and more carefully built than an ordinary hut. That very afternoon, I was made indignant at the persistent efforts of some of the people to build on the premises. I smelled the smoke of burning brush on the eastern side, and went with Menga to see about it. Discovered two women on the ground where, a few days before, I had seen a clearing begun. When they saw me, they fled, abandoning their jug of water. This I seized, and took to my hut; and then went to the adjacent village to complain. On my return, Disingwe followed me, and professed to be angry at the people who had made the clearing. Some of the people, by my delay at the sea-coast, believing I would not come back, had begun to clear on my premises, for a village. At Kasa's protest, they had stopped and built elsewhere, but very near the boundary line. Now, one man, unwilling to lose his labor of the clearing, began to make a garden on the spot. He made me much trouble. I had to wait for Kasa's return from his journey, for the settlement of that matter. I was much disturbed about it. I liked the Bakĕle; had no desire to hold them at a distance. But, my experiences in Kasa's village, with its daily excitements and confusions, had made me refuse, not only to build there, but anywhere else near a village. I had selected Belambla, because it was near enough to a population for my meeting with and talking to them, when I should visit them, or they me, and, yet, far enough for me to have restful quiet hours when I needed them for school or other intellectual work. I believed I had conquered in my contest with Kasa, in that matter. And, now, in the very beginning of my residence on my own ground, to have Disingwe's people actually do what Kasa had not dared to do, was outrageous. I did not know in whom to believe. I was not sure that Kasa himself was not back of it all.

The next day, Saturday, the 18th, Disingwe and Shâkwame (the younger of the two offending women) came, and I had a talk with them. An old man, Joba, joined in the discussion. All promised to behave. While I distrusted their sincerity, I still hoped that the affair would end well. That people had much to be taught yet, of the simplest things. They had not ceased to ask me for liquor.

Sunday, September 19, was a clear, bright day; and many people came from the adjacent villages to my services; among others, Sakwĕle and his crew stopped, on their trade-journey down river. After he had gone, at the close of the meeting, I invited Ñwanajâ and five other women, with the trader ReNjĕga (Lord-of-leopards) to remain to dinner with me. Other men stayed around, looking longingly; but, I neither invited them, nor gave them food. (It was oriental that uninvited ones should gather around a feast, e. g., Lazarus.) Doubtless, they thought it very strange that *women* had been invited instead of themselves. Among them was a man, Sĕmĕgwe, at whom I felt indignant when he remarked that I ought to have prepared rum to distribute to my friends! (That is what the Roman Catholic priests did when subsequently they entered the Ogowe.) He had known me for a year; and, yet, my constant protests against the liquor traffic, seemed to have failed to make him understand that my doing without liquor was a matter of principle, and not of economy or neglect. In the afternoon, my composure was spoiled again, observing smoke rising from the clearing, about which I had had trouble only the day before. I began to question whether my refraining from violence was being misunderstood for weakness. I even began to debate with myself whether, if the heads of the villages persisted in allowing (perhaps encouraging) the women thus to make gardens on my grounds, I should not leave the Akĕle tribe, and go down river to the Galwa or Nkâmi, who were better acquainted with white men and their rights.

On Monday, the 20th, there was loud shouting on the opposite side of the river, and news of Fañwe having killed one Akĕle and wounded another. This was the beginning of what eventually proved to be a revolution in the tribal conditions of that part of the Ogowe. A year previously, there had been reports that the great Fañwe tribe of the Interior, that subtended at least 100 miles of the equatorial coast, and who had at that time appeared at Libreville and a few other points, were advancing down the Ogowe. Now, those reports were proved true. The

tribe had emerged on the right or northwest bank of the river, and had come into conflict with the Bakĕle of that bank, who were now beginning to flee to my left bank. A year later, the difficulties became more pronounced. And, ten years later, the entire river was practically in possession of the Fañwe. I went to the adjacent village, to make complaint of the abuse of my grounds, of the preceding day. The "palaver" was unsatisfactory. The Akĕle man was actually insulting; and I indignantly left. On returning to my hut, through the forest, my indignation was increased at finding some men hunting. They took my remonstrance smilingly, saying that hunting over grounds was not an offense, as they were taking only animals and not land, and that wild animals belonged to anybody! Perhaps I should not have felt offended at their logic, considering how, even in civilized lands and against civilized laws, hunters constantly trespass on farmers' fields and woods.

The next day, September 21, Disingwe visited me. I spoke severely to him about the matter of my premises. Kasa's father came, and tried to assure me that the affair would be properly settled. The native African's viewpoint of time is oriental; next month will do as well as to-morrow. This is trying to an occidental, who looks at time, to-day and now. I sent to Kasa's, to remove the very last of my belongings, as my hut was being so rapidly completed, that I now had space for almost everything. In the matter of domestic arrangements, I was much better off than I had expected to be in the wilderness. The Kombe young man, Ikunduku, having obtained some skill from the Benita ladies, was actually able to cook me some pancakes.

On Wednesday, the 22d, I did not superintend work. I left it to Manga's eye, though I knew very well that the work would go slowly and perhaps imperfectly. I spent the day in writing letters to my children and to mission friends. But, one of the men I detected smoking, and fined him ten cents. The reason for the prohibition of my people's smoking during work-hours was, because they lost so much time adjusting and relighting their pipes. I found that the location of my little mission-station was a more favorable one, for buying necessaries, than had been Kasa's. I readily obtained more, and at better prices, food, and building materials, and curios. Among the latter were some small elephant tusks, and a monkey. All my African life, I collected such curios. Every time I came on furlough to the United States, I gave them all away to my relatives, or to the

kind friends at whose homes I was entertained, or as marriage-gifts, or as contributions to museums.

In the evening, Disingwe came, to appease with a present, my displeasure of the preceding day. His wife accompanying him, also made a small gift, of sugar-cane; and, according to custom, I responded, with a piece of soap. Soap was one of my most frequent responses. I emphasized the gospel of soap!

On Thursday, the 23d, I sent my canoe with letters and for goods, down-river, to Mr. Sinclair's Aguma. The crew were the three Kombe, one Galwa, and one Akĕle. The other Bakĕle failed to appear. I think that they were afraid they would be sent on the journey. So, I was alone. I spent the day in hoeing a little garden, and leveling the ground near the hut. People came to sell; I bought a chicken and "bush"-lights (torches of gum of *okume,* the African mahogany). I sat late and alone at night, reading my United States newspapers and books, by light of a candle, a bush-light and a great fire of logs. It was quite romantic, all alone there in the forest. It appealed to my suppressed spirit of adventure and my boyhood's desire to be a soldier. There were no living beings near me (unless unseen wild ones) besides my goat and chicken and monkey. I am sure that the goat felt lonely; his occasional cry was diagnostic. The rain fell heavily.

On the 24th, I went off to a corner of the boundary, where I heard chopping, and found two women cutting firewood. They said they did not know that *that* was trespass; that they were not taking my *land,* only wood! They seemed so innocent, that I could not be angry with them. I remembered how, in boyhood in the United States, with no consciousness of wrong-doing, I had gone nutting into farmers' woods, without thinking of asking permission.

The Akĕle lads came to their work, accompanied by Mutyi's mother. She cooked me some tasteful *ngândâ* (a pudding of a rich oily gourd-seed).

On September 25, my canoe returned with unexpected promptness. Rather, I should have expected them; for, the Kombe and the Akĕle had no tribal friend to tempt them. The Galwa, Tivino, was tempted, and failed to return. The news of the arrival of goods spread; and people, to whom I had given due-bills, came to have them paid. New boys also were desiring to come to school.

Sunday, September 26, was a clear bright day. The river was rising so rapidly, in its semi-annual flood, that I could al-

most see it advance, as I watched it at the landing. People took advantage of the fact they had learned that I would do no work on Sunday, in the way of travel, purchase or payment, or discipline. So, there was shouting over their hunting-nets, off toward one of my boundaries. Therefore, very few people were at my services.

RaGomu, one of Mr. Sinclair's men, came with some of my boxes from Aguma. The natives knew nothing of days and Sundays, on their travel; so, it was not an offense that he should land my goods; and, I furnished him and his crew with food. It was a slight return for Mr. Sinclair's kindness in forwarding my boxes. His firm, H. & C., and also the other two English firms subsequently in the river, for years never charged me anything for such transportation. Charges began to be made by them later, when they ran small steamers. Even then, the German house was the first to put their dealings with the Mission on a purely commercial basis. Boys from Ñando's village came, not simply to my day school, but to remain with me as part of my family. I allowed two of them, one of them named Ekanga (a son, and a brother, of Ñando) to come at once. My cook made a special effort for my dinner, an Ashanti-chicken. (I have already described this mode.) There being no bones, the fowl when placed on the table is readily divided, by two cross-sections, into four portions, just the right size for a helping, as African fowls are not large.

Monday, September 27, was a notable day. My hut was completed, and I was established in it. Its dimensions were, 36 ft. x 12 ft., with a center annex in the rear, of 12 ft. x 6 ft. It had only the usual native clay floor. But, I began at once to gather material for a larger and better house, elevated from the ground on posts.

It was also a crowded day. Besides the work at building, there was an unusual Monday crowd of people coming and going, with much confusion. My neighbors, gradually learning that I would not even talk a trade-bargain on Sunday, had an accumulation of wants from over Saturday. After the confusion, I discovered that my butcher-knife was missing. It spoke well for the people's honest treatment of me, that this was the *first* thing that had been stolen from me since my coming among them. Could I have said the same in every part of civilized and Christian America? My sore feet were well. There were, as yet, very few chigoes at the place; and, I did not

think there would be many; for, there was no sand there. Nor was there an unusual quantity of mosquitoes; and I believed there would be fewer as the place became more cleared. At night, there was a heavy rain. The thunder and lightning were splendid; but, not as magnificent as on Corisco Island, of ten years before. I sat up late, reading; during the day hours, I was too occupied by the natives. Ikunduku and my four little boys sat with me, looking at pictures which he was able to explain to them, the while that they all munched the ground-nuts (grown by the Bakĕle) which I had given them to roast.

Tuesday, the 28th, was a varied day. The Bakĕle workmen were absent. Ñando came to rebuke his three boys (Ekanga, Dupakwe and Makâta) for not having first asked his permission, before coming to live with me. (I did not know that they had come without permission.) Of course, I justified him; and he allowed them to remain. Kasa sent me a goat, and I bought another for $4 (trade). Disingwe brought thatch. People coming and going all day. Ekomba was so utterly stupid that I told him to stop work for the day, and charged him on his month's account, as absent. I fined Manga for swearing. My monkey was becoming mischievously troublesome.

On Wednesday, September 29, I wrote to my friend Mr. Reading at Libreville, "The completion of this hut has quite spoiled my simple diet. As I have plenty of eggs (but no milk) I am indulging occasionally in pan-cakes."

Kasa, after a long absence, had returned to his town on the preceding Saturday, but had not yet visited me. I would have gone to see him; but, almost every other day, I was told, "Kasa is coming to-morrow." So, I waited for him. "To-morrow," in Africa, meant some indefinite time in the future. Masomami and Mitimambi were quarrelsome at their work. I dismissed them for the day, and detained all the others late. Monkey was missing. At night I read to Manga and Ekomba, from Rev. Mr. Ibia's "Benga Customs," which the father of my beloved Benita friend, Rev. George Paull, had published for me, in 1872, while on my furlough in the United States.

Kasa finally made his visit to me on Thursday, September 30. It was quite formal and impressive. First, came some of his children, announcing, "Our father is coming!" Presently, came some of his women. They did not venture to utter his name, simply, "He is coming!" And then finally, himself, his chief wife, and a few men. Our talk together was of our re-

spective journeys. In native etiquette, the visitor (unless an inferior) does not always bring a gift. But, on departing, the visitor must be given by the host. So, I went into my little store-room, and distributed to himself and women a variety of not very costly goods. And he and they went away pleased. My own dwelling-hut being completed, I began to build a shed, under which to protect the materiel I would collect for a more permanent house. In clearing the ground, I found charred human bones. Cremation of the dead was not an Ogowe custom. But, the burning of witches and wizards was one of their modes of punishment. What a tragic tale those remains could have told!

On October 1, my delinquent Bakĕle workmen returned. But, I would not permit Mitimambi to resume. He hung around until after work hours; and then I gave him a talk about obedience, paid him his "book," and dismissed him. A fine big mail was brought me by Mr. Sinclair's canoe. I hastily glanced over my letters during the busy day hours. And, then, at night, after evening prayers, I sat down quietly and fully to enjoy them. (That became more decidedly my habit, during my life in Africa. Letters that I had longed for, for a month, if they happened to come at hours that would be broken by native duties, I have laid aside unopened, until I could read them undisturbed. They were too sacred to mix with crude cares.) Ikunduku had made me a specially good supper of fried chicken and pancakes. So, I shared with him and Manga my coast letters, particularly my sister's August letter, from their own Benita home.

Saturday, October 2: Kasa respected the decision that excluded him from building *on* my grounds, but he had insisted on removing his village to a point *near* me. He and his people were busy clearing his new premises. He came with some of them from where they had been working, and asked me for food! I gave him; but, not willingly; for, he was not far from a village of his relations. Then, he wanted a padlock; I gave it. Then, he wanted a gun, and $2 worth of powder. I gave the gun. Then, he pretended to be dissatisfied with the pay I had given him for his thatch in the preceding June! And, for some bamboo I had gotten from his people in September! And said that a canoe I had borrowed in June had not been returned! I had listened patiently to him. But, to revive a claim on payments that had been accepted, and falsely to lay on me the loss of his canoe were too much. I showed him that I was displeased; and he ceased to ask. With fine diplomacy, he resumed

the rôle of "friend," and wished me to go with him to see the site of his new village. I went. When I got there, I was surprised to find that my monkey had secretly followed me.

The view of sunset across the river, in the rainy season, on certain days, was very splendid. Nowhere else in Africa do I think I have seen such magnificence. I would be looking through the slightly humid air of the late afternoon, with the width of the river as a foreground. Beyond, on the river bank, was the densely green forest; beyond this, a range of hills that were purpling; beyond and above, the masses of cloud, cumuli and strata; of every rainbow color, and of all imaginable shapes. I attempted to describe it one day. But, how successfully describe what every moment, as the sun sank, was changing like a kaleidoscope! Nevertheless, I did, five years later, incorporate my attempt, in the first chapter of my "Mawedo" (1881). The heavy rains were always preceded by a strong tornado wind. The forest was all around me, literally within a stone's throw. I felt a magnificence, in watching the swaying of the trees, and in listening to the roaring of the wind through the forest aisles.

Monday, October 4: Kasa's women came to sell plantains, engaging to keep me supplied if I would keep on hand, "cologne" and "sweet soap," instead of the calico, knives, brass-rods, and crockery, with which formerly they had been satisfied. I obtained the perfumes, and scented soap and cheap jewelry. And, they were pleased. What a step they had made to "civilization," in the single year since I had first met them!

In my buying, especially from the men, I had to be rigidly firm. Some young men brought rough-hewn planks for sale. After they had accepted their agreed-upon price, they begged so amazingly for something more, to be "topped" as a "dash" (gift), that I refused the planks, took back the price, and returned to them the sugar-cane they had presented me. For the cane, I had thanked them; and I would not have forgotten to make some return the *next* time I should meet them. Their asking for an *immediate* return was entirely too commercial. As to the custom of the "dash," it was an evil one, not of native origin, but introduced by white traders. The per cent. of gain on the cheap goods paid for the ivory-tusk or basket of rubber was (in those days) so large, that the trader could well afford to add something at the close of the bargain. He gained a temporary reputation for friendly generosity, by giving the addition as a *present*, rather than by including it in the original price.

He could keep prices down. But I would not yield to the demand for the extra present; I was not trading; and, from the first, I had given better prices for food and building materials. Jongâñwe, a relative of Kasa, came to claim pay for the Belambla premises, saying that Kasa had no right to sell it to me! My patience had become exhausted on that subject. Really, in that wilderness, *no one* owned any ground but what he was actually living on or cultivating. When a village site or old plantation was abandoned, any one else could come and occupy it. Those Africans did not know of individual land-tenure. Only, when foreigners came and desired permanent and exclusive possession of a spot, did native cupidity find a reason for making a claim. I refused even to talk to Jongâñwe, and referred him to Kasa. Sĕmĕgwe happened to be present, and he defended my right. After the claimant had left, Kasa came; and, I gave him a small fee to settle the "palaver." While we were talking, an antelope was aroused near the hut by some people who had been hunting. Verily, my lodge was in a wilderness!

It may illustrate the difficulties unseen in pioneering a new place, that I was then told confidentially, that, when I first came among the Bakĕle, most of them did not wish to deal with me. I was a white "spirit" (because I talked so much about God and spiritual things!). And, they feared that I would bewitch their Chief Kasa and King Ondĕñe! This explained to me the cause of the many strange delays to which I had been subjected.

I had frequently to repeat my lesson to the people about my refusal to follow the trader's custom of "topping" a gift or purchase. On October 5, Ñwanajâ and Disingwe each presented me with a bunch of plantains. They then hung around, as if they expected some gift in return. They should have known me better. I plainly told them that, if they wished to *sell* me the plantains, I would buy them, as I would from a stranger; but, that if they expected an *immediate* return, I would refuse to accept their gift, because returns were to be made not on the same day as the receipt. Ñwanajâ waited two days; then, when she came, I did not know whether her coming was with expectation, but I gave her a small gift.

At evening-prayers of October 7, little Kimagwe asked me to explain the Scripture I had read. This pleased me; for, though people listened to my daily religious services, very few had asked me questions or shown personal interest in the Word.

October 8. My premises were becoming enlarged, like a little

hamlet. Besides my own hut (all of whose rooms I soon needed for myself), I had built an out-house kitchen, and a hut for my employees; and I was building a shed for the storing of material for the real house to be erected on posts above the dampness of the ground. Every day, people were bringing yams, ground-nuts, thatch, sheep, etc., more than I had need for. A very pleasant young man, a relative of Dumawĕbe, from Iviněně's village, assisted at work all day, and did not ask for pay.

On Saturday, October 9, I went with Ikunduku and Kimagwe, to see the site of Kasa's new village near me. I went on, to another village. There I sat talking with an old man. He was intelligent, and wished to reply to, even to argue with me. He was respectful; but, he candidly said that the Bakĕle would not change their customs, even if I should preach to them for a long time. (I regret to say that this proved true. Rev. Mr. Preston, of Libreville, had prepared, long before, the Dikĕle New Testament which I was using. But, in his experience, my own, and that of my successors, the Bakĕle were found the least impressionable of all the tribes in our mission field.) While sitting with him, a little girl passed by. She was attractive; I noticed her, and spoke of her, as "a pretty child." He asked me whether I wished to marry her!

On Sunday, October 10, the service of the day was a pleasant one. Kasa had brought with him a number of people from the Interior. He took them, for their noon meal, to Ñandi's village. I invited three of his women to remain and eat with me. They had learned some of my ways; instead of promptly beginning to eat, they waited for me to ask the blessing. When Kasa returned with his guests, I allowed him to take them into my inner room, that they might see the white man's strange things. He pointed out the door-lock, and turned the key, fastening the door. Without thinking that my joke would be misunderstood (for, I sometimes joked with him, and he appreciated) I remarked to them, "Now, you are captives!" As soon as the door was unlocked, two of them rushed out, to escape! Probably, they had heard of treachery in days of the foreign slave trade!

On Monday, October 11, I was forty years of age. As the house-work was going on well, I left, although Masomami and Mutyi's mother had come to see me, and went with Kasa to listen to his "palaver" about two elephant tusks. It was to be held at Sĕmĕgwe's village. I waited there a long time for the complainants to gather. But, time is so little a factor in native African arrangements, that I became tired, and left before the

discussion even began. I spent the afternoon more profitably, receiving many visitors in my own hut. Among them were two of Kasa's women, waiting for him, with the two tusks; one of them was the mother of Kimagwe. When Kasa returned, he was very friendly; and I loaned him my small canoe and an axe for five days. I preferred such a loan (for, he honorably would return them) because they meant honest labor, rather than the giving of trade-goods which would soon be broken or wasted.

On October 12, King Ondĕñe's great fat wife came to see me. So also, one of Ñandi's women. And Disingwe's wife brought the three plantain bunches for the bottle of cologne, which she had been so desirous of obtaining. Verily, the cologne was a great factor in Bakĕle civilization! I discovered that a sheet was missing from the week's wash; and was amazed that Ikunduku had not himself informed me. On the Sunday preceding, I had heard that a mail for me was delayed at some village down river. And, on that Tuesday, a young man from that very place, instead of bringing the package to me, came simply to tell me that it was there! And, I was so longing for letters! It was a beautiful moonlight night; but, the day had not been a happy one. The following verses expressed my feelings. I sent a copy of them to Mr. Reading at Libreville, with a note, "I found the accompanying piece of paper in my wash-tub! I should like to be acquainted with the author, as I have a fellow-feeling for and with him. Ask him whether he hangs his wash on the equator? I do."

SOMETHING TO MEND

I

"Something to mend!" It's the regular cry
Of my garments abused with the week's toil and crush.
And the Mondays come 'round so much faster since I
Have had the new task of "looking over" the wash.
I never so counted the days' run before,
By the loss of a button, or shirt-sleeve all torn;
And, now late, I begin to see slightly more
Of the burdens so petty that others have borne.

II

Something to mend! From my frail bamboo shed,
I look down the hill-side, where the wave on the stream
Of Ogowe's swift tide, so grandly outspread,
Flashes clear in the light of this tropic sunbeam.

From the window's low edge, I lay down for awhile
The stitches my fingers unskilfully learn,
To watch "Driver ants," in their soldierly style,
Climb o'er yonder log green with orchid and fern.

III

There are heathen songs ringing from deep forest glade,
Or that float from canoe with the paddle's quick stroke;
There's the laugh of my school-boys at play in the shade,
Or, some spite about food o'er their kitchen's blue smoke.
Is it all right with these? Is it all right with me?
And I think of my work for each life and each heart;
Of the daily reproofs for the faults that I see,
And the strength to o'ercome that I try to impart.

IV

Something to mend! Is there something to mend
In my own wayward heart, as I teach these lost sheep?
Are the words that I tell of their Heavenly Friend
Vainly told, while my soul fails its own truth to keep?
Ah! the rents in our lives! The sad rents in our lives!
The failures to fill the grand breadth of God's Law!
The weak faith that wearies; the error that strives
Allegiance from Duty's strict limit to draw!

V

Something to mend? There *is* something to mend,
As long as the immortal is mingled with clay.
But, I strive on, in hope for the Hand that shall rend
The imperfect from what shall be perfect away.
O! that Sabbath of Rest! Joy's fulness above,
When the world's Week of Toil forever shall end!
O! the Voice that shall say, with such wonderful love,
"Beloved, my child, there is nothing to mend!"

On October 13, Kasa returned my borrowed axe, by hand of Isamidĕte. Later, he and Masomami came. I told them of the theft of the sheet. I was not solicitous of the pecuniary value, but I was as to the matter of *theft*. I had been just and kind and friendly, and (though not leaving temptation in the people's way) I had trusted them. I would be helpless, as there was no foreign law, if theft was not stopped in its very beginnings, by my professed friends the native chiefs. I announced that there would be no more gifts until my sheet was returned. Nor, as I was soon going down river to get a native boat I had ordered, on

a former journey, from a Nkâmi carpenter, and I had a supply of food on hand, would I buy any more food.

On Saturday, October 16, King Ondĕñe and two of his women came with gifts. While he was still present, came a young man, Odoni, son of Simisaka, with the stolen cloth! He said he had recovered it by pursuing the thief down river. I was pleased with this settlement, but not entirely satisfied. I never felt sure that his story was true; nor would he tell me who was the thief; nor was the theft punished. I was not sure that the offender may have been one of Kasa's own people, and Odoni's story made up in order to put the blame on some one else. These suspicions grew, the longer I lived with Kasa and the Bakĕle. They were the most untruthful of any tribe with whom I lived in Africa.

But, my embargo on purchases was lifted. I, at once invested in another *esĕtye* monkey and native knives, from people of the Osamukita village. (That was a large trading-town, not far from Kasa's old place. The proper form of the word is Osamu-'kita (Affair-of-Trade!). Traders, in their ignorance of the language, wrote the name as, "Sam-Kita"; and others who knew better have followed that spelling, and have given the name to two other places lower down the river.)

On Sunday, October 17, Sĕmĕgwe came for meeting; but, got tired waiting for others, and left. Only seven came, two men, one woman, and four children. But, more came in the afternoon to Sabbath school, in which my three little boys, Kimagwe, Makota, and Ekange were progressing. The former was spelling in the Benga primer. I felt encouraged. Perhaps my depression of the previous week may have been partly due to my occasional ill health, under bilious attacks.

On Monday, the 18th, I was to start my journey to Nkâmi. I had engaged Kasa and Masomami to take care of the premises during my absence. But, they failed me. (This was only one of many failures that finally broke my confidence in and friendship for Kasa.) Sĕmĕgwe happened along. I put the house in his charge, leaving in his care one of my workmen, Ekomba, sick with boils. Started down river, stopping at Ondĕñe's, Avyake's, and Anyambe-jena's: reaching Mr. Sinclair's Aguma, at sundown, in a rain. On the bluff, by the front edge of which that trading-house was built, was the Galwa king's town, Adâlina-nângâ. There had just arrived the small steamer of Mr. Schmieder, bringing a mail from the seaside. I had a precious supply from the United States, and from the Mission.

Mr. Schmieder was going down-river on Wednesday, the 20th, and offered to tow me. Besides his work in rubber and ivory, he was gathering natural curiosities for his friends or museums in Germany. I was much interested in a gorilla skin, and in two little leopards, of the size of an ordinary cat. They were playful as kittens. The ride was delightful in speed, though, towed in the vessel's wake, the water was rough. Stopped for the night at Orânga. The next day, stopped on the way for wood, at Isâgi's town of Ngumbi. Almost my only memory of that man is of brutality and cunning. He told us of his having put to death a woman, on a charge of witchcraft. I was landed at my journey's end, Onanga's village, early in the evening. His father had been the head of the village, and various memorial ceremonies were being performed. Onanga's older brother was the successor, though, at first, Onanga tried to deceive me by saying that himself was the successor, in order that I should make him the usual gift in recognition of the position.

The next day, I was greatly disappointed as to his work. I had bargained for a *boat;* he had made a *kongongo* (a boat without a keel). And, though I had allowed thirty days for the job, the craft was not yet finished. Nevertheless, the following day, Saturday, the 23d, after the usual effort to claim more than the agreed-upon price, I took the kongongo, and would complete it myself. I had brought an extra crew, and, I took from Onanga his little son, Owanga, for school, and a lad, Akaga, and a young man, ReSingane. Shortly after starting, I met some of Onanga's people who had just killed a crocodile. Though I did not long for its flesh myself, I bought, for 40 cents, an arm and part of the tail, as a delicacy for my crews. Stopped over the Sunday, as I never traveled on that day.

The next day, King Njâgu's would have been a convenient stopping-place for the night. Though we were wet by an afternoon rain, I declined the wishes of the crews, and went on, even after dark, to Oñwa-ombe's.

The next day, October 26, on the journey, we were slowly toiling close in shore, as usual, to escape the current. The unfinished kongongo had no guard on its gunwale above the sternsheets on whose platform I was sitting, with my rug, Winchester rifle, and other articles. A projecting branch brushed our side, and extending across the platform, suddenly swept the rifle into the river! I instantly stopped progress, had the crew hold the craft in position against the current, by seizing that same branch,

and contemplated diving for my precious rifle. It was precious, not because of its pecuniary value, but as a gift from Mrs. Nassau in 1868, for its frequent use in getting fresh meat for myself and crew, for protection against wild beasts, and for the moral influence of the sight of it as natives saw it and heard of its repeating power (though *I* never used it in the way of threat). But, I was not skilled in diving. I would not *order* my men to do what I hesitated to do myself, especially as the spot was obstructed by sunken logs. I was intensely grieved, too much so even to speak or to blame the steersman for having run the craft into the bushes. I went ashore and cut a long slender 15-foot pole. Then, from the miscellaneous articles which I always carried with me, I tied several large hooks to the end. With this, I carefully, firmly, slowly, and systematically dragged the bottom of the river at the spot where the rifle had sunk. The same hidden logs, that would have made diving dangerous, made my fishing difficult. But, in a short time, I felt that the pole was dragging something. Pulling carefully, the end came up with the rifle hanging to the hooks! They had caught on the leather strap, by which a gun is hung from one's back, in walking. No part of the mechanism was injured. And the powder in the cartridges in the magazine, on their subsequently being fired, showed it had not been wetted. (That rifle now belongs to my son, in the year of whose birth his mother had presented it to me.) On the way, young men and lads sought to engage employment with me. A man wished to hire his slave. But, I declined slave-labor; not that I objected to a slave's *person* in my household, but because I knew that his wages would be taken from him by his owner. After I had refused the slave, a stout lad, who probably did not understand my ground of refusal, offered himself; and, to prove his strength, bared his arms, and exhibited the play of his muscles.

The next day, Friday, was a long hot pull, past Ashuka. Shot a large snake, and saw three other smaller ones. From the villages, people followed, in canoes, begging me to buy their provisions. After nightfall, stopped at Igenja, the town of Ombya-ogwana, the pilot of the *Pioneer* on my first entrance into the Ogowe. He begged for a "small" gift. I gave him one. He slighted its smallness. So, I took it away, and gave him a lecture on thankfulness.

The next day, the 28th, in starting, I picked up a new lad, ReNguwa. On Friday, the 29th, were still slowly working along the Galwa villages of Wombâlya. At night, in the village

where I had met the Galwa-Benga slave from Corisco, I had a good meeting. After its close, I overheard some of the people trying to imitate my singing. One man asked, "Why did this Jesus, of whom you have spoken, die?" Why did Jesus die? What a text for a sermon!

On Saturday, October 30, I reached the Adâli-n'-anângâ before noon. Every day of the journey, there had been rain. I needed to have my clothing, my boxes and their goods, thoroughly dried. And letters needed to be written. When at Benita, I had seen that the wooden enclosure around the grave of Mrs. M. C. Nassau, was falling, under the attacks of white ants. I wrote to my father in the United States, ordering an iron fence.

At the trading-houses, I never had opportunity to preach on Sundays, even if the traders themselves had been willing. Mr. Sinclair would not have objected. But, the class of natives that gathered around the traders' houses, thought and spoke only of buying and selling, and asked only for liquor. Just at that time, at Aguma, they were building new huts. And, all, natives and white men, were interestedly expecting the coming of the *Pioneer*. It arrived late in the afternoon. Special interest lay in the importance of some of its passengers. One was Mr. Jobet, a Frenchman, but agent at Libreville, of the English firm of H. & C., of which Mr. Sinclair was a subordinate. With him also, a young Mr. Boccaria. And Mons. Marche, who, some three years before, had made a survey of the river, in company with Mons. Compeigne. The interest which those two gentlemen had aroused in France, on the importance of the Ogowe as a route to the Interior, had resulted in the organization of a new French expedition, under the charge of Lieutenant Savorgnan P. De Brazza, an Italian count, who had become a French subject. To prepare the way for him, M. Marche had come again to the Ogowe.

The new master of the *Pioneer*, Captain Bryant, began early on Monday, November 1, to discharge the vessel. It had brought me another precious budget of letters; also, a lot of windows, doors, and 100 boards, for my new house, and an abundant supply of provisions. I hasted to load them for a return to Belambla.

Mr. R. B. N. Walker, the chief agent of H. & C., who, aside from his trade duties, was deeply interested in the exploration of the Interior from the west coast, had always retained a friendship for me, because of my fellow sympathy and interest in

African geography and philology. He was planning, with the Royal Geographical Society of England, a journey into the Interior by either the Bonita or Ogowe rivers. He invited me to accompany him. On moral and religious questions we had little in common. But, my zeal was fired at the thought of adventure, exploration, and possible missionary extension. Awaiting the consent of my Board, I assented to accompany Mr. Walker, saying that I would go with him and recognize him as chief (for, in all Africa, no two white men can travel as equals in authority) on his agreeing to certain conditions: (1) we should travel on Sunday, under only the necessity of saving life or health; (2) I should handle no liquor; (3) I should be free, on the route, to hold religious meetings with the natives. My letter amused him; and he agreed. But, Secretary Lowrie of the Board in New York, in his reply to my request received in April, 1876, for a temporary leave of absence (at no expense to the Board) refused. I was exceedingly disappointed. Livingstone was none the less a missionary when he took up the rôle of an explorer. Had I gone on that journey, the Kongo would have been opened in advance of Stanley; and our Mission might have been the first to enter the region of the (present) Kongo Free State. Mr. Walker then gave up his plan, and remained as a trader on the Coast.

There was a distressing affair at Aguma during the afternoon; based partly on that singular African relation of white men's position to each other, to which I referred above. It existed all over Africa. Even Livingstone preferred to travel alone, rather than risk almost inevitable quarrel with a white associate. Most of Stanley's troubles came from the jealousies of his white companions, although, in joining his expeditions, they had signed contracts as his *subordinates*. Natives always drew a line between two white masters, the "big" and the "little." And, in the trade on the Coast, that line of distinction was painfully enforced by the white men themselves. Some tact and consideration and grace were required to prevent it appearing in our mission ranks. At Adâli-n'-anângâ Mr. Sinclair, who was very kind and friendly with me, was the subordinate of Mr. Jobet, who was himself sub to Mr. Walker. Mr. Sinclair had two white clerks under him. They all three held sexual relations with native women. But, Mr. Sinclair more formally confined himself to one, whom he retained in the house, as his common-law wife. I was not supposed to take any notice of her, nor did she ever appear at table. But, she was a modest, well-behaved,

young woman. All three white men and the native employees had been drinking, over the *Pioneer's* good arrival. The latter were drunk; the former were only "intoxicated." Mr. Sinclair's chief clerk made some insulting remark to the woman; she complained to her protector. A quarrel followed. Mr. Sinclair ordered the clerk to leave: the latter refused, knowing that he was needed. Mr. Sinclair then said that he himself would leave. He packed his trunks, and came to my room, in maudlin tears, to bid me good-by. He was not in a state fit to decide such an important question. I urged him about his own commercial interests, and his duty to the firm; and, however wrong his relation to the woman, I sympathized in his defense of her; for, she did not deserve the vile term the clerk had flung at her.

At dinner that night, which was an especially fine one for the presence of Agent Jobet, after the soothing influence of a good meal, he made a tactful speech, sustaining Mr. Sinclair in his authority as head of the "factory," but declining to accept any resignations, and hoping that all would lay aside personal animosities for the good of the great English firm of H. & C. And then, in closing, he startled me by appealing to me whether he was not right. Every member of the house, from agent down to the humblest clerk, had always treated me with such courtesy and kindness, that I promptly responded, heartily wishing the best for H. & C., regretting that there should be differences among my friends, and hoping that they would accept my toast of "Good will to all!" even if it was offered only in my invariable water! They at once drank to it in something stronger! Peace was restored. And, the evening passed, in an orderly way, with singing, and checkers, and pleasant chat. Not long after, my friend justified himself by quietly parting with the woman, and by dropping his own use of liquor.

The next day, Tuesday, November 2, I started up-river with my two crafts heavily laden. It was a rather anxious day. Food was needed; but, the crews were afraid to stop for it on the right bank, the Fañwe side; and, on the left bank, with the Bakĕle, at Anyambe-jena's, their demands of a price for a recently killed gazelle, were exorbitant. A strong wind preceding a rain made waves that were dangerous to the canoes, the gunwales of which were only slightly above the water. I had learned, by my experience of the previous year with canoes, that, under a strong wind, it was wise to stop ashore until its force abated. The river was in its highest semi-annual flood; Sakwĕle's island, at which I stopped for the night, was almost

submerged; but, the house of Captain Stone's native trader, in which I slept, was safely elevated on posts.

It was pleasant, next day, to get back among people whom I knew. Stopped at various villages; at one where a piece of fresh antelope was bargained for. At Avyake's, my friend, Bya-utata, and other of his women welcomed me warmly. At another village, I was shown a pig that had wandered into the street from the forest. It was not of the wild African kind, which is red, and with tassels to its ears. This was the ordinary foreign black pig, which had been introduced to the country, probably by Portuguese. This kind had gone to the forest and propagated there; evidently it had not lost entirely its memory of domestication.

I reached my Belambla late in the afternoon. Affairs were quiet, and all right. The news of my arrival soon spread; and Sĕmĕgwe, Ñandi, and others came to salute.

With the materials on hand for a real dwelling-house, I began work promptly, and with some new rules, making for efficiency: hours from 7 A. M. to 11 A. M.; and from 1 P. M. to 5 P. M. A great many people came, with quantities of plantains and other food, of which I could buy only a small portion. The inevitable white ants had been at work during my absence, in my boxes and trunks, and had spoiled some of my clothing. The more urgent was the necessity for my getting the house on posts, which I was planning for the next January. This, indeed, would not keep ants out; but, their approach could be seen and daily thwarted.

On Sunday, November 7, people came, after waiting awhile for them. I never expected them to remain perfectly quiet, like a civilized audience. Crying babies did not disturb me, but talking women did. I had to stop and tell them to behave themselves. But, the younger people were desirous to learn. I taught a great deal in the afternoon until I became very tired.

I had, by that time, thirteen young men and lads living on my premises, and at work, either in school, or in the forest gathering logs to be squared for the new house. There were frequent quarrels among them, due to tribal differences, as they came from four different tribes. Makâta was one of the worst and noisiest.

For ten days, about that time, from November 11 to 21, I was sick with a heavy cold, that developed into bronchitis and almost pneumonia. I lay in a hammock outdoors, so that I could have some slight over-sight of the work; and, that the simple

fact of my presence should preserve order. My people rarely fought in my presence. The quarrels would develop while I was not with them on their errands in the forest. But, one evening, two women from Sĕmĕgwe's village passing along with their husbands, fell to fighting on the path near my hut. They were rolling on the ground, scratching faces, pulling hair, and tearing at garments. An effort to denude her opponent was the objective point in most female fights. Each knew that the modesty of the other would yield in the contest, rather than be stripped stark naked in public. (For that reason, when fights were challenged, the contestants prepared themselves by tying on their clothes very tightly.) I did not know the cause of the quarrel, or which was in the wrong. And was rather surprised that the two husbands were not more decided in their efforts to separate the combatants. I could not endure the shameful scene on a mission premises. Weak as I was, I arose, and advanced with a switch. Doubtless those women had often been beaten with the heavy hippopotamus-hide lash. But, they fled, before my little switch could reach them. Something about the white man as a "foreign spirit" probably gave them a terror greater than their husbands' blows. The exertion, naturally, made my sickness worse. Every night I perspired profusely; but the draughty hut added to my cold. My thirst was extreme. I drank largely of lime-ade.

A new hut went up rapidly, as I had gathered all materials ready. It was in size 24 ft. by 14 ft., as a temporary kitchen for myself, and a room for my employees. My Kombe, Ikunduku, faulty as he was, I had to use, during my sickness, to assist in Sunday services. He had been educated at Benita, and knew the way, even if he did not always follow it. In my presence he could conduct a service properly. Shortly after the meeting had been dismissed on November 21, a large company of people came, and, from my hammock, I led a second service.

As I was recovering on the 22d, I started a mixed crew on an errand to the Adali-n'-anângâ "factory." One was an Akĕle, Jongâñe. He soon returned, saying that, on the way, in passing Kasa's village, the latter had stopped the canoe, and had forbidden any of Ñandi's people, to go on the journey, because of a family quarrel with a village farther down river. Those quarrels were constant and very annoying; for, though I felt sure that my presence in the canoe would protect the crew, they themselves were not always so sure, and feared or sometimes refused to go near certain villages. As, in this case, Jongâñe

said he was not afraid and was willing to go, I ordered him to return to the canoe and proceed with the journey. He went; but shortly afterward came back, saying that Kasa had hindered him. I was very indignant at this most daring of Kasa's assumptions over my affairs. The next day, he came to justify himself, arguing that he acted as he did to save me from trouble if my canoe should be seized by the enemies of Jongâñe's family. Perhaps there was some ground for his action. The mere fact of the canoe being *mine* might not save it, when my *presence* in it would have done so. For, that canoe that should have returned in three or four days, did not finally return until ten days later. They came with a long story of how they had been seized at a village near the Ngunye river, and had been released only through some interest with Mr. Sinclair.

On Sunday, November 28, a gleam of comfort, in the midst of Bakĕle apparent indifference to personal interest in my Message came when little Kimagwe offered to repeat the Lord's Prayer in his own Dikĕle language. Many had a desire to be taught to *read*, and I was glad for that, even though I knew that their desire to learn was only in the line of civilization.

Everything unusual in the native African life is made the occasion for seeking gifts, visits, journeys, deaths, etc. This custom extended itself to us foreigners, especially if one, as I did, affiliated myself as friend with the people, in order to win them. The demands, though not severe, became onerous, in their number and frequency. The traders accepted those requests from fewer people; for, their dealings with the natives were only commercial. King Ondĕñe came; his begging was not only for himself as visitor, but also as a mourner for the recent death of a brother. (In some tribes, the presentations, "for wiping away sorrow," were quite formal.) I took occasion to warn him about witchcraft murders, as I heard that he had put to death two persons. Desiring some variety from the constant tin-can of hard crackers, and the occasional buttercakes, I attempted myself to make some biscuits. How hard and dyspeptic they were! I probably had put in too much soda, and had kneaded them unnecessarily.

When, on December 2, my long-delayed canoe returned, it brought me a mail; among the rest, a letter from Count De Brazza.

Work had gone so well, notwithstanding the constant tribal frictions of my employees, that, when, on December 8, their outhouses and my new kitchen were completed, I gave them a holi-

day, by taking them a fishing and hunting excursion far up Mbilye Creek. I shot a number of birds, and gathered some beautiful orchids. It was a pleasant day, and we returned late, with sharpened appetites. ReSingane fried me two of the birds very nicely.

My building operations had confined me to Belambla. I had not itinerated since my locating there in September. So, one day early, I took my entire company, to visit the villages up river. Stopped for late breakfast at Mbomi. Then, passed Sĕnĕ, on the way to the "Osamu-'kita" district. The current was swift, with swirling eddies that made me feel slightly nauseated. Came to the spot where Mr. Boccaria was building his trade-house. I had been the most advanced among the white men of the river. Now, trade was passing me. He was living quite crowded in a small shed. After a year's effort, I thought my circumstances still were narrow. His were worse; but, in a few months, his narrowness would disappear. Back of him was commerce. Back of me was only a church! But, he had good food. He kindly gave me some nice pilot-bread and a leg of mutton. We went on toward Aleke's town of the Osamu-'kita collection of villages. Was met by a canoe of men who suspiciously inquired our "tribe." My crew of ten had representatives from four tribes. Probably, those men recognized in my company a member of some hostile family. After they had passed us, they turned and followed, as if pursuing. I did not like their action, and suspected that they meant to quarrel with some one of my crew. I said nothing to them or to the crew, and quietly but ostentatiously filled the magazine of my Winchester full of cartridges. The men noticed my act, and ceased their pursuit.

I had heard so much of the "greatness" of Aleke and "Sam-kita," that, on my arrival, I was disappointed at his lack in hospitality. It certainly was a large town. After supper, which was indeed a hearty one all around, a very large company of people gathered to hear me, in the spacious *ikenga* (public reception-room). In their curiosity they persisted in making remarks among themselves. It was a long time before they quieted sufficiently for me to begin to talk. Just then, a woman set up a loud quarrel with a man; and the meeting was broken up. I complained sharply to Aleke of his indifference; for, as head of the town, he could have compelled quiet. I remained all night. The next morning, there were heavy rain clouds. When the rain ceased, I departed, giving Aleke only a small

gift, and being given no attention by the people. Their interest in trade was so entire that they did not even dissemble any interest in myself or my Message. I felt that Aleke's was the most unpleasant place at which I had been, in the river, except, perhaps, Isâgi's at Ngumbe.

As I came on down-river, I stopped at Mr. Boccaria's to drink a cup of coffee with him. From all sources, wherever I could gather, I was anxious to obtain information of the geography of the Ogowe and its relation to the Gaboon. Mr. Boccaria told me positively (of which I had been given an intimation at Agonjo on the Rĕmbwe) that, starting from the right bank of the river, opposite to Osamu-'kita, there was a route, through the forest, of only two days' journey (partly by water) northward to the Rĕmbwe, emerging on that river at a village called Ezanga or Isanga. Also, that he knew of a path (not known to other white men) from the spot where he then was building, one day's journey southward to the Ngunye. I was more interested in the Rĕmbwe route, for its possible development of communication with Gaboon, in the future of my Ogowe work. (That route has since then been described both by traders and by missionaries.) But, I was surprised about the proximity of the Ngunye; I had not supposed that its sources turned so far northward. Maps, at that time, were quite inaccurate. Even native names were badly spelled. I interested my employees often, out of work hours, by their assisting me to correct these. It is true also, that natives made history difficult by taking with them to a new location the name of their abandoned town. Therefore, a future visitor at the new site, who had been told by a traveler of events at the old site, would not be able to identify the surroundings, e. g., of streams and hills. (That is true of the present "Sam-kita.")

Kasa, visiting at Ibanyi's village, hailed me as I was passing, and I stopped to see him. With the aid of a fetish-"doctor," he was making a "medicine" for an elephant hunt.

On Saturday, December 11, an Akĕle man, Mpunga, who had just escaped from stocks in Avyake's village, brought me news that two white men were traveling up-river, and were only a short distance away. This, of course, aroused my curiosity and interest for possible visitors. They came the next day, Sunday, just as I was preparing for public services. They were M. Marche and Doctor Ballay, advance guard of the French expedition, on their way to Osamu-'kita. They brought me news that the *Pioneer* might soon be expected at Adâli-n'anângâ; and they

passed on their way. Their news decided me to hasten preparations for my journey to the Coast, for annual meetings. Possibly I could find passage on the expected *Pioneer!*

On December 16, the workmen brought from the forest the last of the logs needed for my real dwelling, to be built on my expected return from the Coast in January. The next day I gave them a holiday, as I wished to be rid of their noise, while I was making my last arrangements for packing, etc. The last job was to rake up and burn (as a prevention of possible fire) the rubbish around my huts and from the site of the proposed new house.

On Saturday, the 18th, Ñwanajâ and another woman came early to take charge of the huts during my absence. In their presence, that there might be no chance for dispute, if articles should be lost, I made out an inventory of goods left in their care. And then, started down river, with a crew of ten, some of whom were to be left at their homes on the way. In all my journeyings, whether for supplies or other reasons, I made the preaching of the Word prominent. This is true of all the years in this record, even if I do not always mention it. Stopped at Avyake's for a late breakfast. And, at Ñandi's and Manda's, to inquire about their recent pursuit of my canoe. They made a plausible explanation. I fired at and wounded a hippopotamus across the river, which there is very wide; the people were amazed at the range of the Winchester. I did not shoot for butchery; only for food or defense. That animal, if seriously wounded, though I failed to obtain it for myself and my crew, would be found and eaten by others. I never made threats; but, such demonstrations of the effectiveness of my rifle, I am sure, had a moral effect on the wild natives, that redounded to my safety among them. In later years, and in more civilized places, the gun was not needed for that purpose.

Stayed for the night, and next day, Sunday, at Anyambejena's. It was a very heathenish and noisy town; but, during my Sunday services the people behaved better than I expected they would.

On the way, on Monday, instead of keeping the main stream, I went into the channel on the left bank by the Tazie villages. I did not like the appearance of the people; they looked as if they would make trouble, on slight provocation. In one village was a monstrosity, a child with ears like an elephant's.

Reached Mr. Sinclair's by 10 A. M.; and, after a bath and clean dress, enjoyed his 11 A. M. breakfast. In the afternoon,

joined Mr. Sinclair and his Senegalese clerk, Manè, for a call across, to the river's left bank, on Count De Brazza, at the Inenga village of King Ra-Noki, Lembarene. (That name has since been given to the French Post, three miles lower down-river on the right bank.) The Count invited us to remain for evening dinner. He showed me the instruments of his journey, for taking latitudes and longitudes, for making repairs, etc., etc. He and Dr. Ballay, as Frenchmen (but not as officials) signed Kasa's deal of sale to me of the Belambla ground. For a camp, the evening dinner was quite elaborate in its courses. There was such a variety of dried and compressed and desiccated vegetables and meats! Very pleasant to eat, but, desiccated though they were, the quantity needed for a journey of months would be burdensome. In his subsequent journeys, ten years later, my friend De Brazza learned to depend on the food of the countries he passed through. Though sometimes on famine rations, the plan saved porterage, and left him to quicker and more rapid movements with a smaller body of men. There was a dog in camp that attracted my attention. While I was petting it, Dr. Ballay, perhaps only in imitation of the extravagance of Arab hospitality, said I might have it. I took him at his word; and mentioned the fact to the Count. He, perhaps in joke, claimed the dog as his. Then we suggested that Solomon's decision should settle the dispute. Neither of us yielding, we agreed that the dog should be divided in two. But, the joke stopped there; for, he claimed the head, and I was not willing to accept the tail. (When, later, they made their start for the far Interior, they felt that the dog would be an encumbrance; and it was given to me.)

In the evening, at his house, Mr. Sinclair told me the story of King Ra-Noki's blindness: As a young man, coming into power, he had perfect sight and all his senses. He was ambitious. Went to a sorcerer-doctor to have made for himself a powerful fetish-charm that would ensure him wealth and influence. The sorcerer told him that only by becoming blind could all people be caused to look up to him. He accepted the condition, and voluntarily destroyed his own sight with a hot iron rod. But, he obtained his wish! He had wealth, wives, slaves, and authority. The Expedition had come to him to have him use his influence with the interior tribes so that they should make no obstructions. He was well paid; he sent his people to guide the French canoes through the upper Ogowe Rapids; and himself accompanied, on part of the way. Blind as he was,

all his other senses had become so very acute, and his memory so clear, that he knew all the channels, through which he had traveled on his slave journeys in his younger days; his face *felt* the presence of the solidity of rocks or trees in front of him as compared with the vacuity of open spaces, and his ear recognized the difference in the sounds of the swirl of an eddy, the swish of a wave around an obstacle, or the rush of shallow water over a reef. He was a more successful pilot than those of his sight-possessing people. He thoroughly believed in his fetish.

JOURNEY TO THE SEASIDE.

There being no certainty of the *Pioneer's* coming, I started on Wednesday, December 22, with my company of ten down-river, expecting to be met at the river's mouth, by the *Hudson.* Stopped at Schmieder's house on business, remaining for the late breakfast. On to Aveya's near Wombâlya, and added him and his little brother Ongângâ to my company. Met Isâgi coming up-river. Opposite Aromba, met the little steamer of Mr. Schultze, agent of Wöermann House. On to Orânga, and bought a large quantity of a small dried fish; and spent the night at a small village. The next day, on to Ombyangwana's at Igenja. On to Ashuka, and ate there. On to Avanga, where I was well received; meeting there a certain man Teno. On to Ngumbi, meeting there at anchor, the little steamer *Njĕgâ* towing the small sailing-vessel *Brunette,* laden with goods, to establish a trading-house near Belambla. After eating supper ashore, went off to the *Njĕgâ,* and spent the evening with the three white men, Mr. Schiff, (Mr. Schultze's sub-agent) his clerk, Mr. Neilson, and the engineer.

The next day, the man, Teno, came to escort me up a long creek, to Dumba, where I vainly tried to get some return for the expense and trouble I had gone to in helping their Nkâmi young men to a canoe, in the previous April. Came on to Ndogo, King Njâgu's town; and, though the hour was early, stopped there for the night, because, beyond was an uninhabited stretch, and I could not reach another village before dark. (Had it been dry season, I could have stopped anywhere in the forest.) Njâgu was affable; and my goods were left in the kongongo safe, though unprotected by other than the fact that its owner was guest of the king.

Saturday, the 25th, was Christmas. But, in Africa, during my pioneering years, the day meant little to me. It happened that, on that day, I was often on journey to the seaside meetings

of mission and presbytery. My crew, some of them, had never heard of the day; and those who had, knew of it only as a time for carousing among the traders. The *fact* of the Birth of a Savior was daily before me; and in *Civilization,* I recognized a special time for its commemoration. But, as to the 25th of December having any special sanctity as the actual anniversary, I have never believed. An unusual number of monkeys were in sight; and I shot two fish-eagles for the crew's meal. It was a long pull to Ñango; the old man there was very foolish in claims for tribute, as "king." Was pleased to meet there a young man who had become civilized by former service with Rev. Wm. Walker, at Baraka School, Libreville.

On to Onanga's, and was warmly welcomed. Part of the warmth was probably due to the fact that I came to pay the balance due for the *kongongo.* Having dropped at their homes on the way three of my crew, I hurried on to Angâla with the remaining seven. And stayed there over Sunday, December 26. Chief Esongi was a very well-informed man. He had learned much from his contact with white men, even though some of them were Portuguese, to whom he had sold slaves. He asked me many curious questions about theology.

The next day, Monday, 27th, went on seaward, through a new one of the many channels of that part of the Ogowe Delta. How my Kombe men rejoiced as they came in sight of their familiar sea! But I began to dread the possibility of my having to sail it in that small craft, if our cutter *Hudson* should happen not to keep its appointment there for me. Saw a small vessel resembling it, far out; and, in a borrowed canoe, sent messengers to inquire. Before they returned, late at night, Ejombo the native assistant of Captain Menkel, himself came, in a canoe, with letters for me, to Schmieder's little trading-house, where I was waiting! After supper, it was a long and dangerous pull out to where the *Hudson* was anchored off the river's mouth, not reaching it until near 11 o'clock that night. The *Hudson* started at once, with my *kongongo* in tow. But, shortly after midnight, was met by a tornado that compelled it to again anchor until the storm was past. The progress of the vessel was so slow that I was wearied and exhausted with seasickness. (How much I suffered from it during twenty-five years!) The motion of a boat was to me less sickening than that of a larger vessel. When, by afternoon of Wednesday 29, we were off Pongara Point, the extreme left bank cape at the mouth of the Gaboon, I believed I could make quicker progress and with less pain by paddling. So,

with my seven men, I entered my little craft, and we paddled across the ten miles of the estuary, and were ashore by 5 P. M., and were welcomed by my friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Reading. It was prayer-meeting evening. After it, a visit on Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Bushnell, and the reading of a mail awaiting me filled a happy evening.

Next morning, the *Hudson* came to anchor, and some of my goods were sent ashore. I had a goat, as a present for two of the elder young women in Mrs. Bushnell's school, Njivo (Hattie) and Akera. They, with Njivo's elder sister, Anyentyuwe were my earliest and most attractive friends in that school. They were Christians, and grew up to useful matronage in the community. The two sisters had important places during my Ogowe life. Instead of waiting at Baraka for my sister to come from Benita, as I heard of the aftermath of Mr. Schorsch's doings there, I decided to go and escort her. So, in the afternoon of that Thursday the 30th, on the *Hudson,* I resumed the sea journey.

And, in the very last night-hours of the old year, came to the journey's end at anchor in the Mbâde cove at Benita. Went ashore to Mr. Menkel's, and lay down exhausted, to sleep on a lounge.

The next morning, January 1, 1876, I early sent a note to my sister at Bolondo house, for her boat, *Evangeline,* to come for me. While waiting for it, I went to the Cemetery, and sat by the graves of Mrs. Nassau and my little Paull.

The *Evangeline* brought me over the two miles to Bolondo and warm welcomes from my sister and her associate Miss Lydia Jones. But, it was distressing to listen to their accounts of unkindnesses to which they had been subjected by the Benita people. That very day I met a demonstration of it. A yellow-faced young man, Bokamba, from Sipolo on the south side of the river, had an altercation with my sister about the price of a fowl. Indignant at his violent words to her, I rebuked him; and then he turned on me with a knife! In the evening, a long consultation with the two ladies about Benita affairs. The Benita that I and my successor Rev. S. H. Murphy had built up so happily and effectively during its first eight years was apparently ruined by the monomaniac Schorsch. The two ladies were reaping some of the aftermath of the ill-will of the people at his removal, aimed at them in the absence of myself the prime mover against him. (That evil has long ago been wiped out, and Benita church has now a fine record. But, I have never, even to-day, been able to

meet the Benita people without a pained memory of that past.)

On Sunday, January 2, we went to the church at Mbâde, and I preached from Genesis ii, 7; and, in the evening at Bolondo from Revelation, i, 10.

The next day, old Chief Âkâ and young Beduka came to call on me. I protested to them against the violent acts of some of the Kombes toward my sister. They asserted that those acts were exceptional and not approved of by the people at large. But, I did not accept their explanations. They were not Christians. There was no foreign government at Benita; we looked to the Kombe chiefs for protection; Âkâ himself was a chief; I could not accept his statement that "Benita people" did not "approve" of the acts of which I had complained, the while that "Benita people" did not punish the offenders. Mwanyatye-Tom also came to talk with me about those same affairs. He was a church-member, and a young man of influence.

Tuesday, January 4, was occupied with loading the *Hudson,* for a return to Libreville. My Kombe men remained at their homes. That night, with my sister and Miss Jones, I embarked. Stopped, on the 6th, at Elongo Station, Corisco Island, to visit the De Heer family. Preached for Rev. C. De Heer on Sunday. "Godly sorrow that needeth not to be repented of."

On Monday, January 10, with the addition of Melumu, a Benga, who entered my employ for the Ogowe, resumed the voyage to Libreville on the evening of the 11th.

Our annual meetings were begun on Thursday, the 13th. At their close on Wednesday, the 19th, a reception was arranged at Mrs. Bushnell's, for the French Commandant. Besides Mrs. Bushnell, there were our mission ladies present, Misses Nassau, Jones, Lush, and Dewsnap, also a visitor, Miss Johnson, of the Scotch U. P. Mission at Calabar, whose knowledge of French made her efficient as interpreter. The Commandant seemed not to be on very good terms with the Jesuit Mission of Gaboon. On the 20th, I heard that Mr. Boccaria was dead at the Plateau, having come there sick from the Ogowe. I knew of the excesses of his dissolute life. I did not wonder at his death. But, I regretted that it added another to the statistics that were sent out to the world as (unjustly) proving that Africa was a necessarily fatal country for white people to reside in. But, he had been kind to me; and I went to his funeral. Not being quite well myself, I rode on the Baraka horse. That was the first Roman Catholic funeral I remember ever to have attended.

A romance was revealed, in which I took some interest.

Petiye, a Kombe, handsome, polite, well-educated, Christian, a pupil of my sister as a candidate for the ministry, attending as her escort from Benita, was discovered in a lover's correspondence with Akera, one of the prettiest, most vivacious, lady-like, and educated young women of the Baraka Mpongwe School. There was no impropriety in the correspondence or their association; and I encouraged them, going so far as to suggest an elopement. But, the Bushnells understood better than I at that time, the intensity of the Mpongwe tribal feeling against allowing their daughters to marry *any* member of *any* "lower" tribe, however good or noble he might be. They could marry only in their own Mpongwe or Orungu (or possibly Nkâmi) tribe, or become common-law wives of white men. (By whom they were sought for 100 miles up and down the coast.)

After preaching in the morning of Sunday, January 23, on Noah's dove of peace, I was called by Mrs. Bushnell to interfere in a savage fight going on in the yard between two of my Galwas, Aveya and Akaga. Often in the Ogowe, I had seen my employees quarrels; they had always yielded to my command. But, that day I was scandalized, I and my people being Dr. Bushnell's guests. Aveya yielded; but Akaga was so wild as utterly to disregard me. I had to violently seize him, and roughly flung him into his house, and threaten with the French police if he emerged without my permission.

We were all waiting for the coming of delegates from adjacent missions, whom our mission had invited to a convention, for the discussion of missionary topics. While waiting, I was preparing a musical program. My guitar, which I had brought with me to Corisco in 1861, and which had been of service there and at Benita, but for which there had been no place in my Ogowe hut, I had left stored at Baraka. In tuning the strings up to their proper pitch, their tense draft tore the neck from the body. The dampness of the climate, while it was in storage, had softened the gluing of the joints, and the instrument fell to pieces. (As my violoncello had done in 1871.) I mourned over my guitar almost as I would have for a human friend. It had been my companion for twenty years. It had given pleasure to many social gatherings; the sentiments of its songs had given relief to my often saddened heart; really, when alone, I had touched its strings as I would have spoken to an intimate loving friend; for, in the choice of keys and chords I could give utterance to sensitive feelings as I was unwilling to do, at that time, to any human associate.

On the afternoon of the 29th, our convention visitors came on the steamer *Kongo*. They were the Rev. Dandeson Coates Crowther and wife, of the English Episcopal Mission at Bonny; the Rev. Hugh Goldie and wife, of the Scotch U. P. Mission at old Calabar; Rev. Messrs. Samuel Griffiths and Theophilus Parr, of the English Primitive Methodist, of Fernando Po; and Rev. Messrs. Robert Smith and Joseph J. Fuller and Mrs. Fuller of the English Baptist Mission on the Cameroons (Kamerun) River. Letters of regret at being unable to attend were received from Rev. Messrs. J. Milum and J. B. Wood of Lagos, and the Right Rev. S. Ajai Crowther, D. D., Anglican Bishop of the Nile region. There were very instructive essays read on assigned topics, followed by interesting discussions covering several days; and helpful discourses in the evenings.

RETURN TO THE OGOWE.

On Monday, February 7, with goods, supplies, and material for my new house, dog "Brownie" given me by Mr. Menkel at Benita, and the company of my crew of the *kongongo* which was in tow, I was given passage for the Ogowe on the *Pioneer*, by courtesy of its new master, Captain De Grauchy and Messrs. Woodward and Dixon.

The *Njĕgâ* was in pursuit, and passed us on the next day. Its schooner, under sail, was also in sight. Anchored at the Nazareth mouth of the river, in the evening. Entering the river the next morning, Wednesday, February 9, we reached Adâlinanângâ on the 14th.

How rapid the changes in the river, since I had first entered it eighteen months before! At that time, there were in the river, all told, only five white men. Now there were two dozen, the number of firms rushing into the harvest of rubber, was increased, and many new trading-houses were being built, some of them outdistancing me beyond Belambla. Ten of us were gathered at Mr. Sinclair's dinner-table on evening of the 15th. I wish to put on record, that, whatever may have been objectionable in the private life of these and other traders, their successors in subsequent years, their conversation, deportment, and actions in my presence were always considerate of my ministerial character.

I finally succeeded in engaging several new Galwas. And, on Thursday, February 17, started late in my *kongongo* with a crew of five, myself at the rudder. There were rumors of quarrels and wars up-river, due to local jealousies over trade and the location (i. e. "possession") of white men. My crew was afraid

and I yielded to their fear, by stopping for our lunch, in the forest, opposite the mouth of the Ngunye. And, again, I yielded to them, to avoid the village on the right bank (whose people had seized the *kongongo* some months before), and skirted along the left bank; passed Tazie; and passed Anyambe-jena's, though darkness was approaching. There were signs of rain, and the wind was strong. It was now my turn to fear. There was real ground for fear, in the rough water the wind was rising. But the crew pulled well; for, they wished to reach the safe shelter, on Sakwĕlĕ's Island, of Schmieder's house. His native trader there I found keeping an ingenious calendar. In a small shingle he had bored seven holes, with the names of the days opposite to them. To the shingle was tied by a string a peg. Each morning he shifted the peg to the next hole. Though not a Christian, he knew therefore when Sunday came.

The next day, there was the excitement of nearing home, even the dreaded hippopotami seemed to welcome me; certainly, they bellowed! A passing canoe, with hundreds of turtle eggs, exclaimed, "O! here is our white man!" On to Avyake's in a heavy rain. (At the Coast, it would still really be "dry" season.) He was not at home; but his women welcomed me. So, also, at other villages; even by the young man who had stolen the sheet some months before. And, finally at Belambla, Mokumi fired a salute of guns. And Ñwanajâ reported all my goods safe.

CHAPTER XII

THE BELAMBLA HOUSE — MARCH, 1876

THE very next day, February 19, I was anxious to get to work at my house-building. For this was the third trip to the sea-coast, on which I had been delayed twice as long as I had expected. But, I had to sit and receive visitors all day; Ñandi and his people; Ondĕñe and his. He vexed me, by asking me for rum! How rum was ingrained into their ideas of white men! And, how little I seemed to have impressed them by my frequent assertions that I did not deal in rum! Surely, they seemed to think, that, though the missionary does not sell it, he will hand it out a drink to us, as a matter of common hospitality of the river! For, had not some of them seen me sitting in company of white men who were drinking it? And, was it not true, that Roman Catholic missionaries not only drank it, but also bought and sold with it? That Saturday was the first night in my Ogowe life that I slept on a mattress, one of my new treasures just brought from the Coast.

On Monday, 21st, Kasa presented with me a young gorilla, alive, in good health, small, not weighing over twenty pounds. It was tame, but got angry, like a spoiled child, when its wishes were crossed. If I had been only a naturalist, in the collecting business, it would have been worth to me, in those early days of gorilla investigation, if safely landed in Liverpool, $1,000. I wished that I could send the animal to America! Ekange reported to me the number of days of his service during my absence. He had cut a notch on a bamboo stick for each day. He reckoned 58 notches, saying that he had lost only 4 days. Ñwanajâ was satisfied with a gift of $3 (trade) for the two months' care of my house. (She said that she had not done it for "pay.") And, I presented her with a dress, which Miss Lush of Baraka had given me for her.

I was given an explanation of the meaning of a boat-song, whose English I had often heard, but had not recognized, "Pass 'way!" "'Way! pass!" It was a salutation to the spirits of the locality that was being passed.

On Friday, 25th, Captain Stone's little steamer *Orungu,* that

had gone up-river with quite a tow of boats to his new trading-house, stopped for me, on his way back, and took the gorilla for me to Libreville, to be forwarded to the United States, as a gift to the Philadelphia Zoological Garden. (It never reached its destination. It had to pass through too many hands. Such precious articles are safe only in the care of the owner or a paid employee.) Ekange, to whom I had given special care and instruction, deserted. We had had no difficulty. But, what he had learned made him available as a trader's valet, with whom he would obtain wages far beyond what I could give. This was a constant experience in our mission schools. Very much as young men in civilization employ their acquired knowledge for advancements as clerks in a store, rather than as preachers in a pulpit. But, I was distressed at the apparently little hold I was obtaining on the Bakĕle. In singing hymns in the evenings with my English-speaking young men, the Benga — Mbiko, Melumu, and the Mpongwe, ReTeno, I discovered that my own hitherto unused book (unused, because I had had no companions who could sing English) contained two songs, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," and "Home of the soul," which I had first heard at the convention at Baraka.

I soon observed a change in the Bakĕle. Few came to my hut, and but little was brought for sale of food, or bamboo for building. My first feeling was one of depression, lest there was some personal influence or ill-feeling against me. But, after a while, I recognized the real cause, in the sudden increase of the number of traders, both foreign and native. So many had come simultaneously, and paying larger prices, and higher wages than I had been giving. Even my own Galwa employees, who had sought engagement with me, and who had seemed satisfied with the wages I stipulated, now asked for a raise. They were restless because they saw that the traders' boat-crews were obtaining the same wages ($4 per month), and were doing no house-building or anything else, while lying in the villages. They forgot that those crews were journeying in their canoes every few days, and my journeys were rare. King Ondĕñe presented me with two large pieces of dried elephant meat. At best, elephant meat is coarse in fiber, and has a rank odor. Those pieces had been so poorly dried, that they were impossible for me. But, my workmen were pleased to have them.

On March 2, Dr. Ballay stopped to make a polite call, on his way down-river, in company with a large number of interior Okanda people. He mentioned that the explorer, Dr. Lenz, was

at Lope, 100 miles farther in the Interior. And, in the afternoon, a canoe of Akandas from Dr. Lenz, passed down, for a load of supplies from Adâlinanângâ. How all this impressed me with thought of the number of men, the efficiency of influence, and the power of wealth that were back of these commercial and scientific movements, while I was hampered at every step. Almost every day, there was some confusion or dissatisfaction. Ajuñe came to get his pay; and left. He had not worked on even seven days; yet he produced a tally-stick with ten notches, and asserted that he had worked ten days! It was not often that my employees made such palpable lies. Of course, I did not yield. He accepted his proper pay; and, I was glad to have him go. The Galwas were complaining of hard work, dragging logs to be squared as sills for the house. There was trouble also about food; not as to quantity (in *that* I was just) but that the messmate did not have it ready promptly! Some tribes, or individuals in tribes, used as their staple staff of life only cassava; others, only plantains. I could not always supply both. The traders had no such difficulties; their better-paid servants took what was given them, or a lash: for, if one disliked his ration he could always get rum with which the ration was easily supplemented.

The young Mpongwe man, ReTeno, from Baraka, who had unwillingly yielded to Dr. Bushnell's urgency that he should join me, could have been of great assistance by his knowledge of a civilized household's affairs. But he had no interest in the missionary side of my work; and grumbled about having to do without his coast-tribe comforts, forgetful of the greater sacrifices I was making.

I went, on Saturday, March 4, to hold a prayer-meeting in Njamakiluma's village. The people were not attentive. On my return, passing through Ñandi's village, I saw a woman and a little boy, in stocks, on a witchcraft charge.

As the Bakĕle had no clocks, and knew nothing of the value of time, I changed my tactics for the Sundays. Instead of having one public hour-service in the morning, and a similar hour for afternoon Sabbath school, waiting often for a convenient number to gather, I accepted them as they came, by twos and tens, at any hour all day. In that way Sunday, the 5th, was passed. First came a Benga man with some Bakĕles. As he had been in our Coast Mission School, I invited him to remain to my noon meal. Then, Chief Wâlinja, on his way to the witchcraft palaver at Ñandi's, where there was much shouting all day. Afterwards, some people from Myangañe's. Then, the trader Dosĕ

and his crew. My Mbiko man, Melumu, from Corisco Island, had been well-taught by Rev. C. De Heer, and was useful in my little Sunday-school. (He could have risen to permanent prominence and usefulness; but, some years later, pride and polygamy led him away. For a long time, though outside of church communion, he tried to make Christianity and polygamy consistent.)

On Monday, March 6, leaving Melumu in charge, I had to go to Adâlinanângâ for supplies. Stopped at various villages on the way (as was my custom on journeys). At Ṃanda's, I found a man accused of witchcraft, closely held in foot-stocks and neck-sticks. I plead for his life. At the trading-house that night with Mr. Travis (in Mr. Sinclair's place) I sat down to write letters to the United States; but was called away by a messenger who came in a canoe from Mr. Schmieder's. I went, and found him alone, and sick with dysentery, complicated with strange cramp pains in his chest. He looked badly. I suspected native poison. Such things were done sometimes in revenge. I pitied him, whatever his life had been. He had shown kindness to me. He was alone, with no one to attend to him; I remained all night with him.

The next day, at Aguma, a little boy, Mwarogasĕ, who said he was a son of the late Galwa King Nkombe (Sun), asked for service. He was too small; so, I took him as a schoolboy. I liked his smile. (He remained with me, off and on, many years.)

The following day, Mr. Schiff called on me, and asked me to delay my return up-river one day, kindly offering to tow me, as himself was going. But, I started; for, I was anxious to get back to my house-building, although it was a stormy season.

I reached Sakwĕle's house on "Goree" Island, native name, Nenge-sika (island of wealth), and was welcomed by him and his woman Akanda. I did not have a good rest; for, late at night there was a cry of robbery. A thief was caught, who had stolen Kombora's iron pot. The next morning, I quite approved of his being tied and beaten. On to Manda's, where we cooked our late breakfast at a little hamlet, near his beach. On to Avyake's who gave me a sheep. On to Myangañe's, who gave me cassava. To another village, where I bought plantains. There was news of a fight between the Senegal Goree traders and the Bakĕle of Mbilye creek.

As I approached Belambla, there was an oppressive quiet. The villages were in fear of war. At my hut, Melumu gave me an account of two attempts at theft while I was away. Ñwanajâ

came; and while she was still continuing her call, Mr. Schiff arrived at noon, on his way up-river. As he had offered me a tow, I had him remain to lunch, making a special spread for him. Ñwanajâ also was fed. Ondĕñe's wife also came, for a dress I had promised her: for, it was too much for her dignity that "the King's wife" had no dress, while "Chief" Kasa's had two!

With difficulty could I obtain food for my employees for over Sunday. Not that there was any scarcity, but the war-scare had made the women afraid to go to their plantations. With the mercuriality of the Negro race (perhaps also with my own variations of health), some days were delightfully free from complaints, insubordination, or fights. On Friday, March 17, all started to work in good humor and good time. And men came unexpectedly to sell needed building materiels in unusual quantities. So, after work was done, in the evening, I amused my people by romping with them, renewing my university athletics in jumping over logs, etc. The voluntary lessons at night were good. Good humor seemed also to have spread to the adjacent villages. Their shouts and gun-firing were not of an angry tone. Firing of guns was ever a part of Akĕle demonstration of all or any feeling, whether of joy or grief!

Saturday, March 18, was a marked day in my house-building. After weeks of preparation in collecting materiel, the first foundation post was set. As the hole was dug, I was interested to note that, in a depth of less than four feet, the spade passed through a thin black surface loam, then stiff yellow clay, then streaks of reddish clay mixed with quartz pebbles. I was beginning to keep records of the Fahrenheit thermometer. At 3 P. M. of the 19th, it marked 89°; a heavy tornado came up about 4:45 P. M., and the mercury went down to 78°. (Such storms are always preceded by a fall in temperature. Nothing in the African climate ever affected me so unpleasantly as those falls. Unless I promptly wrapped myself, I would have a chill.) That change of 10° would be the equivalent of a fall of 20° or 30° in the United States.

On March 24, King Ondĕñe came with a retinue of his people. All native houses (and most of those of foreigners, in the river, up to that date) were built level with the ground. Even where the foreigners' houses had a plank floor, it was probably only a few inches above the clay. He came to see the new idea of a house elevated on posts four or five feet above the ground. His curiosity and delight was almost boyish, at sight of the use of a spirit-level, and of the efficiency of a one-man cross-cut saw

that had been given me by my friend Mr. Wright of Tacony, Pa. Other people came under the same curiosity, with Mawale from Mbilye.

Regularly I gave Saturday afternoon to my workmen; not so much for their sake, or for any deserts on their part. But because I always took that time to go to the villages, if I went on no other days, to notify them of the approaching Sunday and its services. They kept no record of time; Sunday had no claims on them, especially as they did not know when it came around. By my notification, I saved myself the annoyance of their bringing articles for sale on that day. Having two professing Christians with me, I sent them, Melumu and ReTeno, on the 25th, to hold a meeting at Sĕmĕgwe's, while I went to Wâlinja's.

With their aid also, I gave the Sunday-school a more organized form than it had had. The evening singing became more attractive. And, there was aroused actually a spirit of emulation when I gave my household a report of their success or failure in their week's lessons.

It was difficult to make the natives understand that my purchase of Belambla included the ownership of the trees that grew on it, and the animals living on it. As to the ground, my right was fully recognized; there was (up to that time) no attempt to build on it. But, occasionally, I heard an axe; and, on investigation, found some one felling a tree. On Monday, 27th, while Ibanyi and a crowd of his people were visiting, there came also Ivinĕnĕ and his people. Then I heard a dog's bark and human voices with the shout of hunting. I went to investigate, and found two of Ñandi's men. As they persisted, I hastened back to the hut, and got my rifle with intent to shoot the dog. Ivinĕnĕ sustained me; but, to save the animal, he followed me, and shouted to the men a warning. I pursued the dog's voice to the outline of my premises. There I stopped, making a dramatic recognition of the same right against trespass on others which I was claiming for myself.

I did not see the women use flowers as ornaments. I rather wondered that they did not. On March 28, Ñwanajâ and seven other women, led by one man, with palm-leaves in their hair, and ferns around their shoulders, came marching to my door, and, with much form, seated themselves. They said they had come for gifts; that they were on a dancing tour of the villages, and were on their way to King Ondĕñe's, for the same purpose. I could not understand whether their dance was merely for amusement, or whether it had some superstitious significance.

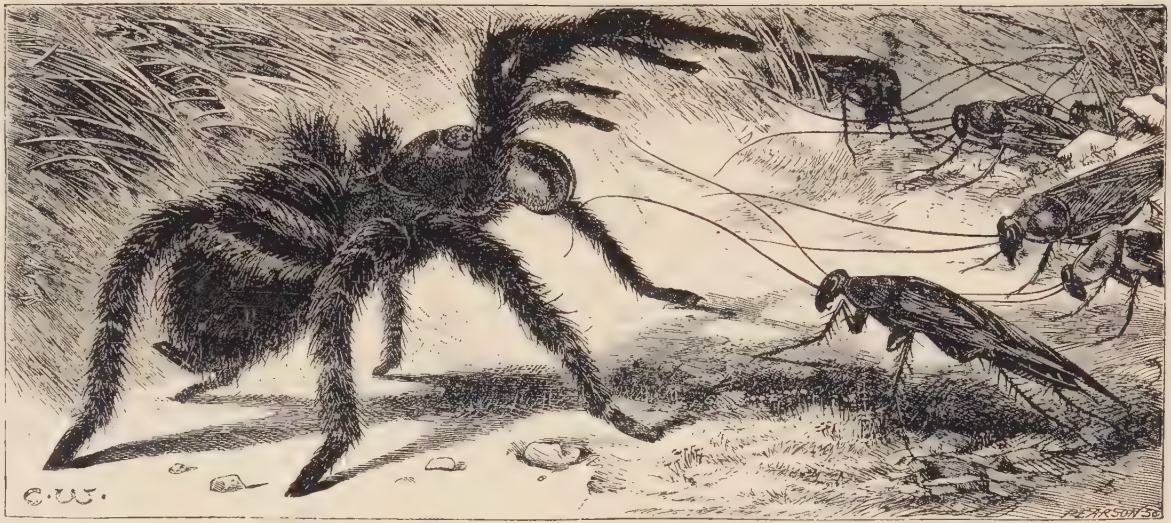
But, since the days of Herod and Salome, women have danced for a gift!

I had to make a hasty journey, on March 29, down to Aguma trading-house, to bring a load of window-frames and other materiel I had left there. As usual, I stopped at villages, to hold at least short meetings. At Myangañe's, they were unusually superstitious. They listened to my talk; but, when I closed my eyes in prayer, most of them ran away. Some undefined fear of my talking to a "spirit"! On my return journey, March 31, I was seized with a severe toothache. At Avyake's, on April 1, I gave a cloth to the woman Bya-utata. She was the only one there who manifested any interest. She asked me why I did not always have a service there, instead of (as sometimes I had done) only stopping to eat. At Belambla again, Melumu, whom I had left in charge, reported that a chicken had been stolen. On his own motion, he paid me for it, saying that his having been left in charge made him responsible even for losses! I had never met with such an exalted point of ethics in a native. But, he was an unusually bright, even erratic, young man.

My toothache continued, so that, on Sunday, April 2, I could not preach. Melumu conducted the service, while I led in prayer. In selecting hymns from the Benga collection, he chose one, a "Prayer for the sick," meaning me!

A mail, delayed for two months, came on Thursday, April 13. It had come by the *Pioneer,* as far as Adâlinanângâ, and thence, was kindly forwarded from a new firm, Taylor's, by one of his native traders. It came as a great blessing; for, I was sick in bed with fever. What a variety of news! What wealth of love and friendship! From parents and children; from my friend Thos. G. Morton, M. D., of Philadelphia; from my friend Mrs. Patten, of Philadelphia, about a stove I had ordered through her; from my father, about the iron-fence I had ordered through him, for Mrs. Nassau's grave at Benita; renewed subscriptions to the Philadelphia *Press* and *Presbyterian.* And, the British naturalist, Mr. Andrew Murray, of London, sent me a copy of an English agricultural paper, the *Gardiner's Chronicle,* containing the account I had written in the previous fall, accompanying a rare specimen of a mygale spider.

My house-building was going on rapidly. The frame was up; and on the 15th of April, I marked the day by raising the ridge-pole to its place. How slow the people were to learn that I would not purchase on Sunday! It was not strange that persons from a distance, who knew of no division of days, should



MYGALE SPIDER

Facing page 138

happen to come on Sunday. I showed them no displeasure; but, in my strong desire to guard the sanctity of the day, I did not allow them even to land their goods on my premises. If they chose to go to an adjacent village, and wait until the morrow, I promised to buy. But, my friend Ñwanajâ, who knew better, in coming to services on April 16, brought along food to sell, and a present of a fine pumpkin grown from seed I had given her some months previously. I do not know by what system of ethics she may have thought that my rule against buying building materiel would not apply to *food*. Food was a necessary. If it was right to cook food on Sunday, why not also buy it on that day? Or, did the fact that she "came to church" justify the sale of her food? Poor woman! she was not very far from some of my countrymen, who have concluded a horse-sale at a rural church door.

I would have been pleased to accept the pumpkin alone; but, as she had so mixed it in her ethics of the day, I declined it. She remained after meeting, and cooked the pumpkin for her dinner.

How different the river from its condition of a year previous! My situation had been one of isolation. But, now, with the growth of trade, and new firms, and more white men, and increase of French Senegal Goree traders and other coast tribesmen, there was every few days the passing of large canoes manned, not like my small one of five or six paddles, but by strong vociferous crews of fifteen or twenty. Those big native traders did not limit themselves to my narrow economies and discomforts. Their large canoes at the stern had a raised platform, on which they reclined on rugs with their women. Some assumed such dignity that they had among their attendants a trumpeter who blared notes of warning as they passed the various villages. This very much impressed the Bakĕle, who would gather on the bluffs, or at the boat-landings, with shouts of admiration. White men also often passed, on trips of inspection of their subordinates, whose trading-houses were already up-river beyond me. Mr. Travis came and spent a day with me, on one such trip. And Dr. Ballay, with his invariable politeness, stopped for a few minutes on his way to Gaboon, where he was going to obtain interpreters, other civilized servants, etc., etc., for his expedition with Count De Brazza.

How particular I had to be about precedents and appearances, in matters, of which I would have taken no notice, in the United States, or even in the degree of civilization of the Coast! Kasa

and his people came to meeting on Sunday, April 30, having with them a very large ivory tusk, which he wished to leave in my care for the day. I declined. I wished all visits to my premises on the Sundays to be entirely divested of any commercial aspect. Even on a week day, I think I would have hesitated about the tusk; just because *ivory* was the great factor in trade. An unexplained report that I had ivory in my hut would have been basis for belief that I was trading. And, I had had such a long and trying experience in the effort to stand before the natives as having for my highest and purest object, their spiritual welfare. (Not, indeed, that I was without human interest in their works and wants; *that* I had proved in many other ways.)

On May 3, I made a rapid journey down to Aguma, in two canoes, to bring boards for the new house. On such occasions, I would spend there a day or so purposely for the sake of writing letters. At Belambla, constantly superintending building, or school, or visitors, I found little time for letters. At Aguma, I was a guest; without responsibility or care, and could write uninterruptedly. I met there a new white man, a Mr. Findley. And I found Dr. Ballay sick. I too was seized with a diarrhea that made me helpless for two days.

Then, on the 5th, though weak, I started back with my two loaded canoes, to my usual night's camp at Sakwĕle's on Nengesika Island. The next day, the river channel was so obstructed with hippopotami, that, before venturing to enter a certain narrow way, I had to fire on the animals, in order to drive them away. In passing any large sand-bank, my crew always wished to go ashore to seek turtle eggs. The animals deposited their eggs at night, digging for that purpose, a hole on the top of the beach above the water-line. They would leave the eggs covered in the sand; and the heat of the sun by day was expected to hatch them. The existence of the nest would be revealed by the freshly broken sand. My crew found a nest with 100 eggs. They had no shells; only a stiff membrane. I did not enjoy them; they had a fishy taste. On to Manda's, where a man hailed me, and presented me with a monkey-skin, for which (for a wonder!) he refused to receive a gift in return. At another village, a Mpongwe trader gave me a leg of goat-mutton. On to Myangañe's, where I bought food. Passed Ondĕñe's without stopping, and he came running after me along the bank, wishing to know the reason why. Found all in good order at the house, under Melumu's care.

On Sunday, May 7, little Kimagwe was present, and asked some strange questions, showing that he was doing some thinking. In his lesson, he had been reading about Resurrection. He asked, "Are there towns up there?" "Will the bodies of those who have been burned arise?" "Will infants go to the bad place?" "Will they always be infants?" "Will people who shoot others with guns go to the bad place?" "Where is the sunshine, now that the darkness of night has come?" He told me that Kasa prayed now to God as well as to his fetish; that, one day, on a hunting expedition, he had prayed, "Jesu! give me elephants!" and had obtained five. And, that, on another day, desirous that his journey should not be hindered by rain, he had prayed, "Jesu! delay the rain!" And rain did not fall for five days, though it was raining on the other side of the river. (*That* was not rare.) Kasa believed that his prayers were answered.

By May 8, I reduced the number of employees, as, the new house, though not fully enclosed, was roofed; and, we could work, even on rainy days, under that roof. I still had ten people on my premises, one Mpongwe, one Mbiko, one Akĕle, and seven Galwas. I had eliminated some of the unworthy and quarrelsome ones; and work proceeded harmoniously and more rapidly. The Bakĕle were daily astonished at the size and style of the house.

By May 10, Kasa's people finally removed from their old location to the new site, where they had been building near me. There were signs that the rainy season was drawing to its close. My food supply was "a feast or a famine." Just at that time, I had more goat's meat than I needed. Wâlinja brought one for sale. I did not need it for food that day, nor did I wish to buy it and have it tied on the premises; its bleating would annoy me; unless tied, it would probably be lost. So, I said that I would buy it if he brought it again in five days. Under those circumstances most people would have lied, saying, "Yes," the while they really intended to go and sell elsewhere. He agreeably surprised me by his truth. "No," he said, "I want the money at once, I will not wait five days. I will sell it elsewhere." I complimented him on his truth.

On Saturday, May 13, I sent ReTeno and Melumu to Kasa's new town, to plant some little orange trees I had promised him. At whatever places I lived, I always planted. Even at camps and ordinary stopping-places in the forest, I carefully stuck into the ground the seeds of any fruit I was eating. (Doubtless

many of those trees are living, and perhaps their fruits have been reproduced in other places on the Ogowe! The thought was an inspiring one as to other seed which I was "sowing by all waters.")

The growth of the house became quite absorbing. The 17th of May was marked by my beginning to lay the flooring. I had sent four of the young men on the preceding day on an errand to Aguma; a fifth left, and I was pleased to have him go; I was saved the necessity of dismissing him. Kimagwe was away without permission. So, I had but four left; but, they were helpful, though I did the actual work of fitting and nailing the foot-wide planks, at the rate of five per hour. The work tired my back, in stooping to drive the nails, and hasting from point to point, to adjust. Not one of those four young men could be trusted alone to cut a board. They had no experience, and my boards were too few and precious for them to practice on. I finished the flooring in three days. People came to admire it. A floor that was not mud or clay, and that was dry enough to be slept on as a bed!

On Saturday, the 20th, Melumu and his crew of three returned safely from Aguma. I was glad to have them back; the place had been almost too quiet, though I was equally glad to have gotten rid of unsatisfactory Esangeromba. I had now nine. One of Melumu's characteristics, his vanity, came out in rendering me an account of his journey. In his self-praise, his exaggerations amounted to untruth.

I was constantly coming on native superstitions. On May 23, Ñandi and his wife brought me a present of a *jomba* of alligator-meat. I know no more appetizing form of meat-cookery, even in civilization, than the native African jomba (igĕwu). The meat did look so attractive, that I ventured to eat of it for my supper. Just as I began to eat, came Ondĕñe. I invited him to sit, and gave him a piece of the jomba on my handsomest plate. He seemed afraid to eat it in my presence, and went away, taking plate and all, to eat it in his town! I could not learn the exact ground of his fear: whether my white man's evil eye; or, that the food was a gift; or, whether alligator was one of the articles taboo in his fetish menu. Two days later, he sent me word, asking me to send a boy to carry some food to me. I thought it strange, that, if there was food to be carried, why had he not sent it by his own messenger? So, I declined. (Perhaps I erred.) Then, he came himself, with two of his women, returning my plate, and presenting me with a

jomba of kondo-fish, a jomba of *ngândâ,* a bundle of *ngwĕsĕ,* a roll of boiled plantains, boiled yams, and green corn! He first tasted of each; as if to show me that there was no poison in them. Was that the reason he had hesitated over my alligator meat? I enjoyed his fish and ngândâ pudding exceedingly.

Native African poisons are many, and acquaintance with them is general. Cases have occurred where deaths of even white men (as a matter of revenge) have been suspected due to poison. But, in all my thousands of times of eating at hands of natives on my journeys, I never hesitated and rarely thought of the possibility of poison.

My house was still growing. I had begun the tying of bamboo on the outside walls, on April 5, and that part of the work was completed on May 27. Then I began on the inside partition walls. Having been so successful in building, I dropped that work, for a day's itineration, on Monday, the 29th. With seven of my people, I went up-river, stopping for late breakfast at Mbomi. Thence, on to Aleke's. He had still the rough manners I had protested against six months before, but not quite so offensive. He wanted goods badly, and offered me a sheep for sale. Its little lamb was so young that, I think, he must have known it would not live away from its mother. Recklessly, he still urged the sale. But, pitying the lamb, I refused. There was a large meeting at night, and better attention than I had had there before. Then, the next day, I rowed for an hour on up-river farther than I had ever gone. Was impressed with its width, depth, and magnificent curves. I came to a village where a man named Tyityi told me more about the Interior than I had ever heard from any one, foreigner or native, in the Ogowe. For the first time, I heard a native name the Nyam-Nyam tribe, of which I had read as being in the center of the continent. His accounts were all in accordance with what I had read of the best travels in the Interior. He quite stimulated my enthusiasm for a journey thither. O! I thought, science and commerce and politics can send De Brazza and Ballay and Lenz; why could not my Church have consented to let me go? He told me much about the customs of those interior tribes. I might have been a pioneer to them! Years afterward, other men traveled there, and wrote books, and told of things new to them and to the world, things of which I had known, but had been allowed no opportunity to verify! That night, after return to my house,

I had to get out of bed to stop a noisy quarrel between two of my Galwas, Jĕnagani and Ayĕnwĕ.

Work on the house progressed well; all its bamboo portions, walls and partitions, were complete; and Melumu was putting in the windows and doors. It would have been finished and ready for occupancy by that date (June 7), if I had not interrupted the work by itinerations and other boat-journeys. I had planned that the house should be a one and a half story. But, I had no boards for an attic floor. Shortly after this, came a canoe with a stove, brought to Aguma by the *Pioneer*. Up to that time, my cooking had been done in native fashion, on the clay floor.

Some of my people whom I had allowed to visit their homes, had returned from Aguma; and, on the 12th, I started them all for a finish, at separate jobs, one at washing; one at weeding around the huts; one with a machete in the overgrown grass and bushes; one at painting; one at coal-tarring the foundation-posts, against white-ants; one strengthening the pillars of the veranda; and two at the doors and windows. I appointed two Galwas to remain and keep the premises while I should be away on my expected semiannual journey to the meetings at Gaboon. (I did not appreciate the note of coming evil when one of them, Anângâ-re-wĕ, came in the evening to demand an increase in wages.)

The last of the doors, the front door, had been put in place, in the afternoon of the 13th. There was a sadness about it that dampened the otherwise joy of the near completion of my house. That door was the front door of my first African home, of the old Maluku Girls' School-house on Corisco Island, in 1861. It had been torn down, after the Evangasimba Station work had been transferred to Benita, about 1869. Dr. Ballay had returned on the *Pioneer;* and, on the 16th of June, he stopped on a polite call, as he passed Belambla with five large canoes of employees and goods, on his way to rejoin Count De Brazza who was waiting for him above the Rapids at Lope in the Okanda country, 200 miles farther in the Interior. The two Galwa men, Lendaginyâ and Anângâ-re-wĕ, refused to stand by their agreement to stay and take charge of the premises while I should be away at Gaboon. It was a " strike " for higher wages, besides being a breaking of their previous engagement. *I never yielded to a strike.* I preferred to suffer loss, if need were. It is true that their service as guardians required at least one of them to remain on the premises *all* the time; but, there was no labor. They would have an easy time of sitting down and doing nothing, except guarding

against white ants and thieves. So, I put the care of the house and grounds in the hands of Ñwanajâ, Kasa's head wife and the two lads Dumawĕbĕ and Kimagwe. Kasa himself was not at home when I made this bargain with his wife.

On Saturday, June 17, I was busy packing, and transferring all my belongings from the hut to the new house; entirely completed, but which I had not yet occupied. I tightly closed and barred all its doors and windows, giving the key to Ñwanajâ, to whom I promised to be back in a certain number of weeks (days). That was unwise, considering that, on three of my previous absences, I had been detained twice as long as I had expected. Though there was no probable detention of which I could think, I should have left room for possible ones. With my kongongo heavily laden, I started down-river, stopping at all villages, and remaining over Sunday, at Manda's. And, on Monday, the 19th, to Aguma. There I met two new men, Messrs. Louis and Hutchinson of Taylor & Scott's trading-house; and a new German with Mr. Lubcke, in place of Mr. Schmieder.

Leaving dog Brownie in the care of the Aguma H. & C. House, I started down-river, on June 21. On the way, stopped at Aveya's, to debark Anângârewĕ. His delighted mother broke into a dance as she saw him coming. He seemed to think that his broken promise for Belambla was a "closed incident," and offered me a parting present, which I refused, though his mother begged me to accept it. I wished him and Lendaginyâ to understand that I wanted nothing more to do with either of them. I engaged Aveya to go to supplement Ñwanaja, in one month. Dropped others of the employees at their homes, on the way. At Atangino, the village of one of them, Zintango, I stopped for the night. On the 22d, on, past Orânga, and to Igenja, for the night. On the 23d, in the Nkâmi district, and at Chief Oñwaombe's, for the night. On Saturday 24, lunched in the forest where I was interested in the variety of animals, monkeys, *kwia*, crocodiles, nests in a tree of the *ntyigo* (a species between the gorilla and the chimpanzee). Reached Onanga's for the night; where I remained over the 25th, Sunday. But the people would not come to meeting, because the mourning for their "king" (who had died a year before) was not yet ended. And, they were vexed at my crew for wearing hats; no kind of ornament or dignified apparel being worn during mournings! One woman carried her indignation so far as to seize and attempt to confiscate one of the hats!

On Monday the 26th, on to Augâla; and on down to the mouth after dark. I attempted to look whether the *Hudson* was awaiting me, by appointment. But, the night was dark; and, I would not venture out on the windy sea. Spent the night at a little trading-house on Nengie Island.

The next morning, the 27th, the *Hudson* was seen at anchor out at sea. I boarded her, being saluted by her American flag, and finding there a large mail. With fine winds, landed at Libreville about 9 A. M. of the 28th. Mr. Reading was at the beach to welcome me; and I was entertained by Mrs. Reading. Was welcomed also by the Bushnells. Miss Dewsnap was away, having gone on a visit at Victoria, Kamerun, with our former Miss Lush, who had married the Rev. Mr. Smith of the English Baptist Mission at that place. I sent to my friend Thomas G. Morton, M.D., of Philadelphia, two mandril monkeys, and an eye-worm. He wrote me subsequently, telling of the monkeys' destructive antics in his office. Like all animals coming from the torrid zone, no ordinary dwelling on a temperate region is sufficiently warm for them in winter. He sent them to a friend's conservatory; but they soon died. The eye-worm, though in an imperfect state, was a great rarity; the first known to be examined in the United States. Prof. Leidy, of the University of Pennsylvania, wrote of it in a medical journal, calling it *Dranunculus Loa.*

On the 30th, read with intense interest, in a copy of the London *Illustrated News*, an account of Lieutenant Cameron's journey across Africa. He had entered from the east coast in search of lost Livingstone; met Livingstone's faithful servants bringing his corpse on their wonderful journey to the ocean; had continued his own journey to Lake Tanganyika; had failed to descend (what Stanley later proved to be) its Kongo outlet; and, deflecting southward, had gone by land to the southwest coast, emerging in Loanda.

The frigate *Venus*, of the French admiral, entered the harbor on July 1. And, on Monday 3, with Dr. Bushnell, I went to pay my respects. The admiral was very much interested in my statements about the Ogowe, particularly as France was just at that time pushing her claims in the Interior. When we left, he gave us a salute of six guns. As the meetings of presbytery and mission were to be held at Elongo Station, on Corisco Island, Dr. Bushnell and I, on leaving the *Venus*, immediately boarded the *Hudson*. And, with a good run, we were at Elongo, the station of Rev. C. De Heer, the next morning.

The native minister, Rev. Mr. Ibiya, occupying the former white station, Evangasimba, was there. Also three of my sister's candidates for the ministry, Myongo, Petiye, and Kongolo, for examination. On July 6, the *Hudson,* promising to come soon for me, returned to Libreville.

I was entertained, part of the time, at Mr. Ibiya's, where I was doing, with him, revision work on the Benga New Testament. And, on another day, I set my Galwa men at cutting away the grass which was shamefully overgrown about the graves of my friends, Rev. T. S. Ogden, and Rev. George Paull. I felt sadly, to see the old Evangasimba house in ruins. It had become so old, that it was being taken down, to utilize elsewhere what of its lumber was still intact from white ants.

While at Mr. De Heer's, I was present at the marriage to one of his employees, Vane, of a young woman, Beyânâ, who had been my special pet at the Maluku School, twelve years before. I was delayed on Corisco, more than ten days, by the failure of the *Hudson* to return for me. (This was one of the unexpected delays on which I had not counted when I promised Ñwanajâ to return to Belambla in a certain number of days.) It finally came on Saturday, July 22.

Though my promised number of days were passing, I had then no thought of danger there. And, in any event, before returning to the Ogowe, it was necessary for me to go to Benita, in order to erect around my graves there, the ordered iron fence, which most unexpectedly, had just then arrived by the *Hudson.* (This was another delay, on which I had not counted when I gave my dates to Ñwanajâ.) After his failure about the Bolondo house, I could not trust Mr. Menkel's offer to do that cemetery work for me.

On Monday the 24th, sail was set for Benita, which was reached next day. The erection of the fence, with few tools and unskilled native aid, took time and hard labor. I spent my days at the Mbâde cemetery, and my evenings at Bolondo, in company of my sister and Miss Jones. I obtained candidate Kongolo as my companion, in place of Melumu. And on Monday, July 31, on the *Hudson,* started back to Libreville, which, because of opposing winds, stopping at Elongo, and the loss of our anchor, we did not reach until late at night of Saturday, August 5. Fortunately, for my anxiety, which by that time had become real, I met on the beach a Nkâmi man of the Ogowe, who said the news of the river were good. (He did not lie; for,

afterwards, on comparison of dates, I found, that up to the time when he had left the river, all was safe.)

A mission meeting was held; and Mr. Reading made plans to accompany me, on a visit to the Ogowe, as he was interested by my tales of that river.

The attempt of young candidate Petiye to seek as his wife the young Mpongwe lady, Akera, though entirely honorable, and encouraged by herself and Mr. Reading, my sister and myself, raised such a storm of indignation, that a mob of men, led by her brother Ndama, came on the premises, threatening to assault Petiye, and to break up the Baraka Girls' School. Mrs. Bushnell acted very bravely. When the crowd of angry men reached the front iron gate, she thrust her bare arms through it, as a bolt. They could easily have pushed her aside. But, the Mpongwes were a polite people; and Mrs. Bushnell had ever been held in great respect. Police were summoned; Ndama was arrested; the mob dispersed; Petiye was secretly taken to safety on the *Hudson;* and a pretty romance was ruined, with a necessarily unhappy ending. Akera still lives, a good Christian woman, after passing through several unwilling marriages. Petiye is dead; marring his Christian years of usefulness, and barring entrance into the ministry, through being forced by his family into polygamy.

CHAPTER XIII

A HIGHWAY ROBBER, AUGUST, 1876

FINALLY, on Monday, August 14, the date on which I should have been back at Belambla, Mr. Reading and I started, on the *Hudson,* for the Ogowe, having in tow my canoe and kongongo. As usual, the vessel was slow, even unnecessarily so; I was amazed at the delays and I began to be anxious about my house.

We did not reach the Nazareth mouth of the river until Friday, August 18. I gathered our two crafts and their loads of goods at the little trading-house wood-station of Mr. Schulze on Nengie Island. In the evening, I sent three of my Galwa people in a canoe across the bay to the village of Lisboa. For two years, a great variety of little steamers had been passing the Orungu gate of the river, unharmed, the Orungu themselves had followed trade up the river, and were associating with the tribes there, and a sop had been given them by the German home having erected the wood-station on Nengie. I had no idea that the old coast monopoly had not died. My crew returned, without food, saying that they had been robbed, and one of them, Ayĕnwĕ, was maltreated by the Orungu, on account of a war (of which we had not heard) between their two tribes. Had we known of it, I would not have sent them, nor would they have gone.

The next morning, Saturday, August 19, was enacted a scene that might have been a tragedy. My kongongo and large canoe could not carry all the goods I had brought on the *Hudson.* Purposely, I intended to leave some of mine for a future journey, in care of the little trading-house. Mr. Reading and I were selecting and separating, choosing what should be taken in our two crafts. While thus occupied, we saw coming to us a fleet of canoes with forty armed, war-painted, angry, shouting Orungu men from Lisboa. My Galwas were terrified. I knew that the Orungu had resented the breaking of their trade monopoly, by the entrance of white men into the Ogowe interior. But they had been unable to do anything to stop the *Pioneer* and other little steamers that rapidly carried white men and their goods (goods that the monopoly claimed belonged to Orungu)

safely past their borders, to the despised Galwa and Bakĕle. Because of that resentment, I had availed myself of the safety of the *Pioneer's* deck, just two years before. But, now, I had assumed that the Orungu had hopelessly given up thoughts of force, seeing that so many new traders, and even a French expedition, had entered the river after me. I therefore had not thought it a venture, that I should make this journey past their tribe with slow-going paddles. Probably I could have done so, if I had not revealed my presence by sending to Lisboa for food. The shouting, yelling Orungu, led by two men whose names I afterward learned as Ndambĕnjĕ and Aziza-njĕle, leaped ashore, to where we stood by our two half-loaded crafts, and other boxes of goods lying on the beach. The assault I at once felt was not against our crews, nor against my companion, Mr. Reading, but against myself. As he had, at that time, only a slight knowledge of the Mpongwe (of which Orungu is a dialect) I requested him to let me bear the brunt, but that he should stand near me in the rear. He did so, placing his gun and my rifle prominently against the side of the hut.

I did not really think that personal violence would be given us. Among the wilder tribes, that could be possible. But, the Orungu were familiar with civilized Gaboon. Yet, it was probable that we would be robbed. To what extent, might depend on our diplomacy. In a few quiet words I gave my idea to Mr. Reading, that, in the end, I might yield to the *giving* of *some* of our goods, as an alternative to having them all seized. Our assailant was a sufficiently astute man to know that in being given even a compelled gift he was safe; while an out and out robbery could be reported to the French government at Libreville. My cue therefore was to hold him off in the coming discussion, with a bluff of audacity, until he should lessen his demands, Mr. Reading, from time to time, interjecting (in English) a word of advice or suggestion, in a tone which the other could not overhear. The forty men rushed among our people, pushing them violently aside, and laying hands on the boxes. I do not know whether this was only a feint or a real attempt. In either case, Aziza-njĕle fiercely ordered them aside, saying that the "palaver" was his, that his business was with the white men, and that they should await his commands. I stood quiet, erect, with folded arms. He saw we were unarmed, but not without arms (as Mr. Reading showed). He was a tall, splendidly built fellow, in the prime of life. He began in a loud, fierce voice, and with violent gesticulation, ordering that I should not go up-river

at all, but should turn and go back to Libreville. I distinctly, but quietly told him that I would *not* go back, and that I *would* proceed up-river, where I had my house and my belongings. To this, he made another angry talk. But, as I only silently stared him in his face, he changed his position, and said that I might proceed, but only on the condition that I remove my goods and leave the river. As decidedly, I said that I would remain in the river with other white men where my work was. Again he raged, declaring that not only I, but all the other white men should be driven out of the hated Interior. As I still only looked him straight in his eye, he again changed his position. He said that I might remain in the Ogowe, if I would promise to give the Orungu a white mission station. I softened, and said that his wish was a good one, but that I had no authority, and the mission had no white man whom to send to him. He still urged his claim for a mission station as greater than that of the despised Bakĕle. As I still stood either severely silent, or uttering only a taunting refusal, he again changed his position, demanding a native school-teacher, and an annual tribute of $180. Again, I softened, saying that I would be pleased to locate a teacher with him, if some Mpongwe Christian would volunteer. But, I laughed at his word "tribute," saying that I paid tribute only to France which governed both him and me.

That made him again angry, and he raged, saying that I should at once give him $150, or he would seize my boxes. I told him that he might seize them, if he chose to have me brand him all over the country as a thief; and suggested that, as to his demand for a gift, I was willing to talk about it, if he made it more reasonably; and offered him $20. O! what a scene he made! "Me! Aziza-njĕle! *Me! Me!* Twenty dollars! *Twenty dollars* for me! Ha! Ha! Who ever heard!" And he crouched down with clinched fingers to the ground, in dramatic disgust at the humiliation of being offered so despicable a sum. He continued his dramatics for several minutes. And, then, he reduced the demand to $100. "No." Then, to $80. "No." And then to $50. I standing silent, and only shaking my head in refusal, thought that, to make a precedent of giving under compulsion would expose me and others to demands in the future. I really preferred, at the moment, that they should rob me; and then I surely could get some satisfaction, not in returned goods, but in their village being burned by the French. But, Mr. Reading whispered to me, at the mention of $50, to yield. I assented, and said, "Forty!" Aziza-njĕle agreed; and

smiling, he advanced, extending his hand. We shook hands; and he exclaimed enthusiastically, "Now we are friends!" But, his mob of forty men were disappointed at only $1 apiece. And so, for a different reason, were some of our own company; for, Mr. Reading's two Mpongwes protested against his direction that they should unlock a certain box of calico prints. Then, the mob assaulted them. But, their leader ordered them off, saying again that now we were "friends." In the United States, Mr. Reading had been a successful merchant in a New Jersey village, with all the polite arts of pleasing a customer and making the best show of goods. I left him alone in the task of paying out the $40; he could do it more politically than I. Aziza-njĕle took his goods, pleased, and a professed friend; and knew that he was safe from any charge of theft. (But, not long after, emboldened probably by his success with me, his people robbed a canoe of the German firm. The firm appealed to the Government, which sent soldiers hidden in the hold of a small sailing vessel, which intentionally anchored itself in a tempting manner near Lisboa. Men went off to assault the vessel; and the captain and crew, apparently alarmed, made no defense. But, when the pirates took possession of the deck, suddenly, the hatches were opened, the soldiers emerged, and several of the Orungu were killed. *That* was the last attempt of the coast monopoly to obstruct the passage up-river of any white man's steamer boat, or canoe.)

My settlement with Aziza-njĕle that morning was peaceable, and without any actual violence, except that Mr. Reading's two Mpongwes, Ngomi and Mintyâ, indignant, as they saw piece after piece of bright-colored calico handed out by him (cloth which they felt, with tribal covetousness, belonged to them), again made a protest, and asked him to give only inferior goods. One of the Orungu struck them. Little more was needed to have raised a riot. But, swallowing the wrong, Mr. Reading wisely told the two to be quiet; and Aziza-njĕle justly flung aside his offending man. And, the Orungu departed. I was exhausted with the nervous strain of the exactly two hours' contest. Aziza-njĕle was a raging wave; I was the silent rock. But, waves wear away rocks. We had had no time to breakfast before those Orungu had assailed us. Though the hour was late, we hasted to load our crafts, and depart without eating. It was possible that a change of mind might be made by some of our assailants, and they might return and make a second demand. Leaving some of our boxes in care of the little trading-house

FETISH DOCTOR AND ATTENDANT DRUMMERS

Facing page 153

native (a Mpongwe), we finally started, still heavily-laden, by 11.30 A. M. After putting a few miles between us and our enemies, we stopped in the mangrove swamp for breakfast. The dry season wind roughened the water, making waves that were dangerous for our crafts so laden to the gunwale. I had kept my nerve during the contest with Aziza-njĕle but, in the reaction, I confess that I was afraid of the waves. Also, I was suffering from a very sore toe, ulcerated by the season's chigoes. Our crews were small; and we two white men had to take the rudders, at night, in order to add one more paddle to our weary employees, whom we were urging. They wished to camp in the forest. But, we persisted, until, at 9 P. M., we reached the comfortable huts of King Esongi at Angâla, thirty miles from the sea. That distance could not have been made in a day's journey, were it not for the assistance of the up-going tide, during six of our nine hours paddling. Farther up the river, beyond the reach of the tide, and against the river's constant current, eighteen miles a day was the best I could usually expect to make. The next day, Sunday, August 20, was a restful day. Esongi's comments on my sermon of the services were really thoughtful. I would have been glad to think they were aroused by a spiritual interest, did I not know that he was bound by polygamy, slavery, and superstition. But, as a literary exercise, his conversation was that of an educated man.

On the Monday, I lightened our crafts by leaving some of the boxes in Esongi's care. I would pick them up when I should on my return journey down-river, bring Mr. Reading. Passed Onanga's village. And Ñango, where the people shouted, urging us to stop. Our laden crafts looked like wealth. They wished to buy some of it with their offered provisions. But, I was suffering with a headache, and we pushed ahead. Camped at night in the forest. The next day passed without incident, except that, late in the afternoon, we crossed to King Njâgu's more friendly side of the river. There, the stream is wide, and the water was somewhat rough; and a hippopotamus came toward us with threatening bellows. But, we escaped and passed Njâgu's, seeking for a camp in the forest. For, Mr. Reading had been so impressed by the Orungu robbery, that he did not wish to stop in any village until we should reach Galwa. Finding no favorable spot, we landed at Chief Oñwa-ombe's, for the night. The scene was a romantic one. He was having a sorcerer make a "medicine" for himself. The flaring torches, the painted men and women, the dances, the drumming, the songs were thrilling.

The next morning, there was an attempt at trouble by a few of the Nkâmi, in the same spirit, but not nearly the same degree as by the Orungu. Probably, they knew of a disturbed state of affairs (of which I was not then aware) and perhaps our crews had told them of our having paid a price to the Orungu. The Nkâmi were also a "coast" tribe (their lines emerging on the sea at Cape Lopez); but, I had never heard of any "monopoly" claims by them (except from Chief Isâgi). When I went to Oñwa-ombe's house, to make the usual gift in return for our night's entertainment, some men rudely interfered, despised my "gift," and demanded "tribute." There was, however, no violence, nor even threats, except by one young man. But the old man was wise; he defended me; accepted my gifts; the others were mollified, and we parted in peace. But the affair made our starting late. In the afternoon, we passed Ngumbe. Several times during the day we were alarmed at the number, proximity and advances of the hippopotami. And, the strong night wind made the waves dangerous. Had hoped to reach a certain town, Avanga. But, failing, we made a good camp, with a roaring fire.

The next day, August 24, we passed Avanga. A man, with apparent great friendliness, volunteered to guide us in the tortuous channels of the sand-banks until we reached his village, and then was angry at us because we would not stop there, and made some threats.

CHAPTER XIV

BELAMBLA PLUNDERED, AUGUST, 1876

I WAS glad when we finally passed the limits of the Nkâmi; for, all the way from the river's mouth, there had been evil intimations (unappreciated at the time) of trouble ahead.

My Galwas were afraid of the Ivili at Ashuka; to satisfy them, we avoided it by keeping to the other side, the right bank; but, in so doing, met much rough water. For the night, were welcomed by Ombya-ogwana at Igenja.

Mr. Reading had used his guns every day on the river; so, the crews were well-supplied with meat. On the 25th, I stopped at Nandipo, to buy a gorilla skeleton; but, as the number of bones was not complete, I left it. I failed to appreciate that even an imperfect skeleton would, at that time, have been valued in America. (Years afterward, I sent an entire carcass of a gorilla to the United States, after several failures with natives whom I had hired. They hunted for me, and had obtained carcasses; but, they did not know the necessity of keeping every little bone of the hand or foot.) Passing Orânga, there were shouts for us to stop and buy from them. Went on to Aromba, and found it deserted; the huts were surrounded with weeds. Men from Nandipo overtook us, anxious to sell the imperfect skeleton. They were pleased with a price of a few dollars. Probably, in the United States, at that time, I could have obtained for those bones $100. Camping in the forest that night, I felt sure that I smelled the peculiar, strong odor of leopards, and even imagined that I heard their stealthy tread on dry forest leaves.

On Saturday, the 26th, we were passing villages of the Wombâlya district, and were in sight of the homes of several of my Galwa. Stopped at Zintango's, for him to disembark, as news was shouted that his sister had died while we were at the coast. Passed Aveya's village, where his uncle violently protested, saying that Aveya had just recently come from Akĕle with the news that my house had been robbed of all its goods. I could not believe it; and passed on to Ayĕnwe's. On landing there, the news was repeated. I could not believe it was all true. Native reports are usually exaggerated. But, my crew at once

were alarmed, and feared to go on to Akĕle. I stopped for the day; I wanted time to think; feeling anxious about the future of my station, but unable, and unwilling, to decide, until I could certify the reports.

Aveya, Anângârewĕ, Lendaginyâ and others came to services on Sunday morning, the 27th. All the young men of the village dressed up finely for the occasion. It was a quiet day, and warm, for August. I tried not to think of the troubles ahead, about the pillage of my Belambla, which news Aveya confirmed. But, I could not refrain from at once planning whether it might not be my duty to leave Akĕle, if Kasa should give me no satisfaction. And, if so, where next should I go? To Galwa? The hills across the river looked attractive, as a possible site for a mission station. The keen-eyed villagers seemed to read my thoughts, and began to ask me to come and settle there.

The next morning, the 28th, I was slow in leaving. Anxiety to get back to Belambla was gone. I dreaded the unknown, coming evils. There was repacking in the canoes; our goods, which necessarily for protection against theft or possible rain, had been removed to the huts; and bickering with the villagers over the price of chickens, plantains, and other food supplies. On our way, we met three large canoes passing down-river. On hailing them, they said they were Goree (Senegal). There were two white men with them, who, we were told later, were the traveler Dr. Lenz and Mr. Lubcke, representative of Woërmann's firm. On passing through the Ozugavizya creek, it was more than usually obstructed with sand-banks; so, we turned into the Kenjĕ cut-off. Looking ahead, I was speculating on every desirable point of land, as possible ground for a new station. My eyes fixed themselves on a hill in the distance, which I did not just then recognize. Mr. Reading also was looking at it. As if he was reading my thought, he exclaimed, "There's the place for your new station!" It was Kângwe Hill! His thought was soon to be materialized. We reached Adâlinanângâ by 5.30 P. M. Messrs. Travis, Woodward and Findley, on a pier they were building at the Aguma landing, met us with a confirmation of the news of the robbery of my house. But, I felt slightly relieved when they told me that no malicious damage was done to the house itself; and that Kasa had a prisoner in chains awaiting me.

News also that the Fañwe had finally emerged from the forest, and had built in many places on the right bank of the river. Not knowing how friendly they might be, and to avoid giving

them any temptation. Mr. Reading and I rearranged our goods, taking for the remainder of the journey, only food and necessary supplies.

In journeying the next day, the absence of current, due to low water, allowed our progress to be rapid, even in the tortuous channels. We kept along the left or Akĕle bank. At a *mbâgâ* (fishing-camp) near Tazie, bought fresh fish. Details of the robbery had been given us, as we journeyed that day. And, before sundown, were installed in Sakwĕle's new trading-house. A Mpongwe trader, Angila-kukulani, was there sick. At night, the beautiful moonlight was soothing to the anxieties of the daylight; and, our thoughts rested themselves elsewhere. Mr. Reading said that the view reminded him of the Delaware River at his Frenchtown, N. J., home.

The following day, August 30, we proceeded slowly, gathering at the villages details of the robbery. Stopped at Avyake's to eat. Landed at Ondĕñe's in order to hear his somewhat official report. As I listened to him, I felt in my heart as if he was a partaker in the outrage. In passing Kasa's, was informed that he was absent, at a fishing-camp farther up the river. I reached my house at 5 P. M. There was an ominous silence; for, there were no persons living on the premises. The grass and white ants had been well kept down by Ñwanajâ whom I had left in charge; but, the reports of breaking open of doors and windows by the robbers were evidently true. I felt sad at the probable necessity of leaving the place, as I saw no apparent protection for the future. Ñwanajâ came with the key of the house; and told me the story of the robbery:—Everything had gone on well and safely, until the time had expired at which I had promised to return. Then, the Fañwe had suddenly appeared in large numbers on the other side of the river, and the Bakĕle became frightened, fearing an invasion by them. Kasa was so alarmed that he ordered her to leave my house, and return for safety to his village. She had objected, saying she wished to remain and fulfill the trust I had placed in her. He insisted that she should leave, as the house stood alone in the forest, and that if she alone there with only a lad should be killed by the Fañwe, her people would hold him responsible for her death. She therefore had left. But, even so, the house, unprotected, stood safe in the forest for two whole weeks; safe under the prestige of my name and Kasa's.

Then, two Orungu traders, following a risen wave of coast-tribe animosity (of which I had met one form at the Ogowe

mouth in the Lisboa assault on my Galwas) spread a report that I did not intend to return, and that the coast-tribes were to prevent the entrance into the river of any more white men. (A part of Aziza-njĕle's raging talk to me!) Those same Orungu had said that, as I would not return and no longer cared for my house, having abandoned it, they would take possession of what I had left. Thereupon, some of the Bakĕle, whether or not they believed the statement that I had abandoned the house, claimed that they were my heirs. So, they joined the Orungu in breaking into the house, and shared in the plunder. I had entire faith in Ñwanajâ. To this day, I do not believe that she shared in the thefts. I believed her truthful; and though what she told me might not be all true or the entire truth, I believe that she believed what had been told to her. The next day, Disingwe came to say that he was going up-river to call Kasa. I did no work on the premises, except to keep the weeds from the houses; and awaited events.

The following day, Friday, September 1, Kasa came, and arranged for the "palaver" for next day. Then, Saturday, the 2d, he, Ondĕñe, and others came; but, the talk was very unsatisfactory; a shifting of responsibility; professed ignorance of who were guilty; and pleas for delay, professedly for following up some clues of guilt. The prisoner whom Kasa had been holding, had been enabled to escape. Kasa returned to me some of my goods, which he said he had rescued. In heart, I was not sure that they were not found in the hands of his own people. They were pieces of furniture, tubs, buckets, etc., which I would have seen in their huts, had they not been returned; and none of them were valuable. Everything of value was gone. A personal loss of $200; and of the Mission's, at least $100. Delay was exasperating. Why should there be delay? Two weeks had already elapsed since the robbery. Why had he done nothing in the interval? But, I was helpless. I passed the time in entertaining Mr. Reading, who, from the very first, was pronounced in his opinion that nothing would be gained by delay. On Monday, the 4th, I took him on an excursion up-river; and found that the Fañwe, who had appeared on the other side, were not savages from the Interior; but, they had come from the banks of the Rĕmbwe, an affluent of the Gaboon, where they had had some contact with civilization.

As the question of abandoning Belambla was still *sub judice*, and I must needs come back thither, at least temporarily, after

A VILLAGE PALAVER

Facing page 158

I should escort Mr. Reading down-river, I did some little work at repairing the doors and windows, leaving in the house some few goods, as sign of possession and occupancy. I did not fear there would be any more stealing, when it was known that I would return, as Kasa and others said that the real reason for the robbery had been simply the taking possession of (supposed) abandoned property! I did not believe him. But, his words, which were a placing of the blame on myself, made me consider, what would have happened, if I had done differently. If I had yielded to the two "strikers" in June, had increased their wage, and they had stayed in charge, would they have remained? Would they not have fled when the Orungu threats were made? I feel sure they would have. Then, if I had not promised to return by a certain date, would the case have been any better? True, making the promise was not wise; but, a faithful servant, like Ñwanajâ, would still hold to the trust. All would have been well, if Kasa had not compelled her to abandon the house. There was no real ground for his fear of Fañwe; they did not attack. Even, unprotected, the house would have been safe, but for the conspiracy of the Orungu, Aziza-njĕle's outrage was not a purely local affair. The monopolistic attempt was concerted in the entire river. I believe that Kasa was a consenting factor in the robbery, and was, in self-defense, trying to put the blame on me.

On September 6, I escorted Mr. Reading to Aguma House. There, Mr. Travis informed me of the attempted robbery of the German agent Schulze and his Senegal clerk Mr. Mané, by the Orungu at the mouth of the river! So! it was not only a missionary who could be attacked. Was it true that Aziza-njĕle would attempt to drive all the white men out of the river? Indeed, Mr. Travis represented that it would not be safe, now that there had been an actual fight, for us to go there. Nevertheless, as it was necessary for Mr. Reading to return, by a promised date, to his work at Libreville, we continued to make preparations for the journey. But, we took a day off, remembering our view of Kângwe Hill ten days previously, and went and examined that hill in the Ajumba branch of the Ogowe, and opposite to a village Atangina (not Atangino). We admired the romantic ravine in the hillside, its unfailing spring of clear cool water (a point that deeply impressed me, in view of my mistake at Mbâde (Benita) and disappointment with the Mbilye at Belambla), and the extensive views from the hilltop. Sore as

my feet still were with chigoes, I pushed my way through the dense bushes of that steep hillside, and climbed a tree to obtain the view that was obstructed by the forest.

In my escort of Mr. Reading, on Saturday, September 9, I started on the journey down; stopping over Sunday at the village of Ayĕnwe's wife. Resuming the journey on Monday, one of my men, Jĕnagani, in fear of what might happen at Orungu, refused to go any farther; I dismissed him from my service. Stopped at Orânga, for food; but their prices were too high. On to Igenja, where the people were dancing, dressed in ridiculous attire. There, Zintango and Ayĕnwe did not refuse to go on, but, they were so evidently paralyzed with fear, that I preferred they should await my return there. Then, a young man Awora, who, as a Mpanja (a sub-division of Galwa) said he was not afraid, volunteered. His mother, in fear, tried to prevent his going with me. He ran away from her, and actually jumped into the boat, as I pushed it off from the landing. (Years afterward, he became a Christian, and a church elder.)

The rainy season was approaching; there actually were a few showers. Because of low water in the channels, making our progress often slow and tortuous, we failed to reach Avanga; and, late at night, had to sleep in the forest. This was no new experience for me; but, I feared rain for Mr. Reading. Resuming the journey next morning, and stopping at Ngumbe, I found Chief Isâgi unusually attentive, giving us fowls, plantains, and sugar-cane. I was pleased to see, that, instead of, as a Nkâmi, siding with the Orungu coast tribe, he had taken the part of the river tribes. It was he who had rescued Mr. Mané and his crew, who had been attacked by Aziza-njĕle near Ngumbe (not, as first report had said, at the mouth of the river). That assault on Mr. Mané was even more serious than the outrage on myself. In my case, the attempt was made only to prevent my entering the river. In Mané's case, he had been followed, and an attempt at robbery made, after he had ascended the river some 70 miles, and was in the limits of another tribe. To aid the crew, I hired two lads from Isâgi. At King Njâgu's, we met a number of Mpongwe traders who had been in the company of Mr. Schulze's schooner when it had been attacked by the Orungu, and who had come on up-river from Angâla, "King" Esongi's. They warned us not to attempt to emerge at Orungu, during the then present excitement. Nevertheless, on the Wednesday, we made an early start before dawn. We stuck in a shallow channel, troublesomely near to a hippopotamus.

VIEW UP-RIVER FROM KANGWE HILLSIDE

Facing page 160

Finally, we reached Angâla about 5 P. M. My friendly "King" Esongi gave us the news of the river. I always respected his intelligence and his judgment. He thought it safe for us to proceed. But, we hesitated, not knowing whether the *Hudson* had kept its appointment to be there to meet us; it would not be wise to go into an Orungu village to wait for that vessel, nor safe to camp in the mangrove swamp. So, on Thursday, the 14th, I hired Esongi's nephew, Banga (Afraid) to go the thirty miles to the mouth, and see whether the *Hudson* was there. In his light canoe, he should have returned on Friday. As he had not returned by Saturday morning, I went up-river to Onanga's, and hired his large native boat and crew of six men, for $28, to take Mr. Reading the thirty miles to sea, and the seventy miles by sea, to Libreville (I, subsequently, to buy the boat). He was anxious to get to his home, lest Mrs. Reading (who, of course, would have heard native reports of Aziza-njĕle's doings) would be unduly distressed. Banga returned that evening, reporting "no *Hudson.*"

On Monday, September 18, though there was a slight rain, Mr. Reading was off at 7 A. M. with his stout Nkâmi crew. (He reached Gaboon in entire safety.)

CHAPTER XV

BELAMBLA STATION ABANDONED, SEPTEMBER, 1876

WHEN the rain had ceased, I loaded my kongongo, and started on the 100 mile return to Adâlinanângâ. Slept in the forest. The next night, Tuesday, the 19th, we rested at Yâmbe, having made forty miles in the two days, I holding the rudder, so that every one of the crew could be steadily at the paddles. The next day, the 20th, at Ngumbe, I landed Isâgi's two lads, and paid their wages. But, one of them, Mbumba, had so attracted me by his good looks, and himself was pleased, that I retained him in my service. With the risk of rain, passed the night in the forest, at a deserted Avanga camp.

The next day, resisting the calls of people at various villages for me to stop and purchase their wares, I went on to a new village of the Igenja district, and found Ombya-ogwana (the former *Pioneer* pilot) living there. He had quarreled with his people about my Mpongwe ReTeno's brass-kettle (lost at the time I had stopped at his former place on my way up-river with Mr. Reading), and had removed to this new place. He had very poor accommodations; not even the native gum torches.

The next day, Friday, 22d, I had to hire two new young men, being disappointed in not finding awaiting me the two whom I had allowed to leave, on our way down-river. But, during the day, I met them coming to me. They had been detained by the death of their friend Tivino's father. The increased crew pulled well; and we reached Zintango's just at dusk. The next day, I took the dismissed Nandi-kijemba again into my service, thus making my company nine in number. Stopped at Ginigo, Aveya's village, for him to go with me and show me localities which he said were desirable building-sites. The Galwa were now anxious for me to leave Belambla, and build with them. I examined two fine localities; one, near Ginigo; and the other farther up-river, in view of the mouth of Ozugavizya Creek. Ascended that creek, and stopped at Ayĕnwe's father's village, Orĕma-w-indego (Heart-of-Friends) to buy fish. Passed on, and slept at Ntyuwaguma. Was well received, though the people were noisy in excitement over their pursuit of a passing

canoe, and the capture of a woman in some family quarrel. They could not restrain their noise, even during my evening prayers.

Even on the next day, Sunday, the 24th, though I rested, the day was marked by much confusion. The people were still noisy over their captive; my crew were troublesome about their food; the little boys of the village were having riotous enjoyment in their play of catching goats with a noose, as a lasso. Their game became ludicrous even to me, when one male goat resented proceedings, and put one of the lads to flight. One young man made an effort to quiet the audience, while I was holding service. But, he made things even worse, by his loud and pugnacious conduct. I had read an American western book, one of whose chapters told of certain lively scenes in a church called "The Best Licks." That young man reminded me of it. A pleasant contrast were the smiles and gratitude of a woman who brought me a present of six eggs in return for a small gift I had given her.

The following day, Monday, I stopped at Kângwe Hill to lunch, and to inspect its lower side. Found another fine ravine, and delightful fresh water. Then, we raced with two of Mr. Travis's canoes, reaching his Aguma House at 1 P. M.; where I was comfortably safe. For, that night, there was rain with thunder and lightning, the first thunder of the new season; the official announcement of the rainy. The water in the river also was rising.

On Wednesday, September 27, I started again for Belambla. Reached Anyambe-jena's early, and stopped for the night. A stranger to the customs of those people might have thought I was in some danger, from a loud quarrel that was going on. There were some very war-like threats and acts, about some brother-in-law of his. As long as native proceedings were not about or on account of me, I had learned that it was wisest for the visitor not to interfere. After the confusion had quieted, I had my usual evening prayer.

The following day, the 28th, passed the villages of Manda and Myangañe, stopping only at Ondĕñe's, where I heard that Bakĕle had been killing Fañwe. That was very disastrous for my mission prospects, and utterly preposterous as a tribal political move. I knew, as sure as fate, that no tribe could bar Fañwe advance. Diplomacy, if nothing better, should have told the Bakĕle to meet them with friendship. Reached my Belambla house about 2 P. M. There again another blow! The house had again been

plundered! This time, *everything* was gone, doors, windows, furniture, and every movable thing! But, I did not feel hurt as much as at the first robbery. The events of the intervening four weeks, Kasa's futile efforts at reparation during my absence down-river, information from interviews with white men and other tribes, and my actual consideration of the probability of removal to Galwa, had largely lessened my interest in Belambla. Instead of pain for the loss to my work, I felt indignation at the insult to myself. I had given faith and love and trust and devotion to the Bakĕle. And, they had failed me. If it was true that only Orungu had been the robbers in August, I felt sure that Bakĕle, Goree, Orungu and all were sharers in this last demonstration. How could I have any faith that anything, even life, would be safe, if I remained at Belambla? Would it not be a case of "casting pearls before swine"? There would need to be some demonstration more vigorous and effective than any yet made by Kasa or any one of the Bakĕle, to induce me to remain. And, yet, the neighbors flocked to see me, and were desirous to sell me food! But, I said nothing publicly. It is oriental to go slowly. Africans are oriental. They deride the fluttering bluster of some white men.

In the meantime, whether my temporary continuance there should be weeks or only a few days, I must put in order the house in which I was still to sleep. On Friday, the 29th, I set to work to mend the broken doors, and brush the dusty walls. Ñwanajâ and Akanda came; and I gave them pretty dresses sent for them by mission ladies at the Coast, before I had even dreamed of such a thing as robbery. And, as to Ñwanajâ, I still had entire faith in her. Misfortunes do not come singly. About midnight, I was aroused by an alarm of fire. The bamboo kitchen, only a few yards from the house, was in blaze. Fortunately, the wind was very light, and was blowing *from* the house. I worked desperately at beating out the flames, and in forming my employees into a "bucket-line" with tins, kettles, etc., from the river. They seemed indifferent or dazed. The Kombe, Kongolo, was the only really active one. I had carried out of the house some of my more valuable boxes and goods, among them, a bolt of cloth, and had left them in Awora's care in the workman's hut, which was at a safe distance. After the fire was extinguished, the cloth was missing! He had stolen it! At first, he denied; but, presently he admitted, and restored the cloth. And, this, from one of my own employees! What was

to be the end? (I have not at any time supposed that the fire was other than accidental.)

On Saturday, the 30th, Kasa and many people came to inquire about the burning. They expressed sympathy. But, they had a variety of suspicions. I think, now, that some of them believed that it was a deliberate act of mine, to destroy what I could not take away, as my first step in leaving them. I was told that an investigation of the robbery of the house was being made against Ñandi's people.

I tried to put away the conflicting thoughts, in order properly to conduct the Sunday services of October 1. Very few people came. But, it was some satisfaction that the lad Kimagwe, of whom I had had hopes in spiritual interest, came both to morning service and afternoon Sabbath school.

But, on Monday, it was difficult to suppress indignation at the crowd of visitors who came asking for gifts. Did they really despise me, that, having lost so much, and apparently accepting the loss so meekly, my meekness was mistaken for weakness? The rich white man had so much, that what was gone by the Orungu robbers was only a bagatelle, and he still had abundance to give to his Bakĕle "friends"? But I was to live and eat, even the little while I might stay there; so, I began to rebuild the kitchen, with Kongolo as a blundering carpenter.

On October 2, I wrote from Belambla to my sister at Benita:

"I am kind of dazed. A great deal will have to be done. When, or what, I don't know. Accumulated misfortunes have left me without energy to do anything. That was the reason I did not write you any more than the little note from Angâla, on the 18th of September, when Mr. Reading and I parted. I returned safely up the river (the rains holding off) with my five crew; and gathered four others in the way. Reached Mr. Travis' trading-post (Aguma) on Monday, September 25. That night the rains began 'officially,' with thunder and lightning. On the Wednesday, I came on here, arriving early in the afternoon of Thursday. All the month and while I had been down the river with Mr. Reading, Kasa and his people had been away fishing. They returned just the day before I did. He had done nothing about the robbery 'palaver.' The stealing had been repeated, and even damage done, with appearance of destruction for ruin sake; of which there had been none at first. I can do nothing by myself. It is not as at Benita and Corisco.

I am entirely in the hands of this one man. I think I ought not to stay here, if no redress is obtained. Mr. Reading is certain that I have not chosen the best locality, and should remove, independent of this robbery matter. I wish some one could have said so, exactly a year ago, when I begged the Mission to come and assist my judgment in location, before expense of houses and goods were put on these premises. Mr. Reading said that he wanted to come on the *Pioneer* at that time for that purpose, and would have done so, had not Dr. Bushnell hindered him by saying that himself was coming, when he probably had no intention of doing so. [Dr. Bushnell had a habit of always 'expecting.'] I chose this spot, (passing knowingly and intentionally the very place, Kângwe Hill, which Mr. Reading now chooses) solely for the two reasons, that, the Bakĕle people seemed so friendly; and, that it was twenty-five miles nearer to the longed-for Interior, than the spot of Mr. Reading's among the Galwas. The latter is about one and a half miles from the trading-houses, is the highest ground thus far on the river, steep and difficult of ascent, in a great geographical center of three streams, etc. When I chose Belambla, I could not know that the Bakĕle would show such persistent carelessness for *preaching* and *teaching*, as they have done. The Galwas seem to care for both. Also, *this* spot is (I must admit) a somewhat lonely one. Kângwe Hill (Mr. Reading's) is a place where I would be willing to leave you alone, if I needed to be gone awhile. I am becoming conscious that no new *unmarried* missionary can live here as I have done; that probably no *married* one would be willing to come this far with his wife; and that no recruit of any kind will soon be found by the Board. So, the thought presses itself: Ought I to put more of life and expense on *this* place, which, if I am taken away, will then go down; or, shall I start again, at Kângwe, where, even if I die, or visit America, house and goods will probably be safer in natives' hands than they have proved here. And, yet, I do not blame the Bakĕle much. They stole under the great temptation of the house being without any guard; and, that, after weeks of no guardianship. It was my fault, in leaving only a woman and two children. I trusted too much. Then, too, the Fañwe have appeared on the opposite side of the river, in several places (one village exactly opposite my house); and, they will be a source of confusion, probably making this station like Nengenenge [an abandoned station on the Gaboon River]. I could keep up this place with natives, as an out-station. But, going away will be difficult.

Kasa may resist; of course, he will object. And, going away from a place I like (it is a beautiful spot, even Mr. Reading says that, though Kângwe is grander) is painful work. And, beginning over again, at clearing, and huts on ground, etc., (all of which *must* be preliminary to a house on posts), just after I have gotten into a comfortable neat house, is discouraging. It's hard to know what is right to be done. I am willing to go over the work again; but, it might have been saved me, by a missionary visit of inspection a year ago. And, is it best to stay here just for the sake of holding the advance of twenty-five miles farther into the Interior, even while these people do not seem prepared for the reception of the Gospel? Ought I, by remaining, accept, as if it was a small matter, the repeated robberies of this house? That is, ought I not go away, to show the people what they lose? These, and all sorts of questions come to me; and I put them down, not for you to answer, for, they will probably be answered before your reply could come. You know that I am not at all superstitious; but, a little omen came to me on last Thursday, on landing here: All the way, that day, the sky was clouded, scarcely any sunshine. Just as I came to my landing, the sun shone out. So, I think that there will be light, some day, for Belambla, though, just how, I do not know. Kasa is professing to try to get back my things; but, I am losing all confidence in him. His women were delighted with the dresses. So, I say nothing, as yet, to any one about leaving. He would at once cease any effort to recover my losses. On the Friday night (the next day), after arrival here, one of the three outhouses burned down, the kitchen. ReTeno was sleeping in it, and had carelessly left the fire of logs burning near the side of the hut. (I had sent the stove away for safety, when I took Mr. Reading down-river.) There was but little wind, and what there was blew *past* the frame of my dwelling, not *toward* it.

"In the meanwhile, until I can see it proper to decide the question of leaving or staying, I am building a small kitchen *behind* the dwelling; it will be needed by a native, if I go away. What patience! So often in these African troubles, things decide themselves just by waiting (and this is entirely consistent with watchful observation of events and use of means). But, the process of waiting is wearing. In getting Mr. Reading down and out of the river [which a letter written by Mrs. Reading at Gaboon, at the same time, to my sister at Benita, expressed the hope that I would *not* risk him by attempting to do] I had

to try the 'waiting.' And, he got quite angry at me once, because I would not move faster."

The diagram that appears elsewhere represents my little collection of buildings, at that time. The Ogowe, at that part of its course, ran from a north-easterly to a south-westerly direction. My house faced the setting sun.

The cold which I had caught, on the night of the fire, increased; and, by Wednesday, October 4, I was feverish. The fever grew, as the days went by. I would not go to bed; but, sat wrapped in my overcoat, meeting visitors, and superintending work. But, on Friday, October 6, I succumbed. To all my other troubles was added a threatened attack of pneumonia. For a week, I could do nothing. My diary records which I entered at that time, are chronologically incorrect from October 6 to October 18. I made them, after a partial recovery, on inquiry with Kongolo and my other people, as to the *sequence* of events; the events I myself remembered. But, somewhere, I am short of a day. Part of the time, I am sure I must have been unconscious, for, I do not know how time elapsed. My cough was hard. My employees brought me doses from my medicine-chest, as I was able, from time to time, to direct, when awake or conscious. I remember that, desiring warmth and air, I had my bedding brought out of doors and placed in a hammock, where I could lie wrapped in blankets in the shade of a tree, but still in the hot African air. I remember that, one day, when Kongolo offered me food, and I refused it (for, I was eating nothing under that fever and cough) he, anxious in his loyalty, protested, "You! Dr. Nassau! you! our only missionary! and are you going to die for not eating?" To a native African, inability to eat is the worst sign in any sickness. I remember also, that a lame female cat, which had been brought to me by Masomami, because he thought it was my lost one, and which I had fed and petted, showed its gratitude by climbing into the hammock with me. Only the affection of a cat!

About the 9th, I was so faint for food, and yet without appetite, that I determined to arouse it, and ordered a heroic menu; a tin of canned oysters was opened, stewed with a large quantity of hot chili peppers, and eaten with a roast ripe plantain. It did me good!

About the 9th or 10th, I availed myself of a passing canoe to send a letter to Aguma. Ondĕñe came early in the morning: I do not know what for. I declined to receive any Bakĕle vis-

itors. The 11th of October, my birthday anniversary, made me feel that a continuance of such a kind of life would soon make an old man of me. So weak and listless, and no appetite, while my cough symptoms were improving. So, about the 12th, I determined to rise, and attempt to do some work. A Mpongwe trader brought me a note from Mr. Travis, confirming the report of the killing and drowning of five Orungu, in their assault on Agent Schulze. They were reaping as they had sown. Their assault on me had found me helpless. But, back of the German were his rich employer Wöermann and the German Empire!

My attempt at energy had been unwise; and, about the 14th, I was down again with my cough. Nevertheless, on the Sunday, I attempted to conduct the usual services. I was too weak to make myself heard, and the small audience slipped away. Indeed, at Sunday-school, some lads told Kongolo that the people feared to come. Sickness and the prospect of death have a terrifying influence on the native Africans. Several of my own Galwa employees slipped away, to enjoy themselves otherwise. Ñwanajâ brought one of my stolen utensils. Even she, friendly woman, after recovering it, had retained it awhile, for use in her kitchen! For a moment, I did the good woman the injustice of suspecting, that, having the keys, she was perhaps the original thief. I was doubting everybody. But, I have heard of similar acts being done in Christian America.

October 18 was a notable day. An Akĕle from near the Ngunye River came with some fine plantains to sell, and with him two Fañwe acquaintances to see me! They were from the village just opposite across the river; and they had been afraid to come before, because of my Bakĕle! There! I said to myself, that may be the beginning of many Fañwe coming to a station neglected by Bakĕle! I had, when I began the Belambla work, expected that Fañwe would appear on the river, perhaps in the course of five years. They had actually arrived in less than one! I was without letters, and needed supplies. In the disturbed state of the river, I did not think it safe to send my crew. At no time was I afraid for myself. And, I believed that my presence would be a sufficient protection for the crew. I was sure that people who would rob or steal, would not do so in my presence. There was still some outward respect for the white man. So, leaving Kongolo in charge, I got things together to go down to Mr. Travis at Aguma, in order to meet the expected *Pioneer*. She always made her initial journey, in the rainy season, as soon as the river rose in September.

On the way, stopped at Ondĕñe's. He was alarmed when he was told that Fañwe had actually been visiting at my house. While eating on an island opposite the Ngunye mouth, was caught in a heavy rain; and reached Mr. Travis's very wet, in the middle of the afternoon. I found there awaiting me a box, brought by Mr. Schulze ten days before, containing a large and precious list of letters.

In the evening, while chatting with Clerk Woodward, I proposed to him that, on a certain day, he and I should go bird-hunting. He looked at me with somewhat of surprise, saying, "Do you hunt on Sunday?" To hunt on Sunday was not strange for himself; but he seemed to think it inconsistent in the clergyman. I replied, "Why! that day will not be Sunday; it will be Saturday." He disputed, and referred to the shop account-book and his own diary. I appealed to my diary; but, had to admit that, during the sickness at Belambla, when for a week I made no entries day by day, I may have dropped a day. But, we held the matter *sub judice,* until the *Pioneer* should arrive, agreeing that the question should be decided by the captain's log.

The Aguma traders were hospitable, their table free; but, their sleeping accommodations limited. So, I went to the Galwa town, Atangina (the Predestined) of Chief Re-Nkombe, opposite to Kângwe Hill, for lodging at nights. The people there were polite, compared with the Bakĕle, not noisy or troublesome; not standing in my light watching me when I wrote; and careful about noises in my presence. I had pleasant chats with them in the evening. But, on Sunday evening, was scandalized by four of my Galwas going to a dance. I fined them; and two of them left my service.

On October 20, I wrote to my sister at Benita:

"I came down here yesterday, hoping to meet the *Pioneer,* which, I understood, was to be here on the 19th. I had several reasons; needed to get some supplies from what I had left in storage, at this trading-post; wanted to send letters by the *Pioneer;* had a hope that something in the letters I might expect from the Board or the Mission, would help me to decide the question about removing my station to this point; it was time to hear from the Board about my proposal, temporarily to leave their service in order to join Mr. Bruce Walker on his proposed journey of exploration; if I decided to come to Kângwe, I would at once reveal my intentions to the Galwas. Also, I was weak

from my long attack of cough, which found tender ground in my throat never perfectly clear of a cold in the previous November. And, I wanted a change. I will go back to my station; and, if I remove from there to this place, I may have some trouble in so doing. But, I hope that the Lord will protect and direct."

In the mail, I found an excellent letter from Secretary Lowrie, under date of June 20:

"It does trouble me not a little, to think of your being still all alone there. . . . It troubles me not a little to think of your sister and Miss Jones being at Benita without the company of any gentleman. In neither case does it seem right, wise, expedient, or anything else! except it be necessary. But we must pray and hope for reinforcement to both Benita and Ogowe."

On Monday, October 23, I announced to the Atangina people that I would come and build at Kângwe. And, the next day, I started back up-river, to inform the Bakĕle of my decision. One of my eyes was very much swollen and painful with an eye-worm. But, I held the rudder all the way, arriving at Belambla, on Wednesday, the 25th, where I found things in good order under Kongolo's care. He was overjoyed on receiving letters from his Benita home, which had come in my mail.

The next day, I announced to Kasa that I would leave. I felt a little anxious as to how he would take it. I knew that, according to native idea (which white traders, up to that time, had been compelled to submit to) I and my house and goods, in a sense, "belonged" to him. *I* might possibly be allowed to leave, if I put some one in my place. But house and goods must remain. Traders, under such circumstances, had succeeded in removing their goods only by a secret flight at night. Kasa seemed quite depressed; did not say much; and told me he would come again to tell me what he thought. Two days later, he came. We had a long talk, he trying to change my determination. When he asked whether my only reason for going was the robbery, I admitted that a great reason was my discovery of the fair site and indispensable spring at Kângwe. He finally assented not to obstruct me, on my promise that Belambla should be retained as an out-station, with a native teacher always there. Irrespective of the fact that this "saved his face," it fell in with my own intentions. I, at no time, had thought of entirely clos-

ing Belambla. I intended to retain a native teacher there. The interview was amicably closed by my presenting Kasa with a trade-gun (worth about $3) as a parting gift. But, on Monday, the 30th, he came to say I must delay my going, as he wished me to listen to his public talk about my stolen goods. I was somewhat amazed at this; for, I did not believe that his "talk" would amount to anything. Had he been sincere, he should have spoken and acted more vigorously two months before. My doubts were justified, when he came next day with Ñando. He was still professing to be endeavoring to recover the goods. (That was impossible, after the lapse of two months.) I read to him a list of them, to the cash value of $300.

I never recovered any. During subsequent years, in my journeys on the river, I saw small articles, pictures, pamphlets, tools, etc., etc. But, I never "let on" that I recognized them. There was no certainty that the native, on the wall of whose hut the article was hanging, had been the thief. Quite possibly it had been given to him, or he had bought it. Of one article, my handsome $25 flute, I heard, as being in the possession of a Goree trader. I never had any dealings with them; they were Mohammedans and French subjects from Senegal. Had I pursued the matter, I could not have proved that *he* was the thief; and, I could have recovered the flute, only on an expensive and troublesome entry into the intricacies of French law. [Some years later, my friend Thos. G. Morton, M.D., gave me the valuable one I now have, formerly his brother's.] I felt sad at leaving the station; I had put so much of prayer, and hope, and care on it. [Long years afterward, under the Mission's French Protestant successors in the Ogowe, I had, in 1906, a most touching farewell service there, with one of the French missionaries and some Bakĕle Christians; among them was Kimagwe.]

On Tuesday, October 31, I left Kongolo in charge of the house and the little school, where he would hold a Sunday service. As his assistants on the premises, I gave him two of my young men. And, I bade good-by to Belambla!

I did not stop at any villages on the way down. There would have been only the endless inquiry of, Why did I leave Bakĕle? And the empty denial of any share in the robbery. Came up in my mind the constant undercurrent of reasoning: If all these professed "friends" were so sorry about the outrage, why had not some of them revealed, pursued, and punished the offenders? Had they done so, I probably would not have left Belambla. But, I still think that it was well that I did. Kângwe was a

better locality; and the Galwa a more hopeful people. I kept on down the left bank, to Lembarene in the small Inenga tribe, before crossing to Aguma. (That name, "Lembarene," has since then been transferred to the site of the French headquarters, three miles lower down on the right bank of the main stream.) The report that I was seeking a new location for my station had preceded me. An old woman, sister of the former Galwa King Nkombe, married at Inenga, with a crowd of people begged me to build there. But, I did not even entertain their suggestion. There was no desirable site. Their plea, that they were desirous to have their children taught, was, I believe, true.

Arrived at Aguma, I found another mail, which had come by the *Pioneer,* five days previously. Mr. Woodward produced the captain's statement that my chronology of days was wrong. There was the loss of a day between the 6th and the 18th of October. For three weeks I had been keeping Sabbath on Saturday! Came on to Atangina, and was welcomed by its "Chief" or head-man, Re-Nkombe (Lord of the Sun). But, immediately, his selfish interests began to object to my leaving his side of the river.

CHAPTER XVI

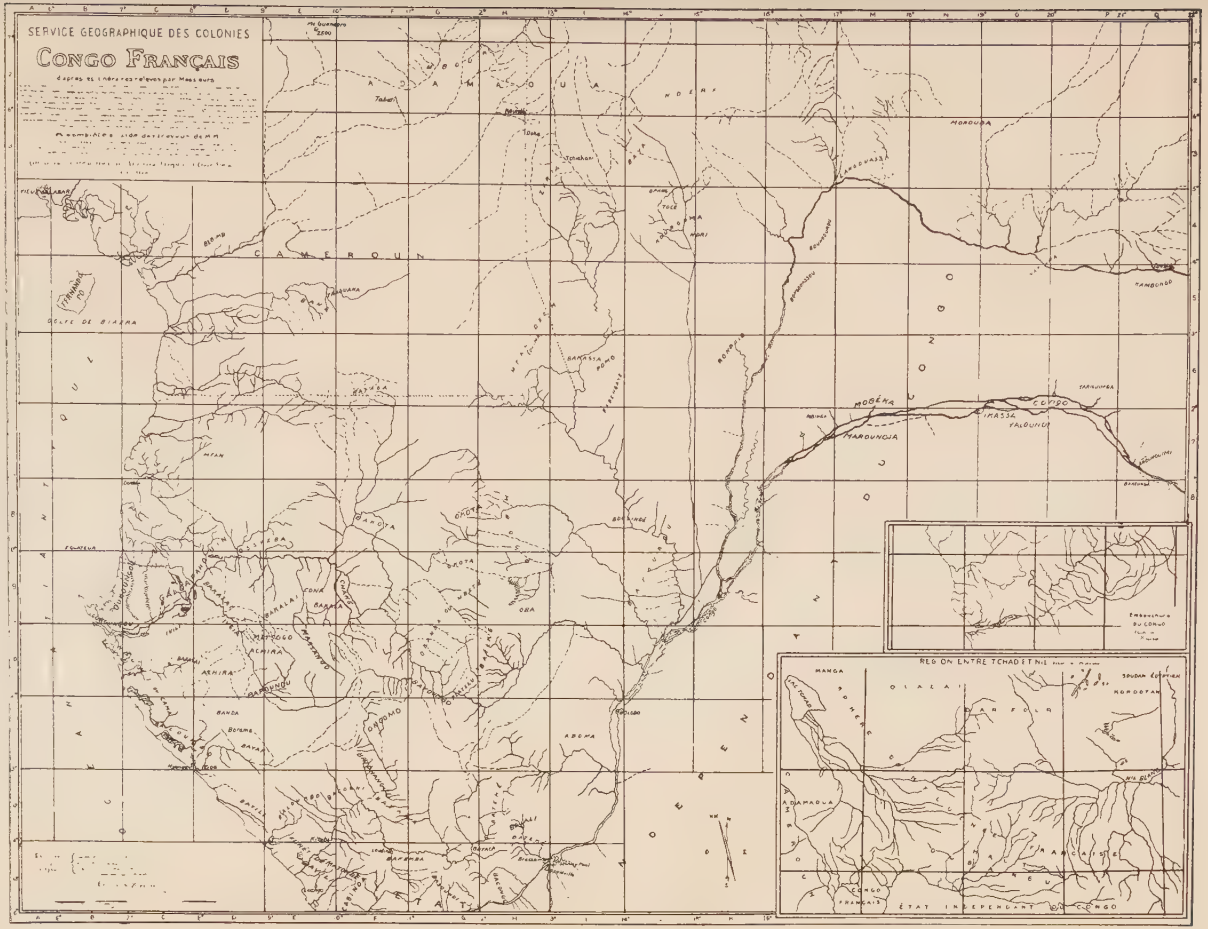
WITH RE-NKOMBE, NOVEMBER, 1876

THE next day, Wednesday, November 1, I went to Aguma, to put my boxes in order. While there, the body of a Galwa, who, only the day before, had gone with a native trader, was brought to his home. He had died of excessive liquor drinking. The rum ruin was all around me!

I called a visit of ceremony on Galwa King Amale, an old man of no force of character, at Adâlinanângâ town. With much assumed dignity, he informed me that he would come to Atangina, and settle about the locality on which I might build! When I returned to Atangina that evening, Re-Nkombe showed me a place, on which he desired me to build, near him. There were no villages on the Kângwe side, and he said that he feared the Fañwe would come and molest me. I assured him that doubtless they would come, some day (as they did, two years later); that I was not afraid of them; and that my choice of Kângwe was unchangeable. And, he and I settled the matter, without waiting for the old King. Indeed, Re-Nkombe, only an inferior chief, was pleased that I recognized him without reference to the "King." At once, I hired one of his people, Mamwĕme. The next day, I hired another, Kanizo. In the afternoon, Re-Nkombe called me to go to Kângwe Hill, to select the site for my temporary bamboo building. We went; and, he seemed satisfied to yield to my wishes, though he regretted that I had put the river between him and myself.

I still think that I had acted wisely in my dealings with Kasa, considering that he was *Kasa* and an *Akŏlo*. But, Re-Nkombe was more civilized, and, I think, a man of less duplicity. And, I at once determined on a course more independent than I had been able to adopt with Kasa. On our return to Atangina, I gave Re-Nkombe's little daughter, Aworo, two yards of calico print (an ample garment for a child), and he gave me a chicken. Thus the interchange of "friendship" gifts began. After evening prayers, most of the villagers remained to hear me sing hymns.

On Friday, November 3, Re-Nkombe told me that he was



Facing page 174

going to Aguma on an errand; and, as I was also going there, we agreed to go together. He proposed, on the way, that I should stop at a village, Loango-ayili, of his brother Dango, and have a settlement of the sale of the Kângwe Hill property. I liked all this promptness, as compared with the long delays and excuses of Kasa at Belambla. We waited at Dango's, and sent for the two Galwa Chiefs Amale and Magisi. They came; and after a short discussion, they all agreed to sell me the entire Hill, from Audĕnde Creek on the Hill's upper side, down to a place called Ivenda-ntyango on its lower side, including an indefinite amount of forest in a curved line between those two points. The property would be in the shape of half an ellipse, the long diameter being represented by the river. I never estimated how many acres would be included in the tract; probably, at least one hundred. The land was not occupied by any villages; for, the Galwas were timid about living on that "Fañwe side" of the river; the steep hillsides were not available for plantations; and, I was desirous to secure the large and otherwise useless tract that would prevent the future attempts of natives to build near me: thus to escape the annoyances I had been subjected to at Belambla. I promptly paid to Re-Nkombe his named sum of $20 (in trade-goods) and he divided it with the other men.

The next day, I went with my five young men to clear a site for a temporary hut at the foot of Kângwe Hill. The day, Saturday, November 4, marked the beginning of another era in my Ogowe life, the Kângwe era. The site was on a little level at the steep foot of the Hill, and on the edge of a ravine, down which flowed a little stream from the spring farther up the range. On the side of the stream was a space just wide enough for a boat-house to be erected. In the evening, in Atangina village, there came news of tribal war; and a war-dance so occupied the people's attention, that the presence of even the white guest was forgotten.

But, on Sunday morning, my services were well attended, especially as there came a Mpongwe trader of some prominence, Ngeza, who was with his Mpongwe attendants awaiting at Aguma their trade-supplies from Mr. Travis. I often met this man in later years. He had been educated in the Baraka School at Libreville; he held a good position, and had influence that might have been for great good. But, his attitude to me always seemed to be that of one who thought he was doing a favor in attending the missionary's religious services. He was civilized, and prided himself on his Mpongwe tribal position. Later, he

united with the Gaboon church, but not until after a service to Mammon in the rum traffic, he had amassed enough money to be called wealthy.

It was the middle of the rainy season. The average height of the thermometer, during a year, is 85°. That afternoon, the mercury fell from 84° to 73°. As 70° is the annual minimum, the fall of ten degrees in one hour was a very unusual reduction. It was felt as much as a fall of 20° or 30° in one day, in the United States. There was news that the war-reports of Saturday evening were true. A woman had been shot at Loango-ayili village by some Bakĕle enemies.

Every day I went across the river to Kângwe Hill, to work at the clearing for my new home. The evenings were spent in Atangina, where I affiliated with the people. They sang for me their native songs, and I responded with Benga and English hymns, and English songs. While I had been acquiring the Dikĕle dialect at Belambla, I made no effort to learn Galwa (a variety of Mpongwe). But, as my workmen there had been most of them Galwa; and my visits to Libreville had thrown me among Mpongwe, I was becoming familiar with it. So, abandoning the Dikĕle, I set myself to acquire Mpongwe.

While superintending the work of clearing and building, I often sat under the shade of the oil-palms, and wrote letters to relatives in the United States, to churches and Sabbath schools, or to officers of the Board.

On November 10, I wrote to my sister at Benita, in explanation of my leaving Belambla:

"The animus of this entire Orungu trouble is that Portugal (under British cruisers) has stopped the slave-trade with St. Thomas Island, and the Orungu have no more means of gain. While they had the slave-trade, they did not care for the commerce that went by them to the Galwa. Now, their jealousy is aroused. I confess that it is hard to leave Belambla, and begin over again here, even though this place be more beautiful, and the Galwa more hopeful. Perhaps, I have only myself to blame, as, I saw this place two years ago, and passed it for Belambla, *for the sake of getting farther toward the Interior.* I do not remove from Akĕle *because* of the robbery; other considerations presented by Mr. Reading move me. . . . But, I have felt less about the having to begin to build over again, than about the thought that my Akĕle work was lost. That fear is lessening, under the hope that Kongolo may be an efficient aid. He was a miserable blunderer at anything with tools; and I ceased to give

him that kind of work. But I have had *no one*, who, like him, has taken care of me, and my clothes, etc., and who can be manly without seeming to think that the first evidence of manliness was to be disobedient or disrespectful. He seems pleased with the idea of "keeping station." . . . I am writing this on a book on my lap, sitting on my food-chest, by a mountain rill that comes down this ravine, that reminds me of American hills. These hills and ravines are just like those at Sĕnje Falls of the Bonito River."

In the evenings, on my return from work, in the late afternoon, the Atangina children wanted to be taught to read. (So different from the Bakĕle children, few of whom had come without urging!) Even two young women came, named Ovĕmbwe and Pando: the former seemed to have an awakening to the truth that knowledge might be power, and that it might give her more skill in the washing and ironing which she claimed she was able to do. I had hitherto been having the lads living with me do my washing. It was "done" after a sort, even though they had a charcoal iron with which to iron. When this young "wife" of my patron Re-Nkombe told me she knew how to iron, I hired her to do it. She was an improvement on my lads. She had learned from the Mpongwe women, who, as "temporary wives," I found following most of the traders' houses, doing the washing and sewing of the house. They had learned at Libreville from our Baraka school-girls. So, in this, and in other indirect ways, I was helped by our coast-schools. There was much labor at those schools, to which there *appeared* no good results; but, it *did* find, long after, or in a score of indirect ways, influence for good.

Going one day to the English house, I met a very large canoe paddled by twenty men, belonging to a prominent Nkâmi chief. Himself was in the canoe. He had gone to the house to get trade-goods on credit, or "trust," as the system was called then. But, he had been ordered away from the landing-place, because there was lying in the bow of the canoe, one of his slaves, broken out with small-pox. There he had been sick for several days, handling and being handled, and, yet his master had not isolated him! He was properly ordered from the trading-place, where there is always a concourse of people. I do not know what his master did with him. I heard that he left him in the care of one of the Galwa villages. I wonder that the disease did not spread. It had been very destructive in Africa at times. Very little was done, in the Interior, at that time, for small-pox

patients, besides warm and cold baths. The coast tribes had learned to isolate them.

On Saturday, November 11, came a little souvenir of the Belambla robbery. Mr. Lubcke, in charge of the German trading-house, sent me a chromo, "The Strawberry Girl," which had been intended as one of the modest adornments of my African house, and which he had found in the possession of one of his native traders. Its history was: Just before leaving America, from my furlough in 1874, I had subscribed for Forney's weekly Philadelphia *Press*. At the office, I was given choice of two chromos, as premiums, a "Madonna," or a "Strawberry Girl." I admire in history, the Jewess Mary, the wife of Joseph, who was "blessed above all women," as a woman; but, I did not wish anything to do with Roman Catholic Madonnas. So, as I had seen neither picture, I chose the "Strawberry Girl." It was handed to me sealed. I did not open it at that time, but put it in my trunk for Africa. In the Ogowe, I did not open it, for I had no place in my hut on which to hang it. Still unopened, it was among the goods stolen at Belambla. The Akĕle thief had sold it to this Mpongwe trader of the German house, whose agent, accidentally seeing it, had inquired about it, seized it, and restored it to me at Atangina. That trader was not necessarily charged as being a thief. He may have come into possession honestly. But, Mr. Lubcke, in kind consideration for a fellow white man, had not allowed his employee to retain stolen property, having first kindly framed it, as a recompense for the offense of his trader. I hung it up in my room in the Atangina hut. There, the little woman's brown cheeks, red lips, and golden hair, were much admired by my many native visitors. To my great regret, it was assumed to be a picture of my wife! I suppose that I was partly to be blamed; for, when they had asked me what the picture was, I had only replied, "omwanto," which, in Mpongwe, means both *woman* and *wife*. In none of the other dialects of which I knew (except in Benga) was there a distinct word for "wife." For *wife*, they, like the rustics of America or England, say *woman*. After that, I took pains to correct their error.

Previous to entering the Ogowe, I had spoken only Benga, and my correspondents knew that any native word I used was of that tribe. But, after having been two years in the river, and learning also both Mpongwe and Dikĕle, I had to state of which tribe I was speaking.

Fights in that country came from small things. While I was

staying in Atangina, Chief Isâgi, of Nkâmi, came to visit Re-Nkombe, partly for friendship and partly to collect a debt. The debt was paid by the latter giving a little slave boy, who had been the quickest to learn the alphabet of any of the many children who had gathered around me in the evenings. A goat also was given, for friendship. But, unfortunately, that goat belonged to a man of another village; and, Re-Nkombe, to make a display of hospitality, had taken it without asking his permission. In the evening, there was a violent quarrel when the owner of the goat came to Atangina, in search of it. He was very angry, and struck two of Re-Nkombe's people on their head with a stick.

The quarrel over the goat was continued next morning, Sunday, the 12th. The animal was sent for and brought back. But, Re-Nkombe made a long altercation about it, and would not cease, at his end of the village, even while I was holding service at the other end, nor even though Ngeza and his fashionably-dressed attendants had honored (?) me by coming to church. It was a very rainy day; and I felt scandalized by Re-Nkombe. In the afternoon, I was reading in the August number of the *Foreign Missionary*, which had come in my last mail. In it was an article by Rev. C. De Heer, of Corisco Island, telling of the death of a good Benga Christian woman, Belika; she, and another Benga woman, Bâtâkâ, had been real friends to me and Mrs. Nassau, while I was living at Benita. In the evening, Re-Nkombe surprised me by taking a place with the class of boys who were learning the alphabet. He was conscious that, as my host, he had been discourteous during the day, in neglecting my wishes as to Sunday disorder, and in allowing his people to be disrespectful. (So different from Kasa!) He apologized, asking me to name anything, and he would give it, if I would forgive him. I asked only that he and his people should listen to the words of my Message.

On the 13th, one of my young men, Isâgi's boy (the one whom I had been so pleased with just two months previously) whom I had rebuked for some offense, sent word through another, demanding his pay, as an intimation that he would leave my service. I took no notice of the demand, waiting for him to come himself in person. And, he left, without taking his pay. This was a typical illustration of the "touchiness" of Ogowe tribal character, as I observed it in my dealings with them as employees, during the following dozen years of my life in that river.

In the evening, his father passed down-river, but did not stop to ask for his son's wages. He was a proud, haughty man. As all payments of wages were made in goods, not in cash, I tried to gratify my people by getting for them whatever articles they desired, even when, in my judgment, their wishes were unwise or wasteful. But, I did not sympathize with their buying shoes. I thought them unnecessary in that warm country. They had never known of any foot-coverings until they saw white people using them. My refusal, at first, to obtain shoes for them, I found afterwards, was regarded as an attempt to "keep them down," i. e., to prevent their becoming "civilized." So, I learned to yield to them, and ceased to make an effort to have them spend their wages in useful things. I bought the shoes for them. And, they were pleased to be the cynosures of eyes and ears, as they clattered, in ungainly fashion, into the room where I held church services. They naturally had a graceful step and carriage; but, the coarsely made, shapeless, trade-shoes made their walk a hobble. Pĕmbe-mpolo (Large-Bread), in asking me to get him a pair of shoes, recognized also the desirability of socks, but claimed that the price of the socks was to be *included* in the cost of the shoes, arguing that socks were an indispensable part of footwear, and therefore part and parcel with the shoe!

JOURNEY TO NKÂMI, TO BUY A BOAT.

I had, for travel and transportation on the river, only canoes and a kongongo, both propelled only by paddles. I desired a boat, in which I could teach the natives the use of oars. The motion by oar was also smoother and less jerky than by paddle. So, I started, on November 15, down-river to my Nkâmi friend's village. The Nkâmi and Orungu were skillful in making kongongo and boats (both of them dugouts from a single tree). Galwas made only canoes. I spent the night at the village Nandipo ("Fernando Po") of my Galwa friend Azâze, below Orânga. He was a very superstitious man, having a fetish-house with snake and other skins suspended from painted carved posts (suggestive of Alaskan totems). At the farther end of the room was a railed-off dark recess, a sacred place, which I was not permitted to enter.

I had frequently to rebuke even the most hospitable of my native "friends," for their *asking* me a return gift, after having made me one. I tried to teach them that their kindness would not be forgotten on my next trip, and that, irrespective

of their gift, I would not have gone away without giving some recognition of my obligation in having made use of their houses. But, that their own *asking* for a parting gift, almost immediately after having given me something, compelled me either to flatly hand back their gift, or to regard it as a *sale* and not a gift; and therefore not a sign of "friendship." Azâze was an obliging man; but, he was very covetous.

Next day, I passed on to Igenja, at Ombya-'gwana's; and to Ngumbe; and on to Yâmbe, where I expected to buy a boat. The people's demonstrativeness of joy at my arrival did not please me. It was so patently obvious that they wanted me to buy their various foods and goods. They would scarcely listen, at my usual evening prayers, to my offer of the Gospel. As I opened my Bible, at random, before going to sleep that night, it was a striking coincidence that my eye fell on John 16, 1. "These things have I spoken unto you, that you should not be offended."

The next day, Friday, the 17th, a boat was offered me for purchase. I knew that, according to oriental procedure, the price first asked is double of what the seller intends finally to accept. I offered $30. The demand was made successively for $60, $50 and $40. I would have done well to have taken it at $40; for, it was a neatly made boat. Both the owner and I were obstinate; and, I left, regretting that I had refused. But, one of my new rules of conduct with the natives, since I had escaped from Kasa's hands, was, not to yield after having made a refusal. Stopped in a *ulako* (camp) and cooked some manatee meat I had bought. It was delicious. On to Ñombi, Onanga's village, to complete the purchase of the boat, for which I had engaged on a previous journey. I had to cut short the usual public evening prayers; for, the mosquitoes were so numerous and so insistent. A boil, on one of my shoulder-blades, which was beginning when I started from Atangina, was becoming very painful. I observed, in case of myself and in other white men, missionaries and others, that, the numerous boils, so common on foreigners, were apparently outlets of evil, which otherwise made dangerous fever. Those of us who suffered most from boils were less likely to have either of the fatal African fevers.

The next morning, I was awakened by the loud humming of wild bees in a large tree, laden with deliciously-scented blossoms, near where I had slept. I hired Onanga's son Onanga; and, with both the kongongo and the new boat, started on return journey up-river, much outraged at my "friend's" attempting

to steal, just as we were pushing off. At the village Ñango, I was offered for purchase, a manis (pangolin). I was surprised at the animal's strength in wrapping its tail over its head and body, making a ball through whose scales no dog could bite, and that well-resisted a spear. There I met an instance of *orunda* or taboo. It was, that, the paddles of a visiting crew should not be carried up into the village street, but, should be left at the boat-landing. While it was my principle not to *compel* the natives to lay aside any of the superstitions (for, they were part of the rites of their religion) desiring rather that they should lay them aside under christian convictions, I always declined to submit to them *myself*. If that village would not allow me to carry my belongings to the safe house where I should sleep over night, and where I would deliver my Gospel message, and where they would have the honor of entertaining the white man, and where, inevitably, he would spend some of his goods, then, I would return to my boat, and go elsewhere. The *orunda* was temporarily removed in my favor.

I remained over the Sunday, November 19. Handing to one of my young men my sharpened pocket-knife, and telling him in what direction and how deeply to cut, his unskilled hand successfully opened the abscess on my shoulder-blade. It was a great relief. Young Onanga imitated his father's evil trait, by deserting, and stealing a Ñango canoe, in which to go back to his village.

Thus, when starting again on Monday, my crews were small, I placed ReTeno in charge of the kongongo, and I, with my shoulder sore from the opened abscess, at the rudder of the boat, with a crew of only four. So, progress was slow. At the *olako* where we stopped to eat on the edge of the forest, one of the crew found a dead fish. They enjoyed it. But, its odor spoiled my breakfast. Another employee, Mbuĕ-pĕ-nyĕni, had an *orunda*, which required that, *on a journey*, he should eat alone and out of sight of others. The crew had but one pot, and no drinking can or cup or other empty vessel, into which his one-fourth share could be put, in order that he should go off into the forest alone. He therefore had to wait until the other three had eaten their united shares, and then he could take the pot away by himself. As the shares had not been actually formally divided, I think that the other three were not careful to leave him a full quarter. Though my opened abscess was painful, I held the rudder all day, in order that the crew of four should be paired at the oars, until a breeze came. Then we made a sail of

native matting, and progressed finely; but, not as rapidly as did the kongongo under Re-Teno's hands. For the night, we stopped at a deserted trading-house on the bank, by a path that led back into the forest to King Njâgu's town, Ndogo. Walked at once to the town, and found a fight in progress; one young man dead, and another dangerously wounded. There came up a heavy rainstorm, and my return to the river-side was through a very dark forest path, made darker by the storm. I was thoroughly wet.

The next day, November 21, was a long hard pull up-stream. I went far up a creek, on the other side of the river from Ngumbe, to look for the canoe I had bought at Aguma, in which to send home the Nkâmi employees in April, 1875. I found it at a certain village, rotting to pieces. I remained there all night with multitudes of mosquitoes. The people would not come to my services; they were attending an *ombwire* (spirit) dance. The following morning, Ayĕnwe aroused us all early, in a desire to escape those frightful mosquitoes. I succeeded in hiring another young man, Re-Yayo. All day, we were on the lookout for the expected *Pioneer,* hoping to be overtaken by it and being given a tow. After another long, hard pull, I arrived, with a bad headache, at Igenja, in Ombya-ogwana's village. The next day, Thursday, I hired two new young Galwas, Mâmbâ and Abumba. With variations in length of time and employment with me, those two young men will appear frequently in the future history of the Ogowe Mission and its churches. They both became active Christians. Abumba, consistent to the end of his life, as a teacher, evangelist, and elder. And, Mâmbâ most efficient as general assistant, and leader in my boating and building, and for many years faithful as an elder. No other Galwa, in his service with me and my successors, equaled him in truth, honesty, and devotion to me.

My attention was attracted to a large flower along the river banks, which looked like a hibiscus. It opened in the morning, a pure white; as the sun's warm rays kissed it during the day, it began to blush; and, by sunset, it was a bright red. Stopped at several villages, to buy *melângâ* (the rattan building-material made from a vine, the Calamus palm).

Met a canoe of fighting men from Nandipo; and, on reaching that village, my friend Azâze gave me some fresh *kondo* fish. As I had bought manatee at another village, my crew was well supplied; for, I gave them the kondo. Passed the Orungu villages, though there were signs of rain. The current there is

swift; but, a strong wind was favorable; we put up sail, and reached for the night the deserted Aromba village. While I did not supply my people with tobacco, I did not forbid its use, except during work hours, and in my presence in the boat. But. I did not allow the use of haschisch (Indian hemp). I suspected the new young man, Re-Yayo, of using it. The following day, Friday, journeyed, with rains threatening from a heavily overcast sky. At the village of another of the crew, Saviyĕti, succeeded in hiring another hand, Eliva-ntyâni (Lake of Shame). From there, the main stream's current was always too strong. I always availed myself of the Ozugavizya cut-off that led into the smaller or Ajumba branch. And, passed the night at Ntyuwa-guma village.

Was glad to reach my journey's end at Atangina, on Saturday afternoon, the 25th; for, the incision in the abscess, made just seven days before, had become ulcerated by friction of my clothing, heat, and no means of properly cleansing it in the huts and on the river. Five large canoes, loaded with war-painted men, came for a "palaver" with Re-Nkombe, about the death of one of the men who had been engaged in the fight over the possession of the goat, on November 11.

The Sunday was a physical rest; but, canoes were coming and going; and some time elapsed before I could obtain a quiet attention to my Sunday services.

Ground had been cleared for the building of my temporary hut at the foot of Kângwe Hill. But, there was a lull, while I had to await the collection of building material, the *mbingo* (saplings) for the outline of the frame, and the *iti* (bamboo) slats for the walls, and the *ompavo* (thatch) for the roofing. Atangina was yet noisy on Monday, with the effort at settlement of Saturday's "palaver." Late in the afternoon it was finally ended by a payment of goods. And, then there was a noisy fusillade of guns in testimony of the close of the quarrel, and the restoration of amicable relations.

JOURNEY TO BELAMBLA.

While waiting for those materiels, I thought it well to visit Belambla. I was to go on Tuesday, November 28. Suddenly, was developed a "palaver" against myself. Not to myself as the guilty party; but, according to native custom, I was to be held responsible for the acts of my employees, as my "children." Re-Yayo was charged, by one of the Atangina men, as guilty of adultery with his wife. There would be a fine; and, I was ex-

pected to pay it. The charge might or might not be true; it might be a case of blackmail. The woman may deliberately have been used by her husband as a decoy. Such cases were very common. Employees of white men were easy prey; for, their wages were sure. I declined to be held responsible for Re-Yayo; and gave him no sympathy or protection. Re-Nkombe acted very promptly and justly. He declared that I should not be named as a party by the prosecutor; and he rapidly took charge of the case as judge, in an hour settling what in slow native quarrel would have occupied a whole day. ReYayo was proved guilty; was fined $1; and, in consideration of my at once paying (out of his wages) he was released, and proceeded with me on my journey. I felt sure, from the smallness of the fine, that Re-Nkombe must have believed that the woman and her husband were as guilty as Re-Yayo. Of my vessels, I called the canoe *Fides;* the kongongo, *Spes;* and the boat, *Caritas.* At Aguma, on the way, I met the white quartermaster of Count De Brazza's exploring expedition, who had come from the Interior, for supplies for the Count. How I longed for the financial backing that could have sent me into that Interior!

During the afternoon, I passed through swarms of literally millions of yellow butterflies, prominent at that season of the year. They were flying *across* the river, from its left or (at that part) eastern bank to the western. Passed the night on Nenge-sika Island.

The next day, I stopped at villages of former Bakĕle friends; but, they all happened to be away. *Caritas* was easily propelled with eight paddles, as I had not yet had time to teach all the crew the use of oars. At Belambla, Kongolo and his two aides gave me a welcome. They reported that they had had no trouble. Kongolo seemed to be doing well. My evening examination of his accounts showed them to be tolerably correct. And, there was a glad hope that one of his young men, Awora, was serious on the subject of personal religion.

The next day, the Bakĕle thronged to morning prayers; but, so noisy, that I knew it was only for a contest as to who should get the first chance to sell to me their provisions. My leaving them was a great loss to their daily market. King Ondĕñe came to object to my abandoning Belambla; and, "King," as he was, joined with the other beggars, in asking for gifts. I had no longer any diplomacy or patience in his case. I reminded him that I had warned him and Kasa, and had made the return of my stolen goods, and punishment of the thieves, the

condition of my remaining; and, that, as king, he had done nothing; that he should now reap as he had sowed, having played on my patience as a weakness. Ñwanajâ was, as always, respectful and lady-like. For the first hand, Kongolo gave my sore shoulder-blade, which was in bad case, careful attention. He was a civilized young man, and had seen such treatment at Benita. Re-Teno, the only civilized member of my crew, and who had seen such work at Baraka, had not been at all kind or considerate of my sore.

Some tools I had left at Belambla were no longer needed there; those, and building materiels I had collected, I removed for Kângwe.

I left quietly, the next day, Friday, December 1. The shallowness of Akĕle " friendship " appeared in, that, when I did not need to buy, they had no occasion to say " good-by," as I left. Only Ñwanajâ was on hand. I gave Ondĕñe the form of respect, to stop at his village as I passed. He was quite humbled; was sorry I was leaving; and gave me a piece of goat-meat. Overtaken by rain, I stopped at an Akĕle village near the mouth of the Ngunye, and ate my lunch there. In one of their huts, I saw on the wall, one of my stolen alphabet cards. I did not demand it, but asked for it. They would not give it up. They said they had bought it, paying a gun for it! That was lying. The chart was worth perhaps 5 cents; a gun cost $3. And, at that time in our Mission, we had not begun the present good practice of requiring pupils of our schools to pay for books, etc. The preposterous falsehood was only a high bid, they thinking I would pay for my white-man's " book," which was knowledge, which was therefore power.

At Atangina again, I believed that Kângwe would be a good location for obtaining food. Canoes from down-river did not come up by the large main stream, but by the lesser Ajumba branch; for, the current of the latter was slight; and, it was slightest on my Kângwe side. From Atangina, I could see Fañwe canoes passing by the Hill, on their way to Aguma, with plantains to sell. I sent a messenger to pursue them, and to ask them to stop and sell to me. Of course, they began, in the oriental manner, by asking a large price, $1 for four bunches. While Galwas would have been pleased to ask me that price, they would not be pleased that Fañwe should obtain the same. The Galwas would have liked to be middlemen, buying from Fañwe, and then selling at an advance. So, in their own interest, they called a counsel with the Fañwe and myself. And, it

was agreed that I should be given six plantain bunches for $1.

The work at my hut proceeded well. But, I found that Galwa workmen, though better and more skillful than Bakĕle, were more "touchy" and quarrelsome, and more disposed to make complaints and demands. I gave them abundance of food, of the usual vegetable staffs of life, plantains and cassava. But, though willing, I was not able always to obtain meat. In their own villages, it was a frequent occurrence for them to be without meat or fish. But, living with a white man, they seemed to think that they should have flesh daily. They had an apparent precedent, in the fact that the Liberian coast tribe, Krumen, employed at the coast trading-houses, were given a daily ration of imported salt meat. But, the labor of those Kru-men, in boats through surf, and in handling heavy boxes and barrels of cargo, was vastly heavier than my slight house-building or river-paddling.

My employees, on Saturday evening, December 9, put forward little Mbuĕ-pĕ-nyĕni as spokesman, to say that they wanted credit on their "books" for the days on which they had had no meat! It was not a pleasant evening, especially as I was not feeling well with a boil on my upper lip.

And, next day, Sunday, even Re-Nkombe was direspectful in his refusal to attend the services, saying that he had not eaten. When I proceeded without his presence, suddenly, several quarrels sprang up near the house, and continued during my preaching. The coincidence made me suspect that there was some connection between him and my employees and the quarrels. Almost always such annoyances either followed feverish symptoms on my part (and perhaps were caused partly by some impatience or lack of tact in me) or, if I was apparently well, such annoyances as a cause generally worked out symptoms of fever in me. I think now, that one point in my method of discipline was unwise, and was a cause of trouble, i. e., fines. It was right and wise to dock wages for loss of time; but, fines, for disobedience, accidental breakages, etc., though not unjust, were, I now think, in the then stage of civilization of the workmen, unwise.

On December 18, the palaver about Re-Yayo was reopened by the old man, with one of whose women he had committed adultery. She was now the complainant, charging that Re-Yayo had threatened to make a fetish-charm to kill her, in revenge for her having accused him to her husband. There was

a fight over Re-Yayo. I had no pity for either him or the woman or her man. There was no injured love in the case; only sordid lust. Re-Nkombe settled the case for me, with the private understanding that Re-Yayo was to be allowed to run away. I went with him to Aguma to get a sail I had made for the boat, and returned with him to Atangina, as I had found nowhere else to leave him. Re-Nkombe acted in the best recognition of oriental "guest-right," saying that as his house and town was "mine," my employee, though a criminal, was safe while I was there with him. But, the next morning, at earliest dawn, I was awakened by an outcry that Re-Yayo was "caught." I lay awake, but did not rise until full daylight; and made no sign; though, in my anxiety to pursue only the wisest course in a case that would be established as a precedent, I had no appetite for my breakfast. I did not care a thing for Re-Yayo personally; for, he had been a troublesome and unsatisfactory workman, and he deserved punishment for his other sins. But, he was *my* employee, a part of my household. *I* was "guest" of Re-Nkombe, chief of the village. Universal African tribal custom covered a guest with a sanctity of right and safety from injury that was extended to all of that guest's retinue and belongings the while he remained in the limits as a sanctuary. The seizure of Re-Yayo was therefore a conventional insult to myself. Was I to allow it? Should I make a protest, even though Re-Yayo was an offender? I went to Re-Nkombe's house to confer with him, and to claim his protection. He was away at his plantation. I believed that an immediate demonstration was necessary. I determined to leave the village, and confer the favor (?) of my presence, and the daily outflow of pecuniary benefits in the purchase of food, on some other village that would better regard my guest-right. So, I commenced to carry my boxes, etc., to the waterside, and loaded the boat for removal. When the villagers saw that, they sent swift messengers to Re-Nkombe, who soon appeared. Without my having made any appeal to him, he at once took Re-Yayo from the stocks in which he had been fastened. I was pleased with Re-Nkombe's prompt demonstration of friendliness, returned my goods to the hut in which I had been living; and, taking Re-Yayo, I went to my day's work on the hillside, the villagers assuring me that the seizure would not be repeated, on my return. I explained to him that I had been defending, not him, but myself; and warned him, that, on future misconduct, I would dismiss him, and leave him open to deserved punishment. My

decided stand, and Re-Nkombe's prompt action did much to cement our friendship, and to establish my position in the eyes of the Galwa tribe.

By December 20, the hut was almost completed, and ready for occupancy. But, I would not remove to it until after my return from Gaboon, whither it was time to make ready a journey, for the semi-annual meetings (unless the *Pioneer* should happen to arrive). I engaged two of Re-Nkombe's young men, Oguma and Ambângila, to stay on my Kângwe premises, and protect the hut, while I should be away. He objected to his men being left in charge; not that he was not willing to be of assistance to me, but, he doubted whether they would be faithful; and that, then, on my return I would blame him, as I had blamed Kasa. I assured him that I had faith in not only him, but them also; and, in any case, would blame only them. I supplied them with guns and ammunition, for defense against assault. But, until I should actually start down-river (for I was first to make my monthly visit to Belambla), I left at the hut, four of my own men, among them Re-Yayo, who was afraid to venture back to Atangina.

JOURNEY TO BELAMBLA.

The next day, however, December 22, he was charged with the theft of a hatchet. Wearied, I paid him off, and dismissed him. And, started late in the day, on my journey to Belambla, with an Atangina crew. I could not reach my usual resting-place for the night, at Saviyĕli's house on the "Goree" Island. So we stopped at a deserted village where were only two old women. The next day, I stopped for breakfast at Manda's. I saw there the process of making *odika,* from the kernels of the wild mango. It makes a rich gravy, which I had often eaten, but never had actually seen the process of making it; nor had before eaten the roasted kernels.

One of the Atangina crew, Njodia, was afraid to go on with me, because of a palaver at Ondĕñe's. Notwithstanding my recent demonstration of protection of Re-Yayo, Njodia was afraid, because he was out of the limits of his tribe, and I was not *residing* at Ondĕñe's, as I had been at Re-Nkombe's. I really believed that he would be safe in my boat; but, I did not insist, and allowed him to debark at Manda's. Reached Belambla shortly after dark; and was pleasantly received.

Sunday, December 24, was a quiet pleasant day, with a good attendance of Kasa's people at services. But, my Mpongwe at-

tendant, Re-Teno, who never had been satisfactory, now on the eve of a return to Libreville, made but slight pretense of respect or evèn honesty.

Monday, the 25th, was Christmas Day; but, not a "merry" one. Indeed, most of my Christmases in Africa had so happened to fall on days when I was alone from any white companionship, that I almost ceased to notice the anniversary. Thus, I lost much of the traditional interest in the day. I was busy paying employees their month's wages, and settling accounts with Kongolo. In this, I was delayed by many visitors from Kasa's. So that, my start down-river was a late one. And, it was interrupted by diplomatic stoppages at Ondĕñe's and two other villages; and at Manda's, to pick up Njodia; and at Sakwĕle's, for the first hearty meal of the day, which, following the usage of the traders, in this record, I speak of, as "breakfast." (Their program was: In the early morning, just after beginning work, an informal cup of tea and biscuit; 11 o'clock, "breakfast"; informal 4 P. M. tea and toast; and 8 P. M. hearty "dinner." This suited a cessation of work in the hot mid-day. And, for the same reason, it suited me, on my river journeys.) Sending my boat and crew on to Atangina, I had my Christmas supper ("dinner") at night, at Aguma, with the other white men of the river, from the two trading-houses, Messrs. Travis, Woodward, Lubcke, Detmaringer, Schiff, and the Senegal-Frenchman Manè. After which, Mr. Travis kindly sent me to Atangina in his boat.

The next day, the 26th, was a busy day with me at Atangina, at Aguma, and at Kângwe, arranging foods for those I would leave in charge of the Hill, and for my own expenses down-river.

JOURNEY TO GABOON.

Finally, on Wednesday, 27th, I started, going, as usual, down the Ajumba branch of the Ogowe, which emerges by one of many cross-streams, in the main branch, through the Ozugavizya Creek. Then, at Mbangwe, I was told that the *Pioneer* had just gone up the main stream. I had just missed it! Probably, it had for me goods and supplies, and, most precious of all, a mail! Nevertheless, I went on my way, stopping for the night with my friend Azâze at Nandipo, below Orânga.

The next day, on to Isâgi's town, Ngumbe; and, notwithstanding the multitude of mosquitoes, remained there for the

night. Isâgi surprised me, by restoring to me a chicken I had lost there on my previous journey.

The following day, on to Ñango. And, the next day, Saturday, December 30, on to Angâla, to remain over Sunday. It was quite possible that the *Pioneer* could overtake us on her return down river. If so, the captain would give us all passage on board. All of Sunday my crew were hoping that the vessel would not come until Monday. For, they knew from my strong Sabbath principles, that I never traveled on that day in my own boat (whose movements I could control) and feared I would refuse to *start* on the steamer on the Sunday.

Monday, January 1, 1877. New Year's Day! But, I made no recognition of it. Nor, had the *Pioneer* come. Rowing was slow; for, from Angâla, the ocean tide is met. Emerged at the sea by 4.30 P. M., and saw Mr. Schultze's crowded schooner, lying at the village of Abun-awiri (Abundance of witches). No more dread of Orungu there! At once, I passed out into Nazareth Bay with my sail, and ran all night under the moonlight with a light favorable land-wind, on the 70 miles' stretch of sea to Libreville.

The next day, January 2, we kept on our way, with varying winds, and some showers of rain. The dugout boat *Caritas* ran beautifully under sail.

At sunset, we had failed to round the points at the mouth of the Gaboon River, and anchored about 8 P. M., for the night in a quiet cove. I slept that night in my wet clothes.

And, on the morning of the 3d, under moonlight, and with a favorable tide, with paddles, we rounded the last point, close in shore. Then, with sail, under a fine wind, crossed the ten miles of the estuary. The sun rose while we were crossing. By 7.30 A. M., I was at Baraka. The mail steamer, *Ethiopia* with my friend, Captain Davis, was at anchor. A large mail was awaiting me. This was the first time I had made the run between the Ogowe mouth and the Gaboon in an open boat.

For two weeks, we held our mission and presbytery meetings. My sister came from Benita and Mrs. De Heer from Corisco, by the *Hudson*. We made visits of courtesy on the French admiral's frigate in the harbor, and he returned them; and he kindly allowed his surgeon to come ashore, to extract my aching tooth. I wrote my annual report, and many letters to the United States, and asked the Board for re-inforcements. My friends, Mr. and Mrs. Reading were soon to take a furlough to America.

The *Pioneer* had come from the Ogowe, and was to return again.

JOURNEY BACK TO OGOWE BY "PIONEER."

Thursday, January 18: My sister and Mrs. De Heer had left, during the morning, on the *Hudson,* for their respective stations at Benita and Corisco. And, I was busy loading on the *Pioneer* my boxes of goods and supplies, and eighty-five boards for a prospective house on Kângwe hillside. With an evening good-by to Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Bushnell, and Mr. and Mrs. Reading, under a little rain I went aboard the vessel, in my *Caritas,* with my five crew, and Mbora, a new assistant instead of the recreant Re-Teno.

My Ogowe huts had been almost entirely devoid of animal pets, the while I had been leading so wandering a life during the preceding two years. Now, that the thought of a home at Kângwe brought into my life a more settled feeling, I took with me a cat safely imprisoned in a bag. The Captain, De Grouchy, came on board at night; and some bedding was spread for me on the eating-room table. There were no "state-rooms" or even berths outside of the captain's and engineer's. All partitions in the hold had been removed to give clear space for cargo. There were no more signs of Mrs. Livingstone's cabin. The crew, and all native passengers slept on the open deck, taking their chances of sun and rain. As the *Pioneer* rarely traveled by night, we lay at anchor, waiting for the day. My ever-sensitive stomach was nauseated by even the mild heavings of Gaboon estuary. By sunrise of next day, we were under way. My boat was in tow; to keep it in line with the vessel, I had to put two of my crew into it, at its rudder. On rounding Pongara Point to push out to sea, my poor cat, frightened at its surroundings, and seeing its proximity to shore, leaped into the water, in an attempt to reach land, and was lost. At night we anchored off the Nazareth mouth of the Ogowe.

And, by daylight, were again in motion, in the river. Several canoes were in sight. One of them, near Abun-awiri, was a large one, and its crew seemed afraid of us. How different from the state of affairs six months previously, and before the French Government had been punishing the Orungu pirates! Angâla was reached easily in the afternoon. The French gunboat *Marabout* was lying there; and Captain De Grouchy had to show his papers. Good! France had awakened to her rights and duties toward both natives and foreigners! I also went to the

MPONGWE WOMAN AND CHILD

Facing page 193

Marabout, as its captain wished to see me about the affair of the Orungu Ndambĕnjĕ (Aziza-njĕle) with me, in the preceding August. I had entered no complaint, because, in the final pillage of my goods, I had been a consenting party. But, the government regarded (truthfully) that consent had been a forced one in the face of threatened violence, and wished to capture him, on a charge of highway robbery. They doubtless felt that that assault would not have been made, had the power of France been more in evidence.

Whenever I traveled on the Ogowe, I carried with me seeds, or roots, or cuttings of edible tropical plants not indigenous to Africa, which I obtained from the Libreville Botanical Garden, into which they had been introduced from the West Indies. I gave a bread-fruit tree to King Esongi. So I did, during the years, at other villages. Most of the bread-fruit, avocado pears, guavas, and other fruits now abundant in the Ogowe, thus came from my hand. Steamer went on; stopping for the night at Ñombi, opposite to Ñango.

The next day, the 21st, was Sunday. There was no opportunity for religious services. I had a quiet day in reading. It was pleasant to watch one of the Mpongwe passengers, a mother, Nyilo's wife; she was so patient, watchful, and affectionate to their little child. Passed Mr. Schultze's little steam-launch towing his laden schooner. Passed Isâgi's, without even saluting him. And, just as we were about to anchor near Avanga, the steamer was, for a short time, aground. From the low papyrus banks came clouds of mosquitoes.

The next day, as we were passing Igenja, the former pilot of the *Pioneer*, Ombya-ogwana, shouted for the captain to stop and take him into service. But, the captain had a pilot from Angâla. My Mâmbâ was disappointed that the vessel passed his village without an opportunity for him to see his people. Near Azâze's, a canoe overtook us, containing the young man whom I had engaged as carpenter, on my journey down-river. Keeping on up the main stream, we passed the mouth of Ozugavizya Creek; and anchored almost in sight of the German trading-house, at Lembarene.

And, the next morning the 23d, I was ashore by my own boat; and found everything safe and in order at the Hill. Called at Atangina, to see Re-Nkombe, and returned to my hut; and, at once went to the hilltop, to decide on the exact site of my permanent dwelling. Then, went, for the night, to Aguma, to be ready to bring my goods from the *Pioneer*. The following

day, the 24th, there was a tornado, the most violent I had seen. My boat was caught in it on one of its trips to and from the Hill and the steamer. But, it rode the waves well; Ogowe canoes were swamped. The night was the first one in which I had slept at Kângwe. I had the evening prayers, seeking a blessing on this new home I was making.

CHAPTER XVII

AT THE KÂNGWE HUT, JANUARY, 1877

AGAIN to Aguma, on Thursday, January 25, for my lumber; and sent the kongongo *Spes,* with Ayĕnwe and a crew of five, down-river to buy food. Another tornado, which I barely escaped in returning to the Hill. Found that Aveya and his little brother Ongângâ, whom I had left at the hut, had arranged my room and bedding very neatly.

In the evening, there returned Awângini, and a new little boy. That made eight people in my employ on the place, besides the crew who were away buying food.

I kept my household at the work of clearing the premises, in almost a military precision of routine. This was necessary for its success; for, I realized that the following five months held for me a heavy task, and I was conscious that I had not the vigor of either mind or body, with which I had attempted the Belambla effort of two years before.

I wrote letters very full to my children, to churches and Sunday-schools and other friends; many of these appearing in *The Presbyterian.*

Monday, January 29: My work and the workers were adjusting themselves comfortably. Ayĕnwe and Aveya were good foremen for the boat's crew and building squad; and Mbora was a good cook; he even wished me to allow him to attempt to make bread. Chief Re-Nkombe generally kept his promises, and did not attempt to be as exacting as Kasa at Belambla. He had a sister, Azizya, who during my entire stay at Kângwe, was true and helpful to me. Finally having a resting-place, I sent to Aguma for my dog "Brownie," whom I had left there for several months during the Belambla difficulties. During the day, out of work hours, and at night, some of the employees voluntarily came to learn to read or to be taught other lessons.

And, yet, as often happened, the day following an unusually pleasant one, was marked by some unpleasantness. In the evening of January 30, I called my household together for an informal chat, and asked them to explain why it was that just after I had showed them some special favor, they often made me

trouble. I think that they were like children, with the thoughtless waywardness of children, though some of them in age were young men. Perhaps, also, the cause may often have been in myself, an incipient fever making me unconsciously exacting. For, on the third day, I would be lying down with a chill. Then, it was all plain; the natural succession of a day of unusually bright spirits (the real physiological *beginning* of fever); next, a day of depression (the advance); and then a day of actual fever (the attack). But, I rarely went to bed for it. I lounged while the chill was on, fasted, swallowed quinine, drank hot lime-ade; and, when the chill was off, wandered about the premises, wrapped in a blanket, to see whether the workmen were making mistakes. I had two young men who could handle tools; but, I had to watch their work and see that they made the doors and windows straight for that first little Kângwe hut.

Out in the forest, there were often strange sounds, of the origin of which I could not always get an acceptable explanation from the natives. Perhaps, some were voices of birds, or insects; or, the wind in tree branches; or, echoes of cry of beasts, or call of human being. Perhaps, in my highly-wrought mental and depressed physical state at that time, I did really hear sounds that were not audible to others, or to myself in a normal state. But, it is true that, in my lonely walks in the forest, I *did* hear a low musical note that sounded like a distant bell. There were no bells (at that time), in the Ogowe. On January 31, I wrote "The Bells that Ring for me."

There ring, to me, sometimes, sweet bells,
So soft and low;
But never a word their echo tells.
If weal or woe,
I can not know.

I hear them in these forest aisles,
So soft and low.
Alike in Grief or when Hope smiles,
Their light waves go
In music's flow.

Are they some solemn funeral tolls,
In lands away,
Wafted across where ocean rolls?
Or, calls to pray
On Sabbath day?

Or, are they echoed marriage bells,
All glad and gay,
Whose whispered benison thus swells
O'er lives to-day
Made one for aye?

Or, are they notes of bells of Care
In toiling towns,
Where hardy hands, in Life's war, dare
Snatch golden crowns
From Fortune's frowns?

I can not tell, I only know
That sweet low tone,
Whose pulses sudden come and go,
When I'm alone,
Is ever one.

Those tones change not. By night or day,
They, soft and low,
Unbidden come, nor, longed-for, stay;
But, ringing slow,
Vibrating go.

Ring on, O bells, and ring for me!
I do not know
Whether my path of life shall be
Of weal or woe.
Ring soft and low!

Time is not valued by the native African; and there was little sense of obligation to remain at a job. All sorts of small things were allowed to interfere. Saviyĕle's wife had recently become a mother; he had to go to attend some superstitious rites to be performed subsequent to childbirth. A distant relative of Aveya died at Adâlinanângâ, and he must needs spend a day at the mourning. Nevertheless, work was progressing.

As a mark to my claim on the extensive premises, I decided to build one of the huts needed for the men, on the northern side of the Hill, at its foot, and exactly opposite to Atangina. An incidental advantage was, that my people there could see food-canoes coming up the river, and hailing them could advise them to stop at my place on the southern side. In clearing the forest, I was frequently coming on to new animals, insects, or reptiles. On Thursday, February 1, I saw for the first time, what I sup-

posed was an electrical fish. On my way over the Hill, in the morning of February 2, to the work on the north side hut (which people called "Igolino") I inspected and decided on the precise spot where should be built the proposed permanent house, not on the very hilltop, but nearer it than the site I had selected when first accompanied by Mr. Reading in the previous August. As the clearing progressed on that hillside, splendidly extensive views were constantly being opened up. That day, at "Igolino," there came by there canoe loads of plantains, of Fañwe led by Ajumba people from Lake Azingo. Hailing them, directed them to go on to my hut, whither I walked rapidly over the Hill. One of the Ajumba was one of Anege's young men, Ogula, who, in November of 1874, at Azingo, had killed a hippopotamus; and I had eaten of its meat.

In a country where Sunday was unknown, I was more strict in my observance of Sabbath than I would have been in the United States. During Saturday night, the 3d, there had arrived from down-river two relatives of one of my workmen, Tivino, with chickens and plantains for sale, I wanted them. But my people knew that I would neither buy nor bargain about them on Sunday. As they lay in the canoe at my landing visible to all passers-by, and especially to persons coming to services, the wiser ones of my people advised the owners that I would be offended if strangers should report that they had seen food for sale at the missionary's door on Sunday! So the plantains and chickens were hidden in the forest until Monday. Among the few who came to the services were my good friend Azizya, Re-Nkombe's sister, and three other women. I gave them dinner afterwards; not, at all, as a reward for coming; but, to emphasize, in a country that looked down on women, my traditional respect for the sex. This, and other attentions to other native women in later years were my constant demonstrations of gratitude, pity, and respect; but, they were misunderstood by some men. My earliest services at all the stations that I successively located, were marked by Sunday-school efforts, teaching to read, and illustrating Scripture with pictures. At Libreville Mrs. Reading and Miss Dewsnap had given me a large picture of the Destruction of Pharaoh's Army at the Red Sea. As I could use Mpongwe only smatteringly, I had cook Mbora explain it; which he did very well.

On the Monday, I was awakened at daylight by the outcries of Tivino's relatives, who discovered that their hidden plantains had been stolen. During the night, I had heard his voice, as he

had been aroused by a noise at the water-side. And I had arisen, and fired my gun at the spot, with what effect, I did not know. Perhaps the noise was that of the departing thieves. I had caused it to be known, on my first location at the Hill, that I would allow no night-prowling, and that I would fire without warning at any sound. Belated visitors, or others coming in real need were to make themselves promptly known by a loud call, such as no secret thief would make.

The wonderful "driver ants" were in great numbers that day. And, I found what I suppose was the rare mygale spider.

On February 6, Mbora succeeded in making a loaf of bread; the first that any one of my successive cooks had made, during the two and a half years that I had been in the Ogowe.

Eliva-ntyâni, in cutting down a tree (whose base made chopping impossible because of the buttresses thrown out by many kinds of trees), used the native method of climbing, of which I knew but had not seen. With a rattan vine as a rope, tied in a circle about the tree, and himself inside the circle, and leaning with his back against the vine, his feet braced against the tree-trunk, and his hands tugging at the vine, he literally walked up the tree to a point where the diameter was less. When his choppings had continued so far that the tree was beginning to crack, in its readiness to fall to one side, he deftly, rapidly slid down to the ground with his rope, on the other side. During those days, I amused myself with the pendant vines, renewing my youth by some fine exercise in swinging. Some down-river Bakĕle, from Kumulekwe's town, stopped to see me. They were quite caustic in their condemnation of the up-river Bakĕle, saying that they "had no head" in behaving in such a way as to cause me to leave them. The young Ajumba man, Ogula, came to work with me.

Wednesday, the 7th, marked the beginning of a new step in my building. Having completed my own temporary hut, and necessary out-houses by the ravine, and the Igolino hut at the foot of the northern side of the Hill, I started a number of the employees at the cutting of logs, for the foundation-posts of the board-floored house to be built near the hilltop. The forest was crowded with trees, but not all of them available for that purpose. Only the hardest woods could resist the attacks of the white ants.

JOURNEY TO BELAMBLA.

On Thursday, February 8, leaving four of my people to care for the Kângwe premises, I took the other nine, to make my monthly inspection of Belambla. Stopped on the way at Aguma, to breakfast with Mr. Travis. Leaving near noon, the crew pulled remarkably well; and, with no stops, we reached Sakwĕle's Island by 7 P. M. He was away; but his wife Akanda received us.

The next day, in passing Ozĕgĕ-kâtyâ, we bought turtle-eggs of an Akĕle who hailed us. Ate at Avyake's. He was holding a palaver about one of his women who had been killed in a quarrel resulting from the trader Rogomu's retaining an Akĕle canoe which he found floating as lost property, and had refused to surrender to the owner. Kasa was at his village, and smiled as I passed. Reaching Belambla by 4 P. M., Kongolo and his assistants were very glad to see me. I had brought for him, from my sister Isabella of Benita, some little articles presented by her, a belt, thread, etc. His joy was touching, at being thus remembered, as he repeatedly ejaculated, "Thank you! Miss Bella!" In the evening, five of the young men told me that they wished to be Christians. *That* was my reward for my work at Belambla! My heart was full! Lendaginyâ (the striker whom I had restored to my service) said that he had thought of this for two years; but, had put it off, because I was living away from his Galwa tribe. And, that when I had dismissed him for his offense six months previously, he did not wish to go away into the temptations of trade, and so decided to delay no longer in informing me. Mânjâ said that he had engaged with me, at first, only "for the sake of dollars"; but, that, hearing the Truth often, "it had pierced his ears, and opened his heart." The Akĕle Lakitharambyli, said that he wished to turn from the darkness of his tribe. I went to bed with a glad heart.

The next day, with my entire crew, I crossed the river, to make friendships with the Fañwe on that side. They received us well; politely gave presents to me and to my entire company; and, according to custom, we made return gifts. Heard of a trade-palaver near Anyambe-jena's village, involving some Goree traders; and, Ondĕñe and Kasa had gone with them, to settle the affair. Those traders were Senegalese, from the Goree district of Cape Verde. They were Mohammedans, and, as French subjects, had a smattering of civilization, on which

they prided themselves, looking with contempt on the Ogowe natives. As a result of that attitude of haughty autocracy, they often became involved in quarrels. I avoided association with them. Our only common grounds of sympathy lay in the two facts, that, though they traded with rum, they themselves (as followers of Mahomet) were temperate; and, like myself, they had no love for Romanism with its Mariolatry, which, in Africa, the priests made so very prominent, that the Virgin was worshiped more than was her Divine Son. With the Mohammedans I could heartily repeat "Allah il Allah" (there is no god but God), the first half of their creed. My crew had done so exceptionally well, that I bought a goat for them to enjoy at their evening meal. Late in the evening, I finished my inspection, paid wages, squared Kongolo's accounts, and found them correct.

On the Sunday, February 11, meeting was held; and I taught at intervals all day, though I felt feverish and wearied. Enjoyed singing with Kongolo and Mbora. The former told me that he desired to write to Mrs. Bushnell, of the Gaboon Baraka school, for permission to marry one of her schoolgirls, an Akĕle of the Gaboon River, Jane Preston by name. I do not know whether he did so. At all events, nothing resulted. This revealed a problem that was often facing us. Our native young men were educated beyond their tribal young women. They sought marriage with the young women of the "upper" tribe, trained in our excellent Baraka school. But, it was impossible. Strict Mpongwe law forbade their women marrying any man, however personally noble, of any lower tribe. In this case, Jane Preston might have been available, as the Akĕle tribe was not superior to Kongolo's Kombe. But, she was living among the Mpongwe, a tribe claiming to be at the very top of native society. So, that, often its young women, finding no satisfactory suitor among their Mpongwe men, and forbidden to marry "below" them, contracted common-law marriages with men "above" them, the white foreigners.

On the Monday, visited again the Fañwe village. Stopped again at Avyake's, and found that he had just returned from a "war," in which he had shot a woman in revenge for the "palaver" of Rogumu's stray canoe. In these family and tribal fights there was no honorable war; there was no open attack on the villages where the men were. There were only sudden ambushes in the forest, where the victims were the women at work on their plantations. I held a service at

Avyake's, and spoke on the Resurrection. He was alarmed at the idea of meeting the resurrected forms of those he had killed. I came back, with a long circuit, to the Inenga village of Lambarene; and, reaching my little hut at Kângwe, after five days' absence, was enthusiastically welcomed by dog Brownie. The dog was a real comfort to me. Some of my people were companionable; but, they were not dependant on me for their happiness. The dog was; and his eyes and tail spoke, with almost human speech, his love and gratitude. When I went, next day, on an errand across the river to Atangina, he would not be left behind, swam after us, and finally had to be taken aboard.

Rights of property in land and its trees, fruits and animals (in other than planted gardens) were exceedingly difficult to be understood by those natives. The old experiences of trespass from which I had suffered at Corisco, Benita, and Belambla, notwithstanding my very special explanations at the signing of the deeds, begun to repeat themselves at Kângwe. To my surprise, found Mr. Travis' workmen cutting building materiel on my premises. Of course he had not sent them there. They had been sent out together, "in the forest." There was *forest* on my premises. And, they thought nothing farther. Probably, also, proximity to companionship with my people, and a share in their pipes and fires may have been a consideration why they selected *my* forest. An Ajumba canoe came, with plantains for sale. With it, in another canoe, was my friend Anege, from Lake Azingo; and with him was a young Mpongwe man, who said that he had seen me when I was living at the Maluku Girls' School on Corisco Island, a dozen years before. What a mixture of tribes, Benga, Mpongwe, Ajumba, Galwa, Fañwe, etc.! And, how little we knew of possible influence for good or evil in our passing meetings with members of tribes other than the one with which we temporarily were living!

My interest always went out to children. I did not like that they should be afraid of me. Unfortunately, many unwise mothers used on troublesome children a threat to give them to the white man to be eaten! On February 14, one of Re-Nkombe's women, Ozĕngĕ, with her child Aworo, made me a friendly visit, and presented a chicken. Little Aworo was not afraid of me. I had been feeling feverish, tired, and with a headache. While quinine was the final cure for fever, I often broke a slight malarial attack by a large use of cayenne pepper, either mixed with food, or drunk with warm water. In the evening, when I was hearing lessons (all of them voluntary on the part of

VILLAGE PREACHING

my people), I noticed that Aveya was very diligent in reading his Bible. And, I asked him what he thought of the God whose Word he was reading. He replied that he thought of giving his heart to Him; but, that he had hesitated to speak to me of it.

In clearing on the premises space sufficient for building, I had to be ruthless in the destruction of valuable trees. Some mahogany, ebony, and gum copal were thus cut down. I pitied them; but, I valued more the preservation of the oil-palms.

Other women came when they had an errand, of things to sell, or favors to ask, or to gratify curiosity. Re-Nkombe's sister Azizya came, at times, with apparently no reason other than friendly interest. She was nobler than her brother, never asking returns for benefits I derived from the fact of that brother being my "patron."

The dog Brownie often seemed half-human. He attempted to steal a taste of my butter-dish; and I struck him. I am sure that the blow did not hurt; but the manner with which he slunk away, seemed so distinctly less the pain of being punished than the shame of detection. On Saturday afternoon, the 17th, I went preaching in the streets of Eyčnano and adjacent villages, and inviting the people to my Sunday services.

On Sunday, early in the morning, I was aroused by a "bush-cat" (genet) killing a chicken; and by an invasion of my hut by driver ants; and, of my little pantry by honey-bees. The former were seeking rats, mice, and other vermin: the latter had found some of their wild honey of which my people had plundered them.

The Atangina friends brought me a gift of eggs and corn. It was polite in them; and there was no wrong in my accepting. But, I had learned that I needed to be exceedingly careful in the *beginnings* at my settlements about establishing precedents. The fact of the goods being carried to my house on Sunday could easily be misrepresented that I was *buying* on that day.

My little hut had but few treasures; but, what I had were prettily arranged, with a few bright souvenirs from distant friends. One of the women, Mwenanga, exclaimed that the sight of such pretty things "hurt her eyes." They remained to afternoon Sabbath school. Strange questions were sometimes asked. Teaching them of the Resurrection, a man asked whether wounds would reappear in the future body?

By February 20, work was going on well at the Igolino hut. It was a good place for marketing. All canoes coming up-river passed close to this spot, avoiding the swift current of the

Atangina side. Standing there, I could inspect the contents of the canoes, and make necessary purchases. Prices were low, as the number of white men in the river were too few to make competition. I bought the carcass of a gazelle for three francs; and a monkey for two francs.

There was much change in the number and persons of my employees. They worked well for a while; and then, some little thing would upset them. On February 24, I had rebuked Lendaginyâ for dilatoriness in bringing my monthly mail. He resented it; I was about to dismiss him; and he left. Elivantyâni also secretly deserted. A matter of surprise to me was that they should be offended at my *rebuke,* while they would have endured a *blow* from a trader. It is quite possible that, at times, I was under nervous tension, and may have rebuked in a tone or manner sharper than I would have done in health. In good health, I would have been less sensitive; and possibly even would not have seen occasion for rebuke.

Monday, February 26, was a noted day. There entered my service a sturdy young Galwa, Nguva, a cousin of Aveya, not attractive in personal appearance, but notable for his subsequent character as a Christian, becoming finally a ruling elder in the first Ogowe church.

Brownie's persistence in following me, in my boat journeys, became a nuisance. I therefore ceased to yield to him, as I hitherto had done, by finally taking him into the boat when he was exhausted with swimming. Going, on the 27th, to Atangina, to get the remainder of the *ngonja* (thatch) due me from Re-Nkombe, I was followed, as usual, by the dog. But, I refused to notice him; and the swift current carried him down to the small island sand-bar, near Tyango-ivenda (the extreme northern end of my premises). There he was safe, but helpless; for, he was too tired to again enter the water, and, Atangina, where I was, was out of his sight behind a point of land. When I returned to the building at the Igolino hut, I sent two men in a canoe to rescue him. They met a canoe of Re-Nkombe's people, who having seen the dog in its plight, and knowing it was mine, were returning it to me.

I began to clear a spot at the mouth of the ravine, near my own hut, for a boat-house. I had a canoe and a native boat, which did not suffer greatly if left exposed to the weather. But, I was expecting a boat from the United States, and wished to have a home ready for it. Tivino and Saviyĕli were among my best workmen at that time. Along with those constant

building operations I recreated occasionally with nets, which an English naturalist, Rutherford, had sent me, for catching butterflies. At some seasons, they were in very great abundance. And, just at that time, there was, among naturalists, a great call for a specimen of an enormous-sized and very rare species, the Antimachus, whose habitat was supposed to be quite local in equatorial West Africa. In my years there, I found but two specimens.

On March 3, in my usual Saturday afternoon village preaching, I came to a village where was visiting the Nkâmi Chief, Isâgi. I had never liked, and did not trust him. At his own town, where I had occasionally stopped, I accepted what he gave me, according to custom, I being his "guest." But, that day, when he offered me a present, I declined it. Not, because of my dislike for him; but, because I did not wish to seem to recognize him as the village authority, in place of the much inferior man who was the actual authority, and therefore my "host." Aveya was so long in responding, when I summoned the crew for the return home, that I taught him a lesson of promptness, by leaving him behind; and he had to swim, to overtake my canoe.

To the Sunday services, next day, came people from Adâlinanângâ and Atangina. Of course, they needed to leave for the noon meal in their own villages. I offered them a lunch, if they would remain to afternoon Sabbath school.

In the evening, my people asked me to sing for them. I did so, both in English and Mpongwe. They liked the tunes of "I have a Father in the promised land," "A little longer here below," "Whither, pilgrims, are you going?" and, "O! think of a home over there."

The days were busily and successfully occupied with receiving visitors from different parts of the river; buying supplies of plantains, wild meat, nuts, ground-nuts, and building materiel of thatch and bamboo; superintending the completion of the boat-house, firmly supported by its copal-tree posts; making a shed, in which to store materiel; and dragging logs to be squared for the frame of the house near the hilltop.

At noon of Saturday, March 10, quite a number of Re-Nkombe's young men and boys came to visit me. I took the public opportunity to announce that I would no longer employ Oguma, one of their townsmen, because of his having misspent the money which I had entrusted to his care when I went to Gaboon in the preceding December. (He had taken good care of the premises, but not of those funds.)

I went to preach at King Amale's town. Found him and his family occupying the deserted German trading-house of Mr. Schiff, who had moved out on to the main stream at new Lembarene. I enjoyed the services. At the close, Amale offered me the usual visitor's present. On other occasions, I would have accepted it. But, I refused it that day, lest people should think I had come for a gift. I wished my Gospel message to be known as free. Dog Brownie, since his unpleasant experience two weeks previously, no longer attempted to follow me on the river.

I went to bed, about 10 P. M. of Wednesday, the 14th; but, lay awake until 11 P. M., under an unusual impression of coming evil. Suddenly, a messenger came from Mr. Travis at Aguma, asking for an opiate, to relieve the pain of Mr. Lubcke, who had been shot by the Bakĕle of a village on the Ngunye, who objected to his passing them, and carrying trade to their rivals farther up-river. Quickly dressing, and summoning ten of my people for rapid paddling, I hasted. On the way, I met Mr. Travis coming from the new German house. He informed that Mr. Lubcke was bleeding profusely. On arrival at the house, I found Mr. Lubcke conscious, groaning, with a gun-shot wound in his left shoulder, two over the stomach, one over the left kidney, and one in the right groin. Streams of blood had been flowing over the bedding and floor; but, bleeding had ceased. To keep up his strength, liquor had been given him; but, too abundantly. The wound in the groin was the worst. There was suspicion that it had injured the urinary bladder; because, Mr. Lubcke was in intense pain with desire to micturate, but unable to do so. In his intoxicated state he refused to allow me to use a catheter. With small hope, his own white assistant, and Mr. Travis, and I united to send him over the 200 miles to the French hospital at Gaboon. In Mr. Travis' best canoe, and with a flying force of two dozen picked paddlers, Mr. Lubcke was to go under the escort of the civilized Senegalese, Mr. Manĕ. I watched the case all night; during which time I wrote a letter to Dr. Bushnell at Baraka. At daylight, I returned to my house. And, later, with only six paddles in the *Spes*, returned, to give my boat-sail for possible use in the canoe at sea, and some of my best food supplies that contained home luxuries which the traders, with all their means, did not have.

Mr. Lubcke started finally at 11.30 A. M. of the 15th. He was taken the 130 miles to the river mouth, and then the seventy miles of sea to Libreville. [With continuous paddling of

the twenty-four men, and the aid of the sail at sea, a most unprecedented run of less than 36 hours was made to the hospital at Libreville, where the patient recovered. A most astonishing assertion was made subsequently, by both Mr. Lubcke and Mr. Manĕ, that, in the canoe, on the way down-river, the intense desire to micturate overcame all obstacles, and a piece of brass rod, one of the slugs fired by the Bakĕle, and which was supposed to have entered the groin and into the urinary bladder, was voided through the natural outlet. I could not believe it, and suggested that the slug must have been embedded in Mr. Lubcke's clothing. But, he asserted that he felt the gradual passage of the slug, and that after its expulsion, almost all pain ceased.]

That day, the 15th, of course, I was very sleepy; and, the morning being rainy, little work was done at the Igolino hut. Later, I went to call on Re-Nkombe, and made him a present. He was sitting down literally in the dust, mourning for the death of one of his women, Ozĕngĕ, the mother of little Aworo. Mamwĕmi returned. And, there came a new employee, Igamba (word).

In the wild forest that I was clearing, animals new to me were occasionally found by my employees. On Saturday, the 17th, they caught four young creatures that were quite new to me. They were the size of squirrels, but, their face of a different color, and with large ears and eyes. I suppose that they were lemurs.

The 18th was a clear pleasant Sunday. My Lake Azingo friend, Anege, on his journey, happened along, just at Sunday-school time. Also several lads from Adâlinanângâ. Under the beautiful sunset, I sat outdoors singing with Mbora and Aveya. And, after evening prayers, I sang for all my household. They enjoyed this, especially when I accompanied myself on my guitar. I was longing for a mail to come. I had read and re-read every line of my newspapers.

As so often occurred, after a pleasant Sunday, the following Monday was an evil one. With my entire force of workmen, I had gone to the Igolino hut. The quickest mode of reaching that spot, instead of up and over and down the Hill, was by canoe around it. All the employees worked poorly. I had to rebuke almost every one, for some offense or other. (Perhaps I irritated them, and they became reckless.) In returning, in the late afternoon, four of the company, instead of waiting on their usual habit of allowing me to land first, jumped violently

ashore, and almost upset the canoe. And, in the evening, they all were noisy. I determined that I would finish that Igolino next day, and then send half of the company to live there; and thus leave me more room and quiet at the ravine hut. Saviyĕli and Mburu returned, with plantains; and accompanied by Romwango's wife. A crowded house, and a noisy night.

I had often to impress on people, my rights to the Hill property (whose boundaries were well outlined) and objected to their hunting animals, gathering fruits, cutting trees, or trespassing in other ways. Most of this was new to them. Nobody owned anything in the wild forest! Anyone could take anything from there! The only ground that natives claimed was that of their actual village, and of their plantations distant a half-mile in the forest. For that claim, there was clear right; for, village and plantation were cleared, planted, and occupied. (But, if they ceased to occupy, and abandoned them, the claim ceased.) But, they made no claim on any forest, for, it was not *enclosed* or *outlined*. Imitating *my* claims for my forest and trees, a man, Nduta, from Atangina, demanded pay for saplings which my people had cut in the forest near his village. I refused; because that forest was not marked and bounded, as mine was.

We all went, on Tuesday, the 20th, to the Nkâmi side of the Hill, to finish the Igolino hut, putting in its doors and windows. I think that the presence of Romwango's pleasant-looking wife had something to do with the good behavior of the workmen.

The next day, I gave the morning, to the ten of my household whom I had assigned to the Igolino, for them, without me, to put the finishing touches on that dwelling, while I, with the remaining five, transferred the many articles of food, tools, etc., etc., that had crowded my bedroom to the now vacated room of those ten. I felt relieved of their noise, and comfortable that I had space in my little hut, in which to move.

The Igolino being finished, I went that very afternoon, to the hilltop, to begin clearing the site I had chosen for my framed-house. Under the heavy "latter" rains, the river was so full that it was backing up into the rivulet that ran down the ravine, so that my boat and canoes, in landing, had no need to be dragged ashore; they floated into the ravine, to the edge of the boat-shed.

A constant difficulty in my household, was the food question. In their own villages, meal times were irregular, and often, food scarce; and they were familiar with hunger. But, there, their

work was very irregular. With me, their work was regular, and harder than what was in their own villages; and, I recognized that they should have more to eat. It was rare that I failed to give them a good ration, though it cost me constant forethought to keep a supply on hand, there being nothing like a market-place. I obtained foods from only chance passing canoes, or by sending to villages sometimes a dozen miles away. The point of difficulty was that I could not always furnish *meat* at every meal every day. I was quite willing to do so; but, it was impossible to obtain fresh meat every day, and very difficult to keep on hand dried meats. Kindly, I sometimes gave them a feast, when I could get a goat, or leg of some wild animal. So, I felt that they were exacting and unappreciative, in their complaints, when sometimes they had their plantains without meat. It was unjust in them; for, both they and I knew that often, in their own homes, they had no meat at all. These troubles depressed me. Sometimes I began to think that I spoiled my employees by pampering them. Then, again, they would be so kind and helpful and affectionate, that in my heart I forgave them, with a paternal feeling. They were only overgrown children.

I almost always had a goat on hand, for a possible necessity for flesh. At that time, I had a female with a little kid. I had allowed the latter to take all of its mother's milk. But, one day, I decided to make it share with me. It was the first fresh milk I had had during my more than two years in the Ogowe!

On Thursday, March 29, a canoe passed up-river, which I recognized as the one, in which Mr. Manĕ had taken the wounded Mr. Lubcke to Gaboon. Anxious to hear news, I sent a messenger to follow it to Aguma. Word was returned that Mr. Lubcke would probably recover! And, that the German agent, Mr. Schultze with his little steamer was on his way with a mail. Two days later, thinking that Mr. Schultze must be near, in my longing for a mail, I stopped work, and went to Aguma, and remained for supper. About sunset, we heard that Mr. Schultze had arrived at his house in the main branch. After supper, I in my canoe, Mr. Woodward with Mr. Travis in his gig, went to the German house. There was there also a French officer, who had come on a punitive expedition, to punish the Akĕle village that had fired on Mr. Lubcke. My mail had come from a number of persons; but, nothing from either of my sons. Returned, late at night, and sat up until past midnight reading letters and newspapers.

About midnight of Sunday, April 1, I had to leave my bed, from an invasion of a driver-ant army. I got very little sleep the remainder of that night.

So, I rose fagged in the morning of Monday. But, on invitation from the German house, I went to their 11 A. M. "breakfast." Mr. Schultze and the French officer were absent up the Ngunye, on their raid against the Bakĕle. They returned late; their expedition a failure. Breakfast, having been delayed for them, was unsatisfactory; and I was very sleepy. And, the next day, I was feverish. Loss of sleep, two consecutive nights, was an evil.

On Saturday, the 7th, went on my regular weekly preaching in the villages. At Eyĕnano, had a large attendance of men, women, and children. Then, went on to Aguma, to hear details of the French fiasco up the Ngunye. While there, I saw a very demonstrative sign of mourning. One of Mr. Travis' Orungu traders, Ndambĕnjĕ, a very proud young man, who always wore fine clothing, was making up his accounts with Mr. Travis, when some one brought the former word of the death of a relative. He dropped his accounts, rushed out of the room, screaming, and tore his handsome shirt to pieces.

In the afternoon of Wednesday, the 11th, I heard two reports of guns, which I thought must be cannon of the *Pioneer*. My people thought not. But, next morning, just as they were dispersing at 8 A. M. to their work, the vessel was seen entering the river at Aguma. She had reached the main-stream mouth of the cross creek on the day before. At once, I went to Aguma, and remained to the 11 A. M. breakfast. Such good news! My gig, the *Nelly-Howard*, had arrived by the *Pioneer*. Also, supplies of provisions from Rev. Dr. Bushnell at Libreville; a bundle of papers from Miss Dewsnap at Baraka; bed-clothing from my sister at Benita, and her February letters, telling of her severe illness; a paper box of presents from Mrs. William Patten, guardian of my son Charles; a box of a variety of good things from Trenton, from my parents and sisters. The donors of such gifts can never know, even though the grateful recipients tell in best words their gratitude, what blessings they confer. The value of the things given are far and beyond any pecuniary rate. One must live in the isolation I was occupying, in order fully to know the gladness of the joy such favors brought, as evidences of love.

The boat, *Nelly-Howard*, was a wonderful donation. For twelve years it played a most active part in my Ogowe work.

A Princeton University classmate, Samuel R. Forman, M.D., elder and Sabbath school superintendent in the First Presbyterian Church of Jersey City, N. J., interested himself and his church to obtain for me a boat of the very best materiels and construction. As it would cost some $300, Dr. Forman interested other churches, viz., of Freehold, N. J., under the pastorate of another Princeton classmate, Rev. Dr. Frank Chandler; also, the First Presbyterian Church of Peekskill, N. Y., under elder and Sabbath school superintendent S. R. Knapp, Esqr., another classmate; and, Mr. J. E. Harran, of the Philadelphia North Presbyterian Church, the church of some of my Philadelphia relatives; and Mrs. William Patten, and other friends in Philadelphia of the Spring Garden Presbyterian Church; and Calvin Wadhams, another classmate, superintendent of the Sabbath school of the Memorial Church, of Wilkesbarre, Pa. Correspondence as to the size, etc., of the boat was instituted in June, 1876, by Mr. F. S. Emmons, secretary of the First Presbyterian Church of Jersey City Sabbath School Missionary Association, and his assistant, Mr. Buswell, of which association I was made a life member. The construction was given to a certain firm of boat-builders in Jersey City, Fennels & Sopher. The boat was a steamer captain's gig, thirty feet long and about five feet in its widest middle, tapering to a sharp bow. The materiels were cedar (not pine) thus intended that it should not soon decay. Knowing how iron rusts, the nails were all of copper; the rowlocks and trimmings, brass. The timbers were very light, to diminish weight. The oars were six, fifteen feet in length, not paired, but alternate, so that each rower should put his strength of both hands on the one oar. The rudder was guided by tiller-ropes; and, in the stern-sheets, there was comfortable space for three to sit on each side. The area at the stern could be covered by extra boards, making a platform on which bedding could be comfortably spread. There was a frame and canvas cover over this at night so that the enclosed space was private and safe from rain, as in a tent. And a long awning the entire length of the boat, to protect from sun by day. The boat was very lightly built, and was not intended to carry freight. It was planned only for my rapidity and comfort in journeys. (But, necessity, later, made it carry often very heavy freightage.) I named it for Dr. Forman's two little children, Nelly and Howard, *Nelly-Howard*. The boat and those two names played a prominent part in the subsequent years of my Ogowe life.

JOURNEY UP THE NGUNYE.

My attention had been drawn to the river Ngunye by the attack on the German trader's boats, and by the failure of the French authorities to make any adequate punishment. But Africa is a land of rapid change. Commerce could not delay. Other traders had pressed on up the river, beyond the villages that had tried to prevent the German; and, no opposition was made. The English house had their Mpongwe trader Ngeza there, and the *Pioneer* was going to bring away his rubber. I was invited to take passage, and see the river.

I did so, on the morning of Friday, April 13. As I was late in starting from Kângwe, I was met by Mr. Travis' gig, which he kindly sent for me. I was glad to rest on the deck of the evenly moving *Pioneer;* for, I was tired and sleepy with reaction from my excitement of examining the gifts from America, and reading of the papers and letters. We passed, in entire safety, and with no demonstration of any kind, the Akĕle villages that had so excited the river by its attack on Mr. Lubcke. As the steamer advanced, we left the low shores behind, and had a view of the hills to the south, whence the Ngunye came. To my agreeable surprise, there were no mosquitoes. Though the natives on the route had made no hostile demonstration, the captain was very careful in his orders at night against any canoes being allowed to have communication with us.

The next morning, all, captain, crew, and passengers were early out of hammock or cot. The air was misty, preventing any view of the adjacent scenery. Continuing the journey, villages were passed of the Ivili tribe; a tribe that is more numerous on the coast and farther south of Loango. We reached Ngeza's trading-house in the afternoon about 3 o'clock. Mr. Woodward kindly tried to get me a canoe and crew to take me some eight miles farther, that I might see the Samba Falls (the "Eugenie" Falls of Du Chaillu). But, there were none; everybody was busy weighing rubber.

The next day, Sunday, the work of weighing and buying rubber continued. Ngeza, though the house was his, and the rubber his (subordinate to the firm of H. & C.) was the only native, who, as a Christian, declined to take part in that work. I went ashore to the Ivili village of Agamba, and held a meeting. Images are not common in fetish-worship; but, I saw some in the fetish-house. Spent the afternoon, quietly reading. At

night, there was a heavy rain; for, April and May are the latter rainy-season months.

On the Monday, I rose early; and, by 6.30 A. M., due to Mr. Woodward's successful arrangements, was off in a light canoe and five hired paddlers besides my own three men. After two-and-a-half hours' pull, we reached the falls. Above them, the river is only about 350 feet wide, with a little island in the edge of the fall in its *position* reminding one of Goat Island at Niagara. At the fall itself, the river contracts to 150 feet in width. The plunge of the water is only about ten or twelve feet, with rapids below, having a descent of about five feet in 200 feet. The rocks were hard quartz. I doubted whether those were Du Chaillu's "Eugenie." The river had a series of cataracts; I think that the Eugenie Falls are farther up the stream.

Returned by 11 A. M., bringing with me souvenir flowers and stones. I enjoyed the view of the falls very much, and would have lingered there. But, I hastened my return; for, the *Pioneer* had expected to start her return journey at noon. But, being delayed by her trading, the start was deferred. I spent the afternoon in writing to a friend in the United States, an account of the "Eugenie" Falls. And, in the evening, the captain and Mr. Woodward being in a witty humor, we had a good deal of "chaffing" back and forth, in which I joined. This unusual recreation was a medicine to me, arousing me from the depressing routine my isolation at Kângwe had induced.

On Tuesday early, the start down-river was made, with a safe run in narrow channels for five hours. Then, the vessel went hard aground. Six hours' hard work finally floated the vessel. We all felt very much relieved. We were in an exposed position had there been any disposition of the Bakĕle to attack us. Discharging the cargo had allowed the vessel to float; but to leave those goods ashore all night would expose them to theft and to rain. Travel at night was impossible in the narrow channels. The risk of theft was safely made; and, fortunately, there was only a slight rain.

On Wednesday early, the discharged cargo was taken on board. And, by 10 A. M. we were back at Aguma, after six days' absence. My people heard the *Pioneer's* whistle, and they came for me with a gratifying welcome. I was equally glad to find that nothing had gone amiss during my absence. Kongolo arrived from Belambla, with the news that Kasa was dead, killed by an elephant.

JOURNEY TO BELAMBLA.

It was proper that I should promptly go to the out-station to see what might be the conditions after Kasa's death.

Galwa employees were less tractable than Benga or Kombe with whom I had dealt. Almost every journey was preceded by some complaints or demands or refusals. Two of my men, Igamba and Ambângila, refused to go with me. Perhaps they were afraid of some quarrel or debts they may have contracted among the Bakĕle. I gave them the choice of obedience or dismissal. And, Saviyĕli complained, because, instead of giving him a seat in the fine *Nelly-Howard*, I had appointed him among the crew of a small canoe I was taking with me. Stopped at Aguma, for a supply of goods. The *Pioneer* was preparing to return to Gaboon. I sent a mail by her. The *Nelly-Howard* moved very rapidly, as it had practically no load. The crew pulled well, though the handling of the long single oars was something new to them. At sundown, we reached Sakwĕli's, for the night. The next day, Saviyĕli repeated his complaints. An Akĕle chief, seeing the handsome new boat, mistook it for a man-of-war's man's captain's gig, and came, to inquire whether it was on an errand to fight with Bakĕle. Stopped to eat at Avyake's. Did not enjoy the hour. He attempted to make a defense of his violent treatment of the trader Rogomu; his people were running a hard bargain over the food I wished to purchase; and, my own people were slow in cooking. But, I made up for the lost time, by the very rapid movements of the boat. People, at villages we passed, shouted in admiration, and little canoes attempted to race with us.

I passed Kasa's. On arrival at my house, the usual crowd of Bakĕle did not come to salute me. They feared I had come to avenge my plundered house! There came only the man Sĕmĕgwe and two boys, Bideli and Mutyi, and two Mpongwe traders.

The next day, the only Akĕle, who came to see me was Sĕmĕgwe. The two Mpongwes came again, and I took counsel with them whom we should recognize as Kasa's successor. Then, I went to Kasa's town, to see his people. However insincere the demonstrations of grief for his death may have been, it was all very pathetic and touching. I had been his "friend." As such, they were pleased that I had shown him the respect of coming to the mourning. But, mingling with their gratification at this, was a very evident fear of me, as to what I might do

about the robbery. I certainly had no evil intention. That fear was the outcome of their own sense of guilt. But, it was touchingly mollified, by the action of two little girls, Mula and Konga, whom I had petted. They came to me, without hesitation, to be petted as usual. I could see a pleased light spread over the faces of the company, as I put my arms around the two children.

At mournings, not much is expected to be said. Grief expressed itself either in dull silence, or yells of wailing. After sitting silent, I said, adopting native custom, that I had come to see my friend Kasa, that I did not see him, and wished to know where he was. Then, the wails ceased, while a man told me how Kasa had gone hunting elephants; had wounded one; it turned and charged at him; he fired again, but the gun only flashed in the pan; and the elephant had gored him with its tusks, one through his thigh, and one through an arm-pit; and then had flung him aside. His slaves had brought his body to town, and he had died on the next day. But, before he died, he had accused twelve of his wives and other slaves of having bewitched his gun!

Those accusations were evidently based on memory of some disobedience or other offenses. The twelve had been immediately seized; and, at his death, three of them had already been put to death. Observing that his wives, with whom I had been friendly, were not present, I asked for them. There was some delay which I did not understand. When they came, I regretted that I had insisted. For, as part of the proof of grief in mourning, not only are all ornaments removed, but, in the case of these widows, they had been divested of every vestige of clothing. They had been sitting naked in a hut by themselves. When they were told that they must come to see Kasa's friend, who had asked for them, they yielded. They slipped into the room, and huddled down in a corner, one of them with a plate in her hands as the only protection to her body. Among themselves, this nakedness was endured as the custom of their country. But I had always treated them with such courtesy and respect, that they recognized my code of shame. I told them that I had not known their condition when I sent for them. Then I turned to the company, and made a vigorous demand that I did not believe that my dead friend wanted any more people killed, and that, if they valued my friendship, I insisted that the other nine prisoners should be released, and no farther murder made. I do not know how mixed may have been their motives; but, they seemed pleased. And, the lives of those nine were saved. I was so

glad for this, that, in a reaction from the sad and dreadful feelings of the day, on return to my own house, and among my own crew, whom I felt under an obligation to amuse, I gave them firecrackers to play with in the evening. Those were a great rarity. They could not be obtained in that part of Africa. I always brought a supply from my furloughs in America, and kept them hidden for only important occasions. But, the excitements of the day had been too much for me; and, during the night, I had some fever.

On Sunday, I awoke with perspiration, which I always regarded as a good sign. And, for the first time in Africa, I put on a red woolen shirt. I had feared it would be uncomfortable; but, it was not. I conducted the morning services to a good attendance of Bakĕle and Mpongwe. Sĕmĕgwe again came to see me. Perhaps he was seeking recognition in Kasa's position. I held also a good Sabbath school. And, at its close was taken down with a hard chill. I treated myself with hot drinks, and hot-water bottles to my back. The young men were very thoughtful and attentive. Cook Mbora's interest took almost the form of a rebuke, "You should not get sick!" And Kongolo begged me not to get sick while I was his visitor! As if he would be blamed for not taking better care of me!

The next day, fever was gone; but, I felt very light-headed. However, I was able to examine Kongolo's accounts; and found them $6 short. A trader, Ambura, came to see me. We conferred about Kasa's successor; and chose Jongâñe. Also, I added the name of Sĕmĕgwe, as patron of my out-station. In the afternoon, Kasa's mother and sister and head-wife and Jongâñe came; and I announced to them my decision. And, then, I went across the river to the Fañwe village, to buy plantains; for, at Kasa's, there was nothing to be bought. Towns of mourning are overrun with guests, and their food supply runs low.

The following day, Tuesday, the 24th, Disingwe and others came to see me. And then I packed, and left. On the way, stopped to salute, at Ondĕñe's, Myangañe's, Avyake's, and Manda's where I delayed to eat. The boat was everywhere admired. Stopped at Anyambe-jena's. He presented me with a fowl; and immediately asked for a gift. Of course, I knew, that any present from a native was expected to be recognized by a gift later on. But, the making of a request for an immediate return was impolite on part of the donor, and so offensive to me, that I always did, as I did that day to him, i. e., I handed back

the fowl, declining to take it in any other way than purchase. The purchase price was always less than what I would have given as gift, if he had suppressed his cupidity.

My crew, though unaccustomed to handling long oars, were so delighted with the boat's progress that they kept steadily at the oars all the twenty miles to Kângwe. There again the fever-chill seized me. And, I could do nothing for two days, except that I sent by the trader Dosĕ, to Kongolo, a box of bread-fruit tree-sets, for him to plant at Belambla. [They are growing there to-day.]

On Monday, April 30, I was again busy with the workmen trying to drag uphill a very heavy log, for a sill of the new house that was to be built. But, they could not move it. Two days later, I sent to Adâlinanângâ for people to come and help. There came, the next day, some half-dozen weak ones; and the log barely moved. I paid them off; and they were to return next day with more people. I did not believe they would come. So, I wrote to Mr. Travis asking for the loan of his powerful Kru-men. On Friday, May 4, to my surprise, more than twenty Galwas were on hand; and a note from Mr. Travis that he would come. With his men, I would not need the Galwas. But, I took them, lest they would fail to come, if I should need them in the future. My logging became a picnic. Messrs. Travis and Woodward, with a German, came in their two gigs with fourteen Kru-men, all on hand by 9.30 A. M. Fifty pairs of hands at the log was play. The men danced and sang. The log was soon at the top; and the men asked for more worlds to conquer! A second big log was soon set. Then we had our 11 A. M. breakfast, cook Mbora having made a fine showing. After the meal, a third log was dragged, to crown the day's work. My kind trader friends had helped me, by doing in three hours what my slow-work people would have taken a week to do. Everybody felt so happy, that, when my visitors were gone, I gave my household the remainder of the day as holiday, and some firecrackers in the evening.

And, yet, as often happened after a kindness, three days later, four of my people left dissatisfied!

On May 8, my materiel had so increased, that I marked the outlines of the new house.

Friends in the United States, had remembered me with some books and magazines. On the 10th, I was reading George Eliot's "Felix Holt." I felt and recognized her literary power, but was disappointed as to the moral effect of her religious

views. I was pleased to find my feelings exactly expressed in a critique, on which my eye happened to fall that same day, in a copy of *Scribner's Magazine,* for October, 1874.

On Saturday, the 12th, I went to Atangina, on the usual weekly preaching. Re-Nkombe wished to give me a goat. But, I refused to receive it, on the ground that my visit that day was not that of a social friend, but as preacher of the Gospel.

Brownie, though he had ceased to follow me in the water, on my excursions, would watch the boat's direction, and, whenever possible, would follow ashore. That day, knowing that Atangina was opposite to the lower side of the Hill, he ran over the Hill, to watch us; and then, when he saw us returning, he ran back over the Hill, to meet us at the boat-shed.

The goat which I had refused to accept from Re-Nkombe, at my preaching services at his town, I accepted as a gift on Tuesday, the 15th, when he paid the last instalment on his debt of building materiel which he owed me.

Early in the morning of Wednesday, the 18th, while dressing, I heard the puffing of Mr. Schultze's little steamer, *Orungu,* towing his little schooner up my Ajumba stream. I went out, and had my flag waved as a salute. The crew hailed me, and I sent off a canoe, which brought word that there was mail and freight for me. I sent the kongongo *Spes* to follow to the German house, while I went with the remainder of my employees to the daily job at logs on the hilltop. When *Spes* returned, I sat down in the afternoon to read my accumulated mail; letters from fellow missionaries, from European and American friends, from relatives and my children. In the evening, I shared my joy, by reading some of the letters to my household.

The traders, though most of them had little sympathy with our mission work, had the fellow feelings of humanity for me. They knew that, in an emergency, I would stand by them. And, they obligingly brought for me my mails and supplies from Gaboon.

The next day, Saturday, the 19th, in going on my weekly preaching service to the villages, I passed on to the German house, to make a call of thanks on Mr. Schultze. In his position, he had frequent opportunities of collecting specimens in natural history, and other curios. He had that day a very singular little antelope; I could not recognize what was its species.

I think that the Galwas were the most excitable and quarrelsome of any of the tribes with which I had dealt. On Monday, the 21st, cook Mbora and Tivino had a fight. Their contest was

OTANGA, GERMAN TRADING-HOUSE, LAMBARENE

Facing page 218

fierce; it was daring, in my presence; and, it was disrespectful, in that they would not cease at my command. I knew nothing about the merits of their contention, or which was in the wrong. I could not allow the disorder; and I proceeded to chastise them, young men though they were. (This, a very rare act with me, was a common one among the traders.) My unusual act caused an excitement; the resultant trouble took away my appetite, and I refused to eat, when the noon meal was set before me. Not to eat is, by the natives, considered a sign of either sickness or great grief. Three of my best employees, Aveya, Ogula, and Ayĕnwe, made an unusual demonstration of oriental respect. They came kneeling, and begged me to eat. And, Mbora gave me very great attention during the remainder of the day. Two days later, Tivino took a vacation.

On Thursday, the 24th, heard that the *Pioneer* had arrived. I went to Aguma, and found another mail. Also, Mr. Jobet, agent of H. & C., had come on a visit of inspection. There was also a French doctor, on a visit. How the number of white men in the river had increased from the five of three years before!

From time to time, I found new fruits and vegetables. On May 25, I had at dinner a good chicken-salad, the vegetable being "palm-cabbage," the heart of the top of a palm-tree. This, with a dried-currant pie, and the best loaf of bread that Mbora had yet made for me, furnished an unusually good feast. But, my household had not had meat for two weeks. It was impossible to obtain any. This they knew; and, they tried to be patient, and did not rebel. A day later, I was able to purchase them a goat. The work on the Hillside went well. I was setting the posts for the foundation. One very heavy post fell, and injured Brownie's left hind leg.

By June 1, the foundation posts were all in position, and the first sill was raised to its place. The site not being on the level of the actual hilltop, but on its slope, the "front" of the house was some eight feet high and without steps; so that the real entrance was from the "rear," where the floor was only two feet from the ground. Natives were very timid about handling wild animals. I took up a chameleon in my hand. My people were alarmed.

On Saturday, June 2, for the usual village service, I went to Eyĕnano, to Sonye's village; there was the largest assemblage I had yet had in my Kângwe visitings, mostly women and children. At Benita, I had fluent use of Benga, and needed no in-

terpreter. During my two years at Belambla, I had depended on an interpreter for Dikĕle; for, my attention was distracted from study of that dialect, by hearing much Mpongwe among the Galwa employees. During the one year at Kângwe, I had confined myself to a Mpongwe interpreter. But, that day, aroused by the sight of the crowd before me, I spoke freely, without interpreter; my first unaided public address in Mpongwe.

On Sunday, the 3d, while I was sitting in the hut, preparing for the morning services, a large snake suddenly appeared from one corner of the room, gliding across the clay floor. The door was closed which led to the other, the public room of the hut and the reptile seemed uncertain how to get out, as it circled around me. I jumped out of the open window. The snake followed; and my employees emerged from their hut, at my shout. We struck it; but, it escaped. It probably had entered the hut, in search of rats which were apt to infest the thatch roof. Next day, the snake was found dead.

I am sure that those who send books and magazines, etc., to foreign missionaries in countries where there are no books to be obtained, do not appreciate how much they are enjoyed. Some one had sent to me an almanac and two calendars. How I did enjoy their daily use!

I had constantly heard owls at night, but had not, during all my African days, until June 5, seen a living one, by daytime. One was brought to me for purchase. Also, a snake, a horned viper the *Cerastes horrida* (*Echidna Gabonica*).

On Sunday, June 10, there came to services, a young man, Nyâni-nyango (Little bird) who called himself "John." He said that he had lived with Rev. C. De Heer at Elongo on Corisco Island. Something about his manner made me doubt him. A woman gratefully gave me seven eggs, because, when she and her husband had come, in a heavy rain two months before, to sell me some thatch, I had sheltered them, and had made her a gift of soap. The cool weather was decided dry season temperature (June–September).

On Monday, the 11th, I finished placing the sixth and last sill of the house, and began the sleepers for one of the gables. I gathered specimens of wood, to send to a friend in the United States, as my felling of trees for the new house revealed to me a variety of woods.

JOURNEY TO BELAMBLA.

Kongolo wished to return to his country of Benita. So, it was necessary for me to go to Belambla, and put some one in his place. The only one of my people who had any education (given in my Benita home, eight years previously) beyond reading, and the only professing Christian was cook Mbora, of the Nkâmi tribe. Him I directed to take Kongolo's place (though I would be losing a good cook) for I felt it important that Belambla should not be closed. Saviyĕli and others failed to keep a promise to return from a vacation at their homes in time for the journey. So, on June 14, I took an unskilled crew from Atangina. Nevertheless, they rowed well. And, I had a pleasant day. What a comfort the *Nelly-Howard* was to me!

I had stopped at Aguma for breakfast. There was there a Mpongwe trader, Ndeg-oma (Friend of a person) with his large canoe and crew; and Nkâmi Chief Isâgi and his people. Reached the Nenge-sika Island by 7 P. M. Of course, it was dark; but I knew that the welcome of the place was sure. (When intending to stop at a strange place for night, I always arrived by daylight.) After I had gone to bed, Ndeg-oma also arrived, with a great deal of noise.

The next morning, Friday, the 15th, the covetous Anyambejena came from his adjacent village, to beg for gifts; and Bakĕle came with fowls to sell at prices too high for me to buy. I really think that the handsome boat, superior to anything in the river, gave them the idea that I had wealth. I passed Avyake's without stopping; and went to Myangañe's for breakfast, and held services. But, the people were very disrespectful and noisy. Ondĕñe had removed his town to another locality. Was welcomed at Belambla. The first news announced to me was the good news that the new chief, of my selection, Jongâñe, had not allowed any witchcraft murders. Ondĕñe and his women came to see me. Also, three of Kasa's widows.

The first trees I had carefully planted were doing well; even the two coconuts which I had hastily thrust into the ground, in the preceding September. The premises were in good condition kept by Kongolo; the people spoke well of him. I took Mbora, as his expected successor, around the outlines of the grounds, to show him what was mission property.

Next day, Saturday, the 16th, I examined Kongolo's accounts, and found them exactly correct. In the afternoon, I visited the Fañwe village across the river; and was well received; two

women gave me a present of plantains. Returning in the evening, I gave out to Mbora, a two months' supply of goods for his expenses. It was a beautiful half-full moonlight night; only, the mosquitoes were numerous!

After a pleasant Sunday, I left Belambla on Monday, June 18, Kongolo making his good-bys to the people; and Chief Jongâñe and his wives coming for gifts. I did not stop anywhere on the way down-river. In passing the mouth of the Ngunye, being in a happy mood, and seeing some hippopotami, and remembering how they often had alarmed me by pursuing my kongongo, I, for variety, amused myself by pursuing them. And, I was back at Kângwe before evening.

JOURNEY TO GABOON.

The semi-annual journey was arranged for Thursday, June 21. People came from Atangina, to say good-by and to beg for gifts. Their good-will visit was so obviously selfish, that I gave them nothing. I constantly recognized the propriety of giving for favors received; but, I saw no reason in this case why I should give.

I started about noon with the two boats, having as passengers Ombya-ogwana and his wife, visitors from Igenja. At Aveya's village Ginigo, by 5 P. M. There I met his little sister Aziza, who, in later years, became an important assistant in my family.

Next day, we were late in starting. As I had been given hospitality, I gave gifts in return to the women. At the Orânga exit of Lake Onanga, stopped to buy fish. The people were noisy and clamorous. An old man wanted to delay, and contract a "friendship." That meant I would have to pay for the friendship; so, I hasted on to Mbângâ's village to eat the noon meal; and, on to friend Azâze's; and to Igenja for the night. Mâmbâ's mother received us with great demonstrations of joy. Angĕkâ's little sister, at the usual evening service, wished that there was a girls' school to which she could go.

The next day, I found that two of my best crew, planning for a speculation of their own on Gaboon prices, had, without asking my permission, crowded the boat with a lot of fowls they were taking for sale. I ordered the fowls out. This was a frequent occurrence on my journeys. The boat was for *my* convenience and comfort. Some of the space I had to use in boxes of goods for buying food for the crew. They also, each of the six, were allowed to take a small box, the size of a suit-case, of changes of clothing, etc. But, beyond that, they often

attempted to fill in other luggage of their own, even to the point of discomfort to myself, and increase of weight of the boat. Re-Teno, head of the Ivili town at Ashuka, came to inquire why I did not visit him. Ashuka did not coincide in time with my hour for eating. When on a *preaching* tour, I stopped at all villages. On other journeys, I had to pass by those that did not fit into my day's schedule of hours. The dry season wind was strong in our faces, and made waves, that, though small, did really obstruct our progress. Stopped, late in the evening, in the forest, to eat; and, went on at night, to Ngumbe, the town of Chief Isâgi, having made about fifty-eight miles that day. And remained over Sunday.

Slow progress was made on Monday and Tuesday, to Angâla. There, the German and French traders had comfortable houses, in which I was entertained, and in one of whose boat-houses, I stored the *Nelly-Howard,* as I did not regard it fit for a sea journey; the smaller and native-made boat, *Charity,* was of a shape better fitted for the sea use.

King Esongi, who formerly had been extremely friendly, refused to loan me a certain article, for which I asked, as an anchor. (More and more, I found that, in such unpleasant acts from people who were ordinarily pleasant, there was some hidden superstitious reason.)

Started for the sea late in the morning of Wednesday, the 27th. Stopped at a swampy place in the mangroves, in the afternoon, and bade the crew eat a hearty meal; for I could have no cooking in the boat the next day for them; and, as for myself, I would be eating nothing on the sea, because of nausea. Emerged into Nazareth Bay, at 5 P. M., and, with a favorable wind, sped across it, and out to sea. Then, I took the rudder, while the crew gorged themselves with their last meal. Occasionally, the lookout being neglectful, we got into breakers. Kongolo and Aveya, who were accustomed to the sea, took turns all night in holding the rudder, while I dozed at intervals. There was a fine, strong, favorable wind, and moonlight, by which to see the way.

By the Thursday morning, we were still going rapidly, with all the wind our sail could bear. By noon, the water became rough, and I feared the points at the mouth of the Gaboon; but, we rounded them comfortably. The wind then became light, as we crossed the estuary; and landed by 4 P. M. near the English house of H. & C. Mr. Travis, belonging to that house in the Ogowe, was there, and met us on the beach, and welcomed us.

The Baraka schoolgirls, and Mr. Reading's four schoolboys greeted us warmly. I was lodged at Mrs. Bushnell's; and found a loving mail awaiting me from America.

On Sunday, July 1, there was Communion in the Baraka church. I preached for Dr. Bushnell. Three infants were baptized. Dogs in the church interfered with the solemnity of the occasion. The man, Ngeza, trader in the Ogowe, who had been excommunicated for his trading in rum, was restored. In the evening there was a pleasant monthly concert on missions.

The semi-annual meetings of presbytery and mission were to be held at Benita. Dr. Bushnell and I took passage on the cutter *Hudson*, in the morning of Monday, the 2d, anchoring by 7 P. M., at Elongo Station, Corisco Island, to take on board Rev. C. De Heer. The journey was continued all night. And, by 8 A. M. of the 3d, we were at Bolondo. Greeted by my sister and Miss Dewsnap. My sister was not looking well. At presbytery meeting in the evening, two candidates for the ministry were examined, Frank Myongo and D. L. Petiye. [The former is today the Rev. F. S. Myongo; Petiye reached licensure, and then turned aside.] People from the Upwanjo villages, near my old station, Mbâde, came to complain about the cattle there trespassing on their gardens. The cattle were not mine. I had indeed introduced them for their milk for my child in 1868, agreeing with Upwanjo that I should pay damages. And, Mr. Menkel living at Mbâde, had continued to keep the animals without paying for damages. A day-school was continued to be held there under a native teacher Uhemba; and the church was still there, under my protégé licentiate Itongolo, with Rev. Mr. Ibiya, of Mbangwe on Corisco Bay, as moderator of session. He found it inconvenient to make the quarterly journey, and proposed removing to Benita.

The *Hudson* left on the night of the 4th, with Messrs. De Heer and Bushnell; and it was to return promptly for me. It being the Fourth of July, I attempted a patriotic demonstration with a few of my well-kept firecrackers. One of them landed on the thatch roof of the dwelling-house; and, for a short time, there was a fire alarm. There were many things to occupy me, while waiting for the return of the *Hudson*. I was stated clerk of presbytery, and had to write up the minutes. There were visits from my former Kombe friends. There were sacred graves at the cemetery that I visited and put in order. There was help I could give the two ladies against rapacious claims on some of their pupils, by selfish men. There was the boxing

of some baggage of my sister, who was going with me to Libreville. The *Hudson* was a very slow sailer. And, Mr. Menkel was notably unreliable in fulfillment of engagements; he had also a distressing temper, that flew into violent anger, on the slightest provocation, or even on a suspicion. His outbursts were directed mostly against myself, as I was the one who oftenest traveled with him. (This unfortunate trait grew with him, to the end of his life.)

I occupied the Benita pulpit for three Sundays. Finally, the *Hudson* came. And, with my sister, we started southward on the vessel, at midnight of July 22. It was very heavily laden, and had an unusual list of passengers and crew (twenty-four). Traveling day and night, we reached Corisco Island by 4 P. M. of Tuesday, the 24th, Mr. De Heer's boat came off to us, and landed my sister, who was very weak and sick.

The next day we rested at Elongo Station. And, on Thursday, the 26th, resumed the journey; and landed at Libreville by 4 P. M. of Saturday the 28th. My sister seemed refreshed, and was able to walk from the beach to Baraka. Six days for a voyage of ninety miles! The *Hudson,* in its painful slowness, had constantly to tack, being unable to face the prevailing winds, S. W. and S. E., which were stronger during dry season (June–September) than in any other months of the year.

JOURNEY BACK TO THE OGOWE.

On Wednesday, August 1, with a big load of supplies, and my two crews, I started on the *Hudson,* to reach the Ogowe mouth, having in tow my native boat, *Caritas.* The run was only seventy miles. But, it became distressing; what we gained on one tack, we lost on the next. Day and night, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday! I was so weary with the seasickness; and food was becoming short for my large number of people. Sunday night, we anchored, being near Sangatanga, and waited for the opposing wind to die down. As there was little prospect of that, I determined to abandon the vessel, and take to my boat. I believed that my double crew, with paddles, could certainly reach the mouth and ascend the thirty miles up-river to Angâla, where I had left the *Nelly-Howard,* with which I would return for the remainder of my goods, by the time that the slow *Hudson* should finally reach Nazareth Bay.

So, at 2 A. M. of Monday August 6, I loaded the *Caritas;* and, with ten of my people, left the vessel's side; rowed all day, and

all the next night, stopping occasionally for food and rest; and reached Angâla at 5 A. M. of the 7th. There I found lying the German schooner *Wm. Johnson,* with its captain Miller and Mr. Lubcke, and his little steamer. They gave me a comfortable lunch. And, after my crews had rested, I took a portion of them that same day, in the *Nelly-Howard* down-river. Emerged at the mouth about 4 P. M., and found that my calculations were correct. The *Hudson* had arrived only a few hours before! The next morning, Wednesday August 8, by daylight, I loaded the boat. The *Hudson* immediately left, to return to Libreville; and, I for Angâla again; which I reached about 4 P. M.

I had brought with me several young men, church members, from Benita. They were educated, and would be helpful; they spoke English freely, and would be companionable; they were Christians, and could assist me in religious services. They and I spoke Benga; and, also, they had some smattering of Mpongwe, of which I had not yet acquired enough to easily conduct a preaching service. I was exceedingly hurt that evening, when I asked one of them, Charles Makângâ, to assist me in the meeting. He positively refused to take any part. I never got over the painful impression. It interfered in my subsequent relations with him; he soon returned to Benita. And, though he was subsequently honored and valued in the church there, and I met him occasionally in presbytery, I could not forget how he utterly failed me in a time of need.

I was hospitably entertained on board the *Wm. Johnson,* looked over pictures in German newspapers, and slept on the vessel. With a company of twelve in my two boats, I left Angâla on Thursday, August 9; on the way, buying plenty of farinya, plantains, fish, and turtles, from Chief Onanga at Ñombi. And, slept in the boat that night at Ñango.

On the Friday, for the first time, used the *Nelly-Howard's* sail, during the afternoon. Stopped early at the deserted trading-house, near King Njâgu's town of Ndogo; and again slept in the boat.

The next day, I allowed the *Caritas* to go on ahead to Ngumbe, while I stopped at Yâmbe, to see my friend Mwanjinkombe. And, we spent the night at Ngumbe, the half-way post from the river's mouth to Kângwe. On the Sunday, I held services, both morning and evening; only a few came. Isâgi himself was a great heathen. In a small hut in the town, he had a large idol. Much of the day I spent in the boat, reading.

The next day, we proceeded, stopping on the way at Avanga

Island, where I met one of Mr. Travis' Nkâmi workmen; to Ashuka, and bought udika and fish; to the Ivili town of the headman Re-Teno, where they had plenty of elephant meat. And, by sundown, to Igenja. The mother of Ntyindiorĕma was frantically glad to see him again. The next day I claimed the goat which Ombya-ogwana had given, on my way down-river two months before. Then, exchanges of gifts, with the mothers of my best employees, Mâmbâ, Abumba, and Angĕkâ. And, then resumed the journey, on the way stopping at the village of Awora's father; and at friend Azâze's, to salute him, but, found that there was smallpox there. On to Orânga, and bought a quantity of plantains. Thence, to a camp in the forest near Aromba. The scene was romantic, with the shadows of night and the light of blazing fires of my crews cooking their food. Such scenes appealed to my spirit of adventure, and gratified the soldier idea which I had always carried with me.

The next day, Wednesday, a canoe of Nkâmi people joined us. The three crafts made company, and stimulated each other in their speed. Stopped at Ginigo for our noon meal. The joy of the mothers of Ongângâ and Mpenge was almost pathetic. People came from Wombâlya to sell fruits and plantains. There were increasing reports of smallpox. On, into the Ozugavizya Creek, with the difficult working around its sandbanks. Lest there might be smallpox at Ntyuwa-guma, I did not go to it, but, stopped in the forest near by, for the night.

The next day, August 16, emerged into the Kângwe branch of the river, and enjoyed a fine distant view of the Hill. There were vociferous salutations as we passed Atangina. And, at Kângwe by 10 A. M. The young men, whom I had left in charge, welcomed us with shouts and a discharge of guns. I found everything safe and well, and Ayĕnwĕ gave me a correct account of the goods I had left with him. I gave rewards to him and the six others I had left as his assistants, for their faithful service. But, one of them, Ogula, was jealous of Ayĕnwĕ, because I had given the latter more!

Re-Nkombe came next day, to welcome me, with a quantity of ground-nuts and a sheep. To commemorate the occasion, I planted a number of coco-nuts. [They are growing there today!]

On Sunday, the 19th, being without an interpreter, I held only a short morning service; for, as yet, I felt that I had not acquired Mpongwe sufficiently. I knew it, for ordinary daily conversation with my people, but not for preaching. At afternoon

Sabbath school, I had the Kombe young men as teachers; "Samuel" (Mbara) and carpenter Metyeba, for those who were beginning the alphabet; Ingumu (who had been with me at Kasa's), for two who under my care had learned to read; and, Charles Makângâ with a class in the catechism. My frequent enjoyment in the evenings, especially on Sundays, was singing.

I was busy the following days, pushing the work on the new house. But, on the 26th, Ompwenge had symptoms which I thought might be of smallpox. So, that he might be cared for by his own family, I sent him in a canoe with two of his own towns-people, Angĕkâ and Bayio, to his home at Igenja.

While I always gave gifts for kindness done or services rendered, I was much annoyed, and sometimes angered, at people, whom I did not even know, coming as beggars.

About that time came into my acquaintance a young Mpongwe man, with whom I had much to do, in my subsequent Ogowe years, viz. "Samuel Marshall," or Laseni, a very intelligent man, a former pupil in our Baraka school, and, at one time a member of the church. He was trading for H. & C. in the Ogowe. Of course, his trading with rum, even if he did not drink it, broke his church membership.

I was studying Mpongwe very diligently; for, in my imperfect knowledge of it, I found myself making mistakes. On the 28th, my good friend, Azizya, Re-Nkombe's sister, came to sell me yams. In paying her, I understood her to say that I "cheated" her. In my indignation, I gave back some *ngwĕsĕ* she had presented me, refused to buy from her at all, and dismissed her. In the evening, in the usual around-the-fire conversation with my household, I found that I had mistaken the meaning of Azizya's word. I was very sorry at my mistake, and for the very injustice to a woman who had been (and continued to be) a helpful friend. I rectified it to her on another day.

On Friday the 31st, Angĕkâ and Bayio returned, accompanied by Awora. They had left Ompwenge sick, but not with smallpox.

For the usual Saturday afternoon village itineration, on September 1, I went to the town of Chief Magisi, near Aguma, although I was told there was smallpox there. I had met with it so often, that I began to feel myself immune, especially in the errand on which I was going. On such errands, one might take up a serpent, unharmed.

On Sunday, I spoke in Mpongwe, without an interpreter, but with much hesitation. After the service, Sâmbunaga came to

say that my words had "brought light to his heart," and he desired to be enrolled as an inquirer. After that there was no more need of an interpreter. I was hasting to get the new house under its thatch roof; for, I was alarmed by occasional distant thunder; and the rains would be expected by the last of the month.

The Saturday itineration of the 8th was to Sonye's village in Eyĕnano. And, thence to the German house, to call on Mr. Lubcke. He was absent, but, he had a guest, a German scientist, who had come to hunt gorillas. That interested me.

On Sunday the 9th, I had the satisfaction of feeling that I had "acquired" Mpongwe; for, I spoke in it with much more freedom than hitherto.

The next, the 10th, was a busy day on the roof of the new house. But, all the while I was thinking of the little boat at sea in Corisco Bay on the night of September 10, 1870.

After the village service on the 15th, I went to Aguma. There, I met Mr. Woodward, who had returned from the Ngunye. He had ascended, beyond the Samba Falls, to the Ashira country, where Du Chaillu had traveled (entering from the coast). Mr. Woodward told me that the "Eugenie Falls" were not a distinct cataract, but were spread over a distance of thirty or forty miles, including a number of cascades.

In the village service of the 22d, I went to Pinja's. But, two men were there so drunk and disorderly, that I stopped speaking and abruptly left the village.

Aveya had been with me since my first entry into the Ogowe, and was a valuable workman. But, he had become so irregular, making visits to his home on slight pretects, that, when he returned on Thursday the 27th, my patience was exhausted, and I told him I would no longer employ him. He replied that, rather than that he should leave me, I should throw him into the river. I allowed him to remain, to work out a debt of a dollar he owed me. Besides my Sunday religious services, I regularly began and closed each day with public prayers with my household, but gave no instruction in connection therewith. On that day I instituted a weekly Thursday night prayer meeting, giving a Bible lesson. The first lesson was on 2 Kings 6, 8; Elisha at Dothan. At night, the rainy season began! Such splendid rain, and magnificent thunder, and brilliant lightning!

On Friday morning, the 28th, I heard that my canoe was lost from the Igolino (Nkâmi) hut. Shortly afterwards, I heard that a woman at Atangina had it. When we began the day's

work on my house, Anyigei of Atangina, brought word that Ambângila, the woman's husband, hesitated to give up the canoe. This man I knew as an unpleasant, bold fellow. I thought: — If the canoe was stolen, Re-Nkombe could not fail to recognize it as mine, and should at once have sent it to me. If it had been picked up, as a derelict, I knew the native custom that allowed it to be held for a reward. But, it seemed to me, that, under my professed relations with Re-Nkombe, he should have at once sent to me, knowing that a reward would be given. At noon, I sent word to him, asking why my property was being detained. Instead of promptly forwarding the canoe, he replied that he would come next day to talk about it. This seemed to show a disposition to assent to my canoe's capture. In the afternoon, Ambângila stopped at the Igolino hut, and threatened fight. While we were at work at the house, next morning, the 29th, he, accompanied by Oguma, came professedly very friendly to me, and said that the canoe was detained only in anger at my people, who, he stated, had said that he had "stolen" it. I declined to talk with him at that busy time; but, told him that I would listen to what he had to say, at our noon rest hour. At which time, he did not return. The affair began to look badly. But, I took the high position, that they were not ignorant Bakĕle; they knew what was right; they knew my right; and, if they chose to take the position of thieves, they might keep the canoe; I would not beg for it. I could boycott their town. I went, on my usual Saturday afternoon preaching, to the Eyĕnano villages, and had a good meeting. For a wonder, those two young men were there, very attentive, and helpful in keeping others quiet! Then, I went on errands; to see Mr. Lubcke; and to Aguma. And, on my return to Kângwe, Ambângila came and made his talk; and finally said that he would give up the canoe. On Sunday, the 30th, I felt depressed at what was beginning to be a very unjust and insulting trouble. But, I succeeded in putting away the thought of it; and, for the first time in my use of Mpongwe, I felt free enough to write a skeleton of what I intended to say. There were twenty-seven people present; and a large Sabbath school in the afternoon. There was a small tornado wind in the evening; the first of the season. I felt somewhat anxious as to my new house on the hillside, whether, in its incomplete state, it would bear the strain.

The work and anxieties were making me feverish. And, an ulcer on my leg was growing worse. No canoe came on the Monday, October 1. I felt that the Atangina people were using me

badly. So, I refused to give employment or make purchases from any of that town. For several days, I confined myself to the completion of the house, when not interfered with by the frequent rains. I was getting it ready for the expected coming of my sister. That she might have fresh milk, I had bought a goat. One of those rainy nights, it bore two kids; in the morning, one was dead, and the other died soon, from exposure. I could not hope that the goat would remain in milk without her kids.

I had been pushing work on the hill house, to have it ready for the expected arrival of my sister. When I had left her at Libreville in August, it was probable that she would transfer her teaching work from Benita to the Ogowe. The conditions at Benita had become very trying to her. Rev. and Mrs. De Heer were expected to remove from Corsico Island to take charge of Benita; and the island thenceforward was passed into the care of Rev. Mr. Ibiya, who, for that purpose removed from Mbangwe on the Bay. With me, my sister knew that she would have less restriction. And, I was glad at the prospect of a lady to preside over my house.

On the next Saturday, October 6, I went in my boat to Atangina, to hold the usual village meeting. At its close, Re-Nkombe wished to talk "palaver" about the canoe. But I refused to speak of it, as I had come for the sole purpose of preaching. He wanted to be very friendly; as if the matter of the canoe was nothing between us.

The following day, Sunday, there was a good service, notwithstanding a rainy time. I was made glad by Piĕre and Akendenge saying that when they had come to work with me, it was not simply for pay, but that "they wanted to turn their hearts to Our Father." At Sabbath school, the little room was crowded. A number of people came as far as from Adâlinanângâ.

On the following Friday, the 12th, Re-Nkombe came to sell me thatch (which I needed badly) and one of his people, Igamba, wanted to be allowed to return to work. I rebuked Re-Nkombe, as if he was a thief. It had been his duty to see law and order kept, about my canoe, which, at that late day, I did not hesitate to say was being *stolen*. Next morning, Saturday 13, he and Ambângila brought it. In my indignation at its long detention, I refused to receive it, and told them that they could keep it, and it be theirs. They begged me to take it, saying that they were returning stolen property. So, I took it, and offered to Ambângila a dollar, the usual reward. He then refused it, saying that

he was returning the canoe, as a friend. So, I tore up the dollar, saying that I saw no friendship in the whole matter. On that afternoon, I went to Aguma on an errand. And, lo! while there, the *Pioneer* arrived, with my sister under escort of Rev. Dr. Bushnell! I was busy landing her goods at Kângwe until late at night. On the Sunday, Dr. Bushnell preached in the new house. Many people were present, to see the first white woman who had entered the Ogowe. On the Monday, I went with Dr. Bushnell, to call at the German house; and we took the 11 A. M. breakfast at the English house. And, was busy all the afternoon, carrying boxes and baggage up the Kângwe Hill. Impressed, doubtless, by all this increased importance of his Kângwe white "friend," Re-Nkombe came in the afternoon, presenting me with a goat, and asking pardon for the canoe trouble. I would not accept the goat, lest he should think that I had canceled his wrong. But, I told him that I considered the matter settled. We remained friends; but, I gave him a different status from what I had formerly accorded him.

On Tuesday, October 16, I took Dr. Bushnell up the river, to the Inenga tribe, to visit King Ra-Noki. As Dr. Bushnell was most fluent in the use of Mpongwe, he and the king had an interesting chat. Returning, we ate supper at Aguma. And, I left Dr. Bushnell there for the night, that he be ready for an early start back to Gaboon on the *Pioneer* early next morning.

REAR VIEW FROM KANGWE HOUSE

Facing page 232

CHAPTER XVIII

ON THE KÂNGWE HILL-SIDE, OCTOBER, 1877–JANUARY, 1880

MY removal from the hut to my house on the hillside on October 25, was marked by a visit from King Ra-Noki and his retinue, who came to call on sister and myself, bringing quite a present of fowls and plantains.

And, at the following Saturday afternoon meetings in Atangina and a Fañwe village, sister went with me, and was quite an object of attention.

On the following Tuesday, I took her on a return visit to King Ra-Noki at Inenga. We had a very interesting time. The next day, I was called to the German house (called "Otanga"), to prescribe for Mr. Detmering, who was sick. On that day, I again missed my canoe, and supposed it to be stolen. On successive days, I missed both my dogs, Brownie and Bravo, but did not know whether they were stolen, or killed by a leopard; probably the latter. For, early in November, leopards became numerous and destructive. They killed both of my goats. Lest my sheep should go in that way, I killed it myself, for a feast, to which I invited Messrs. Travis and Woodward. Under my sister's supervision, I was able to make an ample spread, which, I think, my visitors enjoyed.

In my sister's coming to the Ogowe, some of her Benita pupils followed her, to continue their studies under her instruction. The five who had come with me, for work, rejoined her class. And, on November 9, came the *Pioneer*, bringing candidate Kongolo back to the Ogowe, for that purpose. This added to our civilized company on the Hill. Also, there came into the river a newly married Mpongwe couple, who, I hoped would be a help to the civilization and Christianity of the Ogowe, the man Laseni ("Samuel Marshall") and his wife, Ngwa-njanga ("Alida Booth"). They were both well-educated; and she was still a church member. [But; their lives became marred. He divorced her; and she sank disgracefully. For years, he never returned to the church, though he always held himself as an honorable, polite man. They are both living; and, at this present writing, are again attending church.]

I observed, in visiting the villages, a singular custom, viz., that of cutting the toes of chickens, as private marks of ownership.

I was much encouraged by the progress of educational work. My building operations and frequent journeys had prevented my attempting anything in that line, except informal efforts in evenings. But, as my sister gave her whole time to that one work, her pupils had the satisfaction of knowing that they were daily growing in knowledge.

On a visit to my friend Wombeni at Ajumba, on November 21, I brought back a little girl Awora, sister of Ogula, as a nucleus of a girls' school.

JOURNEY TO BELAMBLA.

As sister wished to see Belambla, the site of so many of my hopes and of much of my disappointments, I took her, on November 28, on an excursion thither, which, while, like all my journeys, would have a religious object, I intended to make attractive to her as an outing. It was a favorable part of the season, whose rains were become less frequent. Our meal in the forest was made picnic-like. And, on the stop for the night at Anyambe-jena's, she was given his largest hut. She was a great object for the curiosity of the people. So great that they could not keep quiet at services that evening nor next morning. On the way to Belambla was met a floating corpse. The sight, not rare to me, was a shock to her. I knew that in some parts of the river, the dead, if with but few relatives, and especially slaves, were not buried, but cast into the river. Arrived at Belambla, my friend Disingwe welcomed me; and women, of course, came to see the white woman. Her taste suggested improvements; and we spent the next day in digging up stumps, and in planing some boards for the porch of the house that had not been entirely completed at the time of the robbery. Now that I was away from the place, and had no need for retaining its extensive premises, it was unavoidable that people would come to occupy parts of it. I heard that the man Wâlinja, of whom I did not approve, was about to settle on a certain part. If I could not prevent the land being occupied, I wished at least to choose who the settler should be. I called Disingwe, and gave him permission, and forbade Wâlinja. (The latter, however chose another spot, also on the premises; and there was no authority to whom to appeal to prevent him.) The excursion proved too much for my sister's strength. When we reached

Kângwe on December 1, she had a headache too bad for her to walk up its steep side; and was carried in a hammock.

The desire for education had so grown, that all the employees were on half-day work, the other half being spent in school, excepting by two who were assistants to my carpenters Ingumu and Metyeba (who, of course, I kept busy all day). All this was very gratifying to me. The only lazy and troublesome one was Mbara.

So helpful was the companionship of my sister, that I began to neglect to make daily entries in my diary. When formerly I had been alone, it was a companion to me.

It was strange that, neglectful as the people were of cases of smallpox, the disease was not more prevalent. Going with sister on December 8, on my Saturday visitation, to Atangina, I found a man, a guest from the interior Okanda tribe, lying in the public street sick, covered with the eruption.

I had often maintained that any painting should be so realistic that one could know what it represented, even if the title was not written on it. I had an interesting test on this subject. A picture was sent me from the United States, entitled, "The Forced Prayer." A child was kneeling by his parent, in the attitude of prayer, but his face was unhappy. I showed the picture to several of the school. As they could not read English, the printed title did not inform them, and I asked them what they thought the picture represented. They promptly said that the child was praying. "But," I said, "look closely at the boy; are you sure he is praying?" "Yes," they said, "but, he does not wish to." I was exceedingly pleased. Those lads had no education as "artists"; but, they understood nature. I considered their judgment quite a compliment to the author of the picture.

JOURNEY TO BELAMBLA.

I was making preparations for the semi-annual journey, by boat, to Gaboon, for the meetings of mission and presbytery. Previous to that, however, I was to go to Belambla on December 21, to see that it would be all safe during my long absence at the coast. The boat-journey up-river was pleasant. But, the visit was made very uncomfortable by finding that the man Wâlinja had taken part of the premises, and built his village there. Three men, my professed friends, Jongâñe, Disingwe, and Ondĕñe, to whom I appealed as authorities to compel him to leave, only weakly upheld me. I believed that, like Kasa, they

were deceiving me. I felt more than ever justified in having left the Bakĕle, as an unworthy people; and intimated to them, that, as I had gone away because of their stealing my goods, if they continued to steal my land, I might remove even my house.

I did not feel at all like "Christmas," on December 25, and, with very little satisfaction, left the few people who came to say good-by. I hasted down-river to meet the *Pioneer*, which, on the way, I heard was at Aguma. Arrived there, I found that Mr. Sinclair, who had been in charge of the Aguma house when I first entered the river in 1874, and who had been on his furlough in Scotland, had returned, again in charge. I was kindly invited to remain for evening dinner, with the other white men who had gathered to welcome Mr. Sinclair, but, I hasted to Kângwe to reach my mail, which had already been sent thither.

Everything was in good order; and Metyeba had done well his carpenter work on the porch. My expectation had been to go by boat to the mouth of the river; and, as usual, the *Hudson* had been notified to meet me there on a certain date. But, the unexpected coming of the *Pioneer* gave a safe and quicker route for my sister. So, the next day, I hurried with the monthly payments to my people, and arrangements for care of the premises during my absence, and packing of boxes, etc., of our luggage. And, on Thursday, December 27, we all were up early, going rapidly with the loaded boat to Aguma so as not to detain the *Pioneer*, at whatever hour she would be ready.

JOURNEY TO GABOON BY "PIONEER."

The journey down-river by steamer was certainly more comfortable, as well as more rapid, than by boat. We were pleasantly hailed as we passed various villages, Ginigo, and Ngumbe; and anchored for the night near Oñwa-ombe's. The village street was under water; for, the river was higher than it had been known for four years. That day, as we were passing Igenja, the captain had kindly slowed to take on board three of my people who had been awaiting me there, as a crew; for, I had my boat in tow, to be left at the river mouth, for my return.

As the steamer stopped at Angâla for wood, my sister went ashore, to see the place. That night, we anchored at sea, some ten miles from the river mouth.

Next morning, we saw the *Hudson*, at anchor, far ahead. The captain steamed toward her; and I called to Mr. Menkel, to turn back to Libreville. We arrived there that Saturday afternoon; and, on going to Baraka, were met by Rev. Messrs. Bush-

nell, De Heer, and Murphy, and a Mr. Jackson. Mr. Murphy had been my successor in 1871 at Benita; had returned to the United States, and resigned from the Mission in 1874. And, now, for a special emergency that Dr. Bushnell might take a furlough, had offered to come back to the Mission on a two years' contract, at Gaboon station. Mr. Jackson was from Detroit, sent as American consul, to the Kongo.

The opening session of mission meeting was held on Monday, December 31. In the afternoon, I went to the Plateau, to ask the French doctor for treatment of an ulcer on my leg that had remained unhealed for many weeks.

The New Year's Day of 1878 was not a happy one; for, I was sitting, nursing my leg. Late in the afternoon, the French commandant, accompanied by the doctor, came to pay a call of official courtesy on our Mission.

January 2, was an exciting day. The man Schorsch, who, in 1875 had been recalled by the Board from membership in our Mission, had gone to the United States. There, he had aroused sympathy among some friends of missions. He was only a mono-maniac; sane on all topics except that of his ownership of the African mission. His assumed extreme humility, and his tale of "wrongs" (?) to which he had been subjected by his mission associates, had induced those unwise sympathisers to send him back to Africa, as an independent missionary! He was now in Libreville. In our meeting, we discussed what we should do to keep him from us, as we heard that he was already making his crazy claims. We drew up a petition to the French commandant, asking for his interference against Schorsch's making attempts to come on our premises. While we were thus consulting, Schorsch came to the front door. I objected to his entering; but, he forced his way in. I had the most reasons in objecting; for, my sister at Benita, and myself in the Ogowe were the two members of the Mission who had suffered most from him. He went away. And then sent up to the house, a portion of his baggage, which I ordered the bearer not to bring into the house. Presently, two more carriers came with another box; which also I ordered them not to place in the house, but to take back to Schorsch, who was staying at Mr. Wolber's, the agent of the German house. Presently, Schorsch himself again came, and demanded why I so ordered. I told him that he had no right in our Mission, to house, or bed, or board. He shook his fist in my face, and said that he had more right than I; that he was moderator of presbytery, and

would show me his power. (This was his crazy idea; he had *no* office nor any connection with the *Mission*, though still, formally, a *member* of *presbytery*.) He then ordered his carriers to bring his box into the house. I called to Mr. Murphy for assistance, who threatened the men with the police if they attempted to enter. So, Schorsch and his men left. The men returned to Mr. Wolber's; but Schorsch went to Dr. Bushnell's, where Mr. Murphy followed, and ordered him to leave the premises. He left. In the afternoon, Messrs. Bushnell, De Heer, Murphy and I all went to the Plateau, and presented our petition to the commandant, who assured us that Mr. Schorsch should not be allowed to come on our premises. The next day, Schorsch sent us a letter containing a copy of the prohibition which the commandant had sent to him, and asked us to reconsider it. He denounced our petition, and threatened us with personal injury if we did not yield. We returned his letter without a reply. In the evening, the commandant came, and showed to us an insulting letter he had received from Schorsch. He said that if Mr. Schorsch persisted in his strange conduct, he would have him arrested and deported.

On January 5, I had my photograph taken by a Sierra Leone native, Joaque. Mr. Schorsch had attempted to go to Corisco, in Mr. De Heer's boat.

On Sunday, the 6th, I was sick in bed, unable to rise. I had promised to assist Dr. Bushnell in the church services. There was Communion in the afternoon; but, I could not attend. I felt better in the evening, and was able to sit up. Mr. Jackson sat with me. My special interest went out to him, as he was not a Christian. The household were very attentive to my needs; one of the larger schoolgirls, Njivo by name, was particularly so. I mention her especially; for she appeared very often in my Ogowe life. She was a Christian, educated, a lady, most attractive as a companion, and devoted as a friend.

Monday, January 7, was a day of confusion. There was haste in getting my sister ready to go next day on the *Hudson* to Benita for the remainder of her goods. A meeting of the presbytery was held in the evening, Rev. Mr. Murphy was received; and the name of Mr. Schorsch was dropped. Sister's pupil, Frank S. Myongo, was examined and licensed. The ceremony was very interesting. Sister was very much gratified. But, the excitement wearied her; for, she had not been well since her sickness at Kângwe. Sick as she was next day, she was

carried to the beach, and was placed on the *Hudson,* in company with twelve of the Kombe young men.

Meetings of presbytery and mission continued. Elder Itongolo, though he was my especial protégé, had been so influenced by Mr. Schorsch's excessive protestations of affection and his pleadings that he "was the only missionary who loved his African brothers," that he changed his vote on the question of dropping the name of Mr. Schorsch. Even Rev. Mr. Ibiya had had his sympathies appealed to, and was on the point of changing his vote, but did not. [Later on, Mr. Ibiya, at his own table, on Corisco, had to defend himself from assault by Mr. Schorsch, who attacked him with a knife.] The doctor had to come to examine my leg again, and changed his treatment, tying a thin sheet of lead over the ulcer.

On the 9th, presbytery adjourned. As stated clerk, I had much writing of minutes.

On evening of the 10th, I was able to conduct the service of the day of the week of prayer. Subject, "Prayer for Governments." I spent the evening with my friend Mr. Murphy. We prayed for our children in the United States.

Next day, the doctor was again sent for about my leg. The examination was unsatisfactory, as we could not understand each other. Afterward, when I wrote a note by him to Mr. Jobet, agent of H. & C. (who was a Frenchman, but who knew English well) asking him to explain to the doctor, the latter did not understand what I wanted to have explained.

On the evening of the next day, Miss Dewsnap was taken very ill with fever; we feared it might be fatal. I watched with her in the evening; and Mrs. Bushnell arranged with the native schoolmatron to stay with her all night.

On Sunday, January 13, the doctor came early to see Miss Dewsnap, whose symptoms were bad. His treatment had not much helped my ulcerated leg, which was painful when I walked. Dr. Bushnell always shared the Baraka pulpit with any ministerial visitor. I preached (in English) in the morning, from Judges 5, 23, "Curse ye Meroz." There were at least ten white men present, from the trading-houses. Afterward, I enjoyed singing with Mr. Murphy. In the afternoon, I attended Sunday school, to teach Miss Dewsnap's class. Later, had more music, singing with Mr. Murphy and Consul Jackson. Mr. Murphy preached in the evening. Received word on January 15, that the commandant will not allow Mr. Schorsch (who had

gone to either Corisco or Elobi) to land in Libreville, if he should attempt to return. Consul Jackson was away all day, hunting.

Early on the 17th, a mail-steamer was seen entering the estuary. From Baraka hill, vessels could be seen at an hour's distance; and thus we always had time to prepare for them. After breakfast, Messrs. Bushnell, Murphy, Jackson and I all went off in two boats to the steamer; for, we were expecting a number of arrivals and their baggage. On the vessel were two returning missionaries, Mrs. Jane Lush Smith and Miss Lydia Jones, and Miss L. B. Walker, a new recruit. There were also two visitors, Rev. Messrs. Comber and Grenfell, of the English Baptist Mission at Kamerun. The day was felt to be a happy one for the Mission.

Next day, the 18th, I was helping those ladies in opening their boxes; and in writing letters. In the evening, the *Hudson* returned from Benita, with good news from my sister.

The next day, I assisted Mrs. Smith in her arrangements; and, in company with Mr. Murphy, visited Miss Dewsnap's sick-room; she was recovering. Had a long talk with Miss Jones, about Benita affairs. Consul Jackson was still waiting for a steamer going as far south as the Kongo.

On Sunday the 20th, I preached in the morning. Mrs. Smith made a pleasant innovation, viz., of placing flowers on the pulpit in two vases which she had brought from the United States. Sang with the ladies in the afternoon. Miss Walker sang well. Mr. Murphy preached in the evening. Next day, the *Hudson* was gotten ready to return with Miss Dewsnap for her work at Benita; and, she sailed in the late afternoon.

The *Pioneer*, for whose arrival I had been anxiously waiting, in order to return to my Ogowe work, entered the estuary, in the afternoon of the 22d. The commandant, doctor, and a lieutenant came to call on the ladies; who gave them a treat, rare in our part of Africa, of candy, walnuts, and chestnuts, which Miss Jones had brought from the United States.

On the 23d, I was busy getting together my last things from the storehouse; packing; and closing letters. In Libreville was living an American negro woman, who had married, in the United States, a certain educated Mpongwe man, "Boardman," whom Dr. Bushnell had taken with him, as assistant in translations, on one of his furloughs. Boardman belonged to a prominent native family. An American reporter got hold of him, and wrote an account of the marriage, under the heading,

BARAKA HOUSE

Facing page 240

"Prince and Peasant." When Mr. and Mrs. Boardman returned to Africa, they carried themselves in "princely" style. Their two children, Augustus and Mary, as they grew up, came to school; but were not allowed, by their mother, to do any work. Augustus had grown to be a tall, handsome, polite, and very intelligent young man. I wished to employ him in the Ogowe, as assistant in translating; and he consented to go. But, on the last day, he wrote me a note saying that his mother refused to allow him to go, unless I permitted him to take with him a personal slave-servant to do his laundry and to wait on him in other ways as his valet! For years, *I* had had no such servant to wait on me. Of course, I did not avail myself of "Mr." Boardman's services. Mr. Murphy suddenly decided to visit the Ogowe, and examine my work. I was very glad of his company; and, we boarded the *Pioneer* early in the morning of the 24th. On the 25th, the vessel was in Nazareth Bay. And, by 8 P. M., we had reached Angâla. There the next day we were to take on firewood. As the *Pioneer* was short of hands, I was pleased to send my crew to assist, especially as, at that time, the river boats of both firms, English and German, gave me free transportation. Old King Esongi came on board with much dignity to get his pay for the firewood. With him came one of his women to see me, and presented me with two beautifully ornamented pandanus-leaf mats. Constantly, in my station and out-station building, I took with me seeds of plants or young fruit-trees for propagation. I could induce few of the natives to plant for themselves. They thought of the years before the tree would fruit, and they knew how prone their people were to abandon a village site and make a new one, on the plea that the former one was infested with evil spirits. They would say to me, "Will I be here to eat the fruit?" But, they did not object to my planting for them. [Much of the fruit now growing in the Ogowe, is of my planting.] Esongi saw some young Avocado pear-trees which I was taking to plant at Kângwe, and he begged for even one; which I was glad to give. Took in tow, my *Nelly-Howard* which I had left in Esongi's care, in the previous December. Passed Ñombi and Ñango; and at night anchored a long distance below Olende Island.

The next night, Sunday, anchored at Ashuka. From there, I sent three of my people ahead in a canoe, to Igenja, to bring three others of my employees; for, the steamer would not be stopping at Igenja.

However, in passing that place next day, Ombya-ogwana

came alongside in his canoe, to sell provisions. But the captain would not allow him to come on board, because, on a former voyage of the *Pioneer*, when he was pilot, he had deserted. A new Igenja young man, Re-Nguwa, ran alongside with his canoe, boarded, and joined my service. By night, we had almost reached our journey's end. And, early in the morning of the 29th, we were at anchor at Aguma, and were welcomed by Messrs. Sinclair, Travis, and Woodward. At Kângwe, the Kombe man, Ingumu, whom I had left in charge, had done well. I found most things in good order, on my making a long inspection of the entire premises.

TO BELAMBLA.

Tired as I was, I went the next day, January 30, to Belambla, to show it to Mr. Murphy. There was need of haste, in order that he might return to Libreville by the *Pioneer*. I increased my weariness by attempting too much. On all my journeys during my whole African life, I had no native employee, however good, on whom I could depend (as on a hotel porter, in civilization), if the start had to be made at a very early hour. When the travel depended on only myself, I did not make early starts. But, in this case, the movements of the *Pioneer* governed me. Wishing to start at 5.30 A. M. meant being awake and preparing the boat by 4.30 A. M. And, fearing that I would oversleep myself, I slept so little that I was constantly awaking. It was a poor preparation for the labors of that day. We were at Aguma by 5.30 A. M.; and there waited until 9 A. M. to be towed by the *Pioneer* as far as the mouth of the Ngunye, up which she was going, while we passed on toward Belambla, stopping for the night at Myangañe's village. We took Belambla by surprise the next morning, the 31st. The grounds were not in as good order, under the two Galwa young men, as they had been when in the care of Mbora or Kongolo. Nevertheless, Mr. Murphy was pleased with the place, and had no criticism on my original selection of it. But, Wâlinja was still holding possession of the portion of the premises he had stolen. And, the next day, Friday, February 1, just before leaving, I had another unsatisfactory talk on that subject with Ondĕñe and others. Instead of returning directly to Kângwe, I kept on down the left bank of the river to Inenga, in order that Mr. Murphy might see King Ra-Noki; by whom we were well received.

The next day, Saturday the 2d, besides its being pay-day, I

was busy writing letters. And, late in the afternoon, I took them and Mr. Murphy to Aguma, where the *Pioneer* had returned from the Ngunye. We were entertained at the evening dinner. And, leaving my friend there for the night, as a passenger on the steamer that was to start early next morning, I returned to Kângwe. At my boat-landing there were such enormous numbers of driver-ants, that it was impossible to stand among them, and drag the boat, as usual, into its shed. We could only tie the chain to a post, leaving the boat to injury by possible waves of a storm, and rush away in agony, our legs covered with the biting insects. I fully enjoyed the Sunday rest of the next day, February 3, after my work of rush and excitement. It would not have been a wonder had I had an attack of fever.

On Monday the 4th, I had a regular house-cleaning, beating and sweeping the bamboo walls, to have them ready whenever my sister should return. I planted orange trees. [They are growing there to-day.] Re-Nkombe made me an official visit. Desirous that the school should be continued in some form, even during my absence, I set Ingunu as teacher in the half-day afternoon. For, his work, as carpenter, was sufficient in the mornings, the house being now practically completed. It was a neat, comfortable, and very strong dwelling, 32 feet by 22 feet, elevated on posts from dampness and white ants; of bamboo walls, but with a board floor and ceiling, making a heighth of a story-and-a-half.

My new little cook attempted bread-making, and failed. But, the next day, he succeeded. My friend, Mr. Wm. Patten, of Philadelphia, had sent me a stereoscope, into which the household enjoyed looking, of evenings.

On February 7, came a note from Mr. Woodward about a young gorilla, on which I was supposed to have a claim. I went to him, and helped him set the animal's broken arm. [Later, that gorilla died; Mr. Woodward gave it to me; and, placing it in a cask of rum, for preservation, I sent it to my friend Thos. G. Morton, M.D., of Philadelphia, who placed it in the Academy of Natural Sciences; the first entire carcass of a gorilla that had been sent to the United States.] I went to Otanga (the German house) where had arrived their large steamer *Mpongwe*. There was there a chimpanzee, "Antoine," so domesticated, and so devoted to its white master, that when one playfully attempted to strike that master, the animal would cry out in protest, and would rush to his defense. A small mail had been brought by the

Mpongwe. But, it had good news from my friend Mrs. Patten, of the progress in his studies of my son Charles who was under her care.

When I went on Saturday the 9th, to my weekly, town preaching, I chose an Akĕle village of a man Ijuke-jamĕ. Almost all the men were away; and, the women objected to my landing; they "feared war." It was a very unusual reception. The ignorance of the Bakĕle people was exceptionally great. I do not know what "war" they feared; for, my own mission was always of peace.

On Sunday, February 10, I was annoyed, hearing the cutting of trees on the Nkâmi side of the Hill. I dreaded lest the old contests for protection of premises that had marred my Belambla life, were to be repeated at Kângwe. I was told that the offenders were Fañwe. I sent word for them to depart. Probably my messengers made my words very strong. The leader of those Fañwe came to say that they feared I would "make war" on them. I sent for them; they came; we had a "talk"; they remained to services; and, afterward I showed them pictures. At noon, Mâmbâ, one of my nine inquirers, came to ask how soon he might be baptized. I was so glad! While the nine had said that they *wished to become Christians*, Mâmbâ was the first one, during those three-and-a-half years in the Ogowe, to *ask for baptism*. Unlike the Roman Catholic priests, who urged baptism on to utterly ignorant heathen, I never asked my inquirers to accept the rite. When they were ready for it, themselves would ask. Also, Agonjo-amwenge came to enroll himself as an inquirer. As a matter of history, I might have organized a church at that very time, instead of waiting a year longer. In the Kamerun portion of the Mission, in later years, missionaries in the Interior, as soon as they gathered a few inquirers, have baptized them on their own authority, and erected them into a church, whose existence they then reported to the presbytery, taking no notice of the fact of there being a church already organized within 100 miles of them. But, I thought it a more correct ecclesiastical practice to regard Dr. Bushnell as the "bishop" of the entire Gaboon region, and that my inquirers were a part of his parish. I took them to the seaside; and they were there baptized into the membership of the Benita or Gaboon church (as the case might be). And, subsequently, when there was some half-dozen of them, the organization of the first Ogowe church was authorized, on formal application to presbytery, and these brought their letters

of dismissal to the new church. As had been done in the case of the Benita, Bata, and Batanga churches from the original mother Corisco church.

Though the bounds of the Kângwe premises had been hastily gone over with Re-Nkombe, at the time of the original purchase in the fall of 1876, they had never been definitely marked and mapped. So, though feeling very weak from some chills and an uncomfortable night, I started out on the 11th with four attendants and a compass. I began at a deserted Akĕle village by the mouth of Andĕndĕ Creek, and hence made an experimental line with a long curve of an ellipse, back of the Hill, emerging again on the Ogowe, at a large cottonwood tree just opposite Atangina. On the way, passed abundance of oil-palm trees, whose ripe nuts had evidently been recently eaten by some wild animal; saw the lair of a gorilla; and met some Fañwe, whose village bordered on the line. In their village, there was mourning for a woman who had recently died. The head-man of the village, to save me the long walk back, kindly sent me to my landing in canoe.

The next day I went over the line again, to definitely mark trees. And the following day, I sent the workmen to cut a path all along the line, so that all persons, seeing the path, might know where the Mission property began.

The ulcer on my leg, from which I had suffered for months, and which had derived very little benefit from the prescription of the French doctor at Libreville, was improving under the use of a patent medicine given me by Mr. Sinclair. I had employed friend Azâze, down-river at Nandipo, to hunt me a gorilla. I wished to send the skeleton to my friend Thos. G. Morton, M.D., of Philadelphia. On the 22d, came three men from Azâze, with the skin and almost complete skeleton of an adult male gorilla. I paid them $5.30 for the lot, and subsequently sent the skin and bones to Dr. Morton, who presented them to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science.

The next day, Mr. Woodward's little male gorilla died; and he gave it to me to add to my collection for Dr. Morton. My kindness was often imposed on by employees asking leave of absence, even at times when work was very pressing. The almost invariable excuse was that they had to go to visit a sick relative. The news of the sickness often was shouted by a passing canoe; sometimes was false; generally, the "sickness" was an unimportant one. But, in native superstition, the one who fails promptly to go to the sick bedside of a relative, lays

himself open to a charge of being the one who has, by witchcraft, caused the sickness. All go therefore to the village of the sick one, to demonstrate by their presence their innocence. Sometimes, I felt that the "case of sickness" was only a manufactured excuse to get away from work, (like the American clerk who covers his desire to go to a ball game by a plea for his grandmother's funeral).

Children, in their desire for school, sometimes came to live on my premises. Later, some parent or other authority would come and forcibly remove them. Such scenes were trying to me. I pitied the children; but, I had to recognize parental authority, even though I knew that the parent took the child for some work at his home. So I caused it to be known that no child would be received into the school who was not formally and personally placed there by some authority.

On March 1, house-building was still going on. The new house on the hillside was complete for sister and myself. But, there were needed a schoolhouse, and a better dormitory.

My first acquaintance with the Fañwe did not impress me favorably. They seemed to think that I was overflowing with wealth, and that my chief duty in life was to give gifts to those who begged. I *never* gave to mere beggars. There came one day six big lazy fellows carrying only a hatful of kuda-nuts to sell, and expecting an enormous price. The gathering of that quantity of nuts had been only a child's work. I was very indignant at them. In the evening, I had an instructive chat with the household, about the native custom of marriage "dowry." Nevertheless I went to the Fañwe village to become better acquainted with them. I went there for the usual Saturday afternoon meeting on March 2. The village was very dirty; naked men, women and children were bathing at the landing-place; fifteen people had died in that village of smallpox, in less than a month. As I preached, a man, covered with eruption, was sitting only a rod from me. A young man, whom my sister had taught a little of the Gospel, added explanatory remarks to my Mpongwe address; for, I had not yet attempted to learn any Fañwe.

Frequent temporary desertions by my people (apparently not based on either of the three common grounds of complaint, viz., work, wages, or food) left me weaker, especially in the matter of kitchen-help, than I had been for two years. Finally, on March 6, little cook, Ongângâ, became so lazy and disobedient that I fined him on his wages. Then, he attempted imperti-

THE RAVINE BRIDGE

Facing page 247

nence. Any other offense but that, in my household discipline, was pardonable. So, I dismissed him. Two days later, little Ntyindiorĕma gave a glad outcry as he saw coming a canoe with Sâmbunaga and others from Mpanja (the Igenja region). They came with quantities of fowls to sell, more than I needed. So, I bought only from those who had brought to pay for their clothing and schoolbooks. I made an exception in favor of a man, a stranger. He counted out the proper number of fowls (five) for a "dollar" (trade) of calico print "cloth" (five yards). Then, while I was cutting the cloth, he attempted to deceive me, by slipping one of the fowls back into his box, hoping I would not miss it, as the remaining four lay in a confused pile. I quietly retained the cloth, handed the four fowls back to him, and declined to have anything more to do with him. Sâmbunaga had his wife with him. She made an unusual addition on my premises; for, but few of my young men were married, and scarcely any had brought their wives. It is usual with the natives, on marriage, to give the wife a new name. He called her Nyama-a-rangi-'n-ombeni (Prey-that-was destined-for-the-hunter). My sister substituted a shorter name, "Charity." I continued my teaching in the afternoons.

The young Mpongwe gentleman, Sam. M. Laseni, husband of "Alida" (Ngwa-njanga), whom I have previously mentioned, wrote to me asking for medicine, and saying that they were "keeping their Christian course." Alas! they both sadly failed, later on.

On March 8, I sent word for Re-Nkombe. He came; and, I told him that I had cut the long path around the landside of the premises, and that I wished him to go with me and verify my marks. He comforted me by saying that the Fañwe living near the line probably would remove and build nearer to the Aguma trading-house. We went; and, commencing at Andĕndĕ Creek, spent two solid hours walking slowly over the entire line. At the end, he asked for the loan of an axe. Thinking his services were worth it, I presented him with one. That night, the strongest wind I had felt for six months blew down a tall tree near the boat-shed. The shed was at the bottom of the ravine, through which the little stream from the spring above flowed into the river. The tree, as it fell, exactly bridged the ravine. Its upper side adzed to a level, that log became the bridge that for many years was traversed by the residents of the Hill and the (subsequent) dwellers at Andĕndĕ.

The head-man of Ntyuwa-guma visited me, admired the

house, and wished to see it all. So, I showed him; and, at the close, he asked for a gift. Just because he had *asked* for it, I gave him only a small present. I so disliked *begging*. If he had not *asked* for it, I would have voluntarily given him something larger. He did not thank me. I suppose that he thought that the owner of so much that, to the native eye, was *wealth*, ought to have given more. I noted such thankless people; and remembered next time to give them nothing.

Almost every evening, I had some entertainment for my household, that salved over whatever annoyances there may have been during the day. After evening-prayers, on March 18, in connection with the reading in Genesis, I showed a series of twelve pictures in the life of Joseph. Then, my conversation drifted on to longevity. I mentioned the great age of my paternal grandmother, and showed them Gutekunst's large photograph of four generations (grandmother, my father, myself, and my two sons). The separate pictures of my sons were admired; and Charles was recognized as "the one who sent the steamboat," a little automatic vessel, that, being wound up, traveled over the floor, much to the delight of their wondering eyes.

On March 19, troubles and overwork gave me a bad attack of fever. I was so weak, that Ingumu and little Ntyindi-orĕma had to help me to bed. The next day, some of my people who had been the most troublesome, came to express their anxiety for my health. The following day, I was better, but had not slept well; for, Sâmbunaga's wife was moving about in the yard; and, late at night, a troop of chimpanzees went yelling by.

In the afternoon, word came that the *Pioneer* had arrived. The glad news made me well, and I hasted off to Aguma with two boats. My sister was there; but, suffering from a headache. Until late in the night, my people were busy bringing her boxes from the steamer, and carrying them up the Hill. I sat up late talking with her, and reading my mail from my children. And, then, the house was invaded by an army of driver-ants, and we could not sleep, being driven from room to room as the ants sought for food.

On Sunday, the 24th, S. M. Laseni came with his wife, and left her with us, while he went on to his employer's at Aguma. I was glad to see them. Fañwe people were shouting in the forest on my premises not far from the house, hunting with dogs. I sent word for them to go away, using this quiet

method, as I wished no disturbance on Sunday. But, they continued their noise and trespass until 3 P. M. Then, conscientiously, I decided that the case called for decisive measures, even if it should be a fight. I felt that even the latter was justified under the circumstances. Going with three "cutlasses" (machetes) and five young men, I came on two men and their dogs and weapons. As I rushed at them, one of the men fled, the other one I knocked down, and satisfactorily beat him with the flat of the machete; and then he and his dogs ran away. I captured a gun, a spear, and a hunting-bag. Then, I returned, and held Sunday-school. My people were glad to have my sister again with them for their teaching. The house was again invaded at night by driver-ants.

It was an unusual thing that any trader, native or foreigner, retained a Christian character, even if he had a Christian name. The trade was inseparably founded on rum as its most common article of exchange; and, few native traders could refrain from its use. It was therefore the more noticeable that, at the Tuesday evening the 26th, prayer meeting, the Mpongwe, Sam'l M. Laseni was present, and made a prayer.

To honor those who were willing to stand by their Christian name, I invited the Mpongwe, Ngeza and his wife Makeki, who had arrived from Gaboon, at his employer's at Aguma, to be my guests for the day, on the 27th. They and their company of followers came in the afternoon. I made them a supper. And, at evening prayers, I called on him for prayer. Afterward, they were entertained by looking at the stereopticon pictures, the automatic steamboat, and jointed wooden snake. I manipulated its motions so realistically, that, though I assured my guests that it was only wood, none of them would touch it. I had thence a good lesson in warning them against the deceptions of their sorcerer-doctors.

On Thursday the 28th, the head-man of the Fañwe village came, in the afternoon, to beg me for the captured gun, etc., of the preceding Sunday. He had been afraid to come to me during those four days. He had waited for the white man's wrath to subside. As he was so very suppliant, I yielded the articles to him.

I did not read a great deal. But, when friends in the United States sent me some book which they had especially enjoyed, I took a particular interest in it for their sake. A novel, "One Summer," I enjoyed much.

On Sunday, March 31, there was an unusual number of people

at services. Among them, were Laseni and his wife and company, and Ngeza and wife and company. I invited these Christians to remain to dinner. And then, there was a demonstration of a custom that is African and oriental form from Bible days, when outsiders frequently were spectators and sometimes even forced themselves to the table. I knew that whenever a man and wife were invited, they would bring with them their children, their brothers and sisters, and other members of their families. So, that day, when my invited four went to the table, their boats' crews of ten each followed them. *That* I had rather expected. But, I felt indignant when another man, Ongâmu, whom I had not invited, who was not a Christian, nor a relative to my guests, pushed himself in, simply because he was a member of the aristocratic Mpongwe tribe, and because food was in sight. Out of respect for my four invited ones, I said nothing. At that table that day there were thirty people!

JOURNEY TO BELAMBLA.

On Tuesday, April 2, I was to make the monthly inspection of Belambla. I frequently made a convenience of my trade-friends at Aguma, to take a meal with them, when I stopped there, on my up-river trips, to get goods for the expenses of the journey. (There was, at that time, all through the Mission, no use of cash. All payments of wages and purchases from the natives were in barter, with trade-goods.) At such times, reports of danger met me. Sometimes, they proved to be untrue; or, when true, were greatly exaggerated. However, they gave the journey a zest. At Aguma that day, I was warned that there was trouble up-river with the Bakĕle, for both me and my boat's crew. Ordinarily, I disregarded the vague warning of "danger," though my crew always dreaded. That day we went on, with some anxiety. The warning was specifically against *us*, but it was indefinite. What had been my offense, that my boat should be attacked? On our passing Sakwĕle's house, we were asked the down-river news; and, on our inquiring about the up-river, we were told that all was well. And, at Anyambe-jena's village, one of Kasa's people there said that there was no trouble at Belambla. I wondered much at the evil report of the morning.

The next day, there was abundance of plantains to be bought; soap was particularly desired in payment. *That* always pleased me! On the day's journey, passing Akilibonga's, he, with his mouth full of the *ngwĕsĕ* he was eating, imperiously called on

me to stop and "visit" him. (That meant, to end with a gift.) But, I disregarded him, and went on. Arrived at Belambla, found that the evil report was untrue. The place looked very well; fruit trees were growing admirably. The trespasser, Wâlinja and his people were away in the forest, after rubber. I made no reference to his transgressions.

The next day, in examination with Awora of his expenses for the previous quarter, he was able to account for everything, except $6. My faith in his honesty was so complete, that I felt sure the money was not improperly gone. I was willing to believe that he had forgotten some items.

At noon, came a report that a Goree trader, Manga, had been killed by the Bakĕle. (Expectation of some such conspiracy was probably the basis of the report about me.) Immediately, there was great excitement. There was a gathering of all the Goree, Mpongwe, and other native traders, and a decision to abandon the river. There was a general panic, and a noisy departure of their canoes. This, of course, alarmed my people also.

The next day, Friday the 5th, King Ondĕñe and Chief Mayisi and other head-men called early to see me, on their way to the village of the previous day's reports. They told my people not to fear; that the "palaver" was only with the *traders* and not with the *Mission*.

I delayed my departure, awaiting until noon, hoping to hear Ondĕñe's account of their discussion, on his expected return. Awora bore himself very well. He apparently was not afraid, and did not hesitate to remain at his post; though some one, even of my own crew, tried to alarm him. The journey down-river was rapid, stopping nowhere, and reaching Kângwe in a heavy rain-storm; but, warmly welcomed by my people, who had heard of the Aguma report. I sometimes doubted whether I was not too kind in my dealings with the natives, for, I found that my generosity or kindness was misunderstood, and that occasionally I received unkindness in return. There came, on Monday the 8th, many people to morning prayers. I knew that they were not there for the religious service; they were there to sell their products. But, I deliberately had arranged that my daily market should be held immediately *after* that service. I hoped that, possibly, some, coming for earthly gain, might hear some truth which they would remember. There were present that day, three separate parties, with plantains for sale. As I did not need all, I chose those belonging to a company of women

(favoring them rather than the others, who were men). But, even of that party, some of their bunches were so small, that I declined to buy them. Then, they went away angry with my people (who had objected to the small fruit) and threatening to send their husbands to fight with the objectors. I had been teaching the Galwa workmen to read only in Mpongwe (with which their dialect was cognate). But, that day, three, Bayio, Piĕre, and Akendenge began to study also English.

Next day, Tuesday the 9th, was a pleasant incident on the other side. My friend Azizya, Re-Nkombe's sister, came to see me, bringing with her a number of people. I gave them small presents of fish-hooks. Then, one little girl promptly gave me in return some pepper-pods, which she had previously offered for sale, and which I had refused to purchase. I was made glad by another Galwa employee, Nguva, commencing the study of English. [In later years, he became a church elder.]

Following my habit wherever I lived (and sometimes on my journeys) I planted, on the 10th, a Jack-fruit tree (resembling a bread-fruit), a number of shaddocks (enormous grape-fruit) and mangoes.

The prospect of a church organization was growing. In the evening of Friday the 12th, I held my first regular meeting of the catechumen inquiry class. The members present were Mâmbâ, Sâmbunaga, Bayio, Akendenge, and Agonjo-amwenge. There were four others at Belambla; and Aveya, in town, was on the list. In that meeting, I made my first attempt at *praying* in Mpongwe.

I valued very much a female goat, which, though it had two frisky kids, was able to spare every evening a comfortable supply of milk for my sister. I knew that her coming to me was because of the too great strain of her living alone at Benita. Though I made her surroundings restful, it was true that she had not recovered the strength that was hoped for. But, she enjoyed her teaching; and I was building for her use a schoolhouse, the strongest and neatest I had ever erected. By the 25th of April we were in the height of the "latter" rainy season, (March–May). The weather was beautiful, except that there was a thunder-storm for a short time every afternoon about five o'clock. On the premises there was the cawing of a multitude of the gray African red-tailed parrot. I thought that there had been hatched a lot of young ones. I was pleased in overhearing Ntyĕgĕ (monkey) and Nguva begging Ingumu to help them with their lessons even after school hours; they were so

anxious to learn. Just as I sat down to evening tea, word came that the *Pioneer* was entering our river. After dark I went to Aguma for the expected mail, but, unknowingly passed a canoe, in which Mr. Sinclair had kindly sent it to me. I remained at Aguma awhile, chatting about the war between Russia and Turkey. When I returned, my sister had already retired, not feeling well. And, we both were greatly disappointed in that the mail brought no news from Corisco or Benita. But, I had good letters, from son Charles in Philadelphia, and his guardian Mrs. Patten; from Mrs. Jane Thompson, of Liberia, who had been nurse of son William while at Corisco; and from Rev. S. H. Murphy, and my good native Christian friend Njivo, of Baraka.

The next day was a trying one. My sister was really sick, and in great pain. Yet, I had to superintend the sending of two boats to bring freight brought by the *Pioneer*. My sister's pain increased, until she was delirious most of the day. And, when the usual afternoon thunder-storm came, its noise racked her nerves. That night I did not retire at all; but, sat up in an arm-chair. By midnight, my sister's pain had somewhat diminished.

But, the next day, her headache returned; and, when the thunder-storm came, her paroxysms of pain were dreadful. Mr. Travis had called during the afternoon, to say good-by, he going on his furlough to England. I had not gone to bed for three nights, watching my sister. She was much better in the morning of the 29th, but, still very weak.

Re-Nkombe's sister, Azizya, came twice during those days to make inquiries. And, the sympathy and anxiety of all the young men and boys of the station were very gratifying.

On May 1, a new lad, Oyembo, from Adâlinanângâ, was brought by his father and a retinue of people to engage to come to school. I was exceedingly encouraged by the desire of the Galwa people for education. I rearranged the school. I appointed Ingumu to teach *all* the pupils of Mpongwe (Galwas); then, those who were studying English, were passed on to Ijabi (a Kombe), these two teachers holding their classes at the same time. And, then, at 3 P. M., those two teachers, with others (Mbâmbâ, Aveya, and Ntyindiorĕma) were passed on to my sister. The station had been located only eighteen months before, and already I had a "graded" school! On May 3, the lad Oyembo came, bringing with him his older brother and two others. By Wednesday the 8th, the schoolhouse was almost

completed; and I commenced making a small addition to the boat-shed. A fourth girl was brought to sister's little girls' school, Iguve, betrothed of Oyembo. There were then twenty-seven men, women, and children on the premises, whom I daily fed.

Thursday, May 9th, was spoiled by dissensions. Aveya's little wife spitefully sent back to him the clothing he had given her, and said that she would break marriage with him. At first, I thought that he was in the wrong, and began to rebuke him; but, I was mistaken. In the evening, after prayers, the girls were noisy, rude, and insulting to the young men and boys. (Pupils in our girls' schools, oppressed in their own villages, abused the freedom of their mission life.) Also, Bayio got angry when Ingumu rebuked him for some offense; and there was a great deal of loud talking among the boys in their hut, about this quarrel. The next day, I had a long talk about the preceding day's difficulties. Its effect was good.

For the afternoon visitation of Saturday the 11th, I went to Ijukejame's Akĕle village. All the women ran away; they were afraid of me. I did not know the reason why. So, I went on to Aguma; and returned early.

On Monday, May 13, many parties of women came to my morning market, with plantains for sale. One woman tried to deceive me; so, I took back the goods I had already paid her, and returned her plantains. Aveya's little wife was again making him trouble, and attempting to run away. In the evening, at the after-prayer chat, the young men made the strange request that, if any of them should die while with me, I should not allow their remains to be taken away by their relatives, but that I should bury them on the mission premises. They gave, as their reason for this wish, certain native funeral superstitions, in which they no longer believed. I was pleased with their wish, though I knew that, in their present stage of civilization in the river, it would have been impossible for me to comply with it.

TO BELAMBLA.

I made the journey of inspection on the 27th–30th. Mr. Sinclair had errands to his native traders, and accompanied me in his own boat. Affairs had developed in that part of the river, during the year past. Many new traders had located, and they were building large new houses; the Bakĕle were less quarrelsome, and more considerate of white men's wishes; the

Goree quarrel had been settled; and, instead of their abandoning the river, as they had threatened, they were building a large house on Gâzie Island. King Ondĕñe had died about ten days before. His people were holding a great mourning. They had issued an order, that, out of respect to their dead king, all boats passing their town, should lower their flags and cease all drumming and singing. At Belambla, I found Awora's accounts correct. He wished to be relieved; and I located Aveya in his place.

In the morning of the 30th, came word that the *Pioneer* had arrived at Aguma. Mr. Sinclair and I hasted down-river in our boats; and arrived in the middle of the afternoon. The *Pioneer* was indeed there, purposely aground on a sand-bar, where, taking advantage of the dry season low water, she was to be recoppered. On Saturday, June 1, my day's preaching was at Pinja's village. I had not been there for many months, because of its people having been so noisy when last I was there. Then, went on to Aguma; and was introduced to Mr. Sinclair's new white assistant, Mr. Holland. He did not impress me favorably. But I was very much pleased to meet my Mpongwe lady-friend Njivo and her newly married husband, Dowe. The next day, they came to church services. She was a Christian; he was not.

Among the many insect and other small forms of life that annoyed me were Eye-worms. They were not constant, like the ants, etc. But, though they came only at intervals of months, and lasted only a few days, they were painful while they lasted: and, depending on the portion of the eye that they attacked, they might be dangerous to sight. The first feeling of their presence was in the inner angle of the eye, an itching sensation. I would rub the spot, not thinking of a worm, and supposing that the sensation would pass. But, it persisted. Then, I would be conscious of a movement of some object in the lower lid. And, later, as that object moved, at frequent intervals I had to twist the eye, under a pain like the prick of a pin, which I believed was the bite of the worm. Still later, I could see distinctly, just beneath the skin of the lid, the movements of the worm's convolutions. After two days, I could feel it creeping across my cheek. And, two days later, it would appear in one of my fingers. Then, it would disappear, perhaps for months. It never attacked my eyeball (though it did so appear, with one of the traders). It was a worm, from one inch to one and a half inches long, of the thickness of an ordinary sewing-thread,

with a distinct head. As I have mentioned elsewhere, I sent one to my friend Thos. G. Morton, M.D., of Philadelphia, who had it examined by Dr. Leidy, professor of anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania, who wrote an article on it in a scientific journal, giving it the name of *Loa dranunculus*. I never knew the source of the worm. I have supposed that its germ was imbibed in impure water I drank. After being quiescent in my system for even two years, the worm has reappeared, twice while I was on furlough in the United States. I know of its having so appeared in the eyes of two of our mission ladies also on furlough.

TO BELAMBLA.

As I was to go to Gaboon for the semiannual meetings of mission and presbytery at Libreville, there was need to first visit Belambla, in order to see that it would be safe during my absence. I found Aveya satisfactory in his accounts. And, the Bakĕle children were availing themselves of the opportunity to learn to read in his little school. Two boys of Ñandi, who had lived with me two years before, and whom I had not seen during all that interval, came to me to say a lesson; they had not forgotten what I had taught them. Kasa's son, Kimagwe, was one of Aveya's employees. He wished to leave temporarily. I offered him a $2 mosquito-net if he would remain. He honestly refused it. He might easily have assented and taken the net; and, then after my departure, could have run away. Almost all the villages were deserted; their entire population off in the forest, felling trees and making gardens. It was a picnic time for all the young people. I did not wonder that Kimagwe wished to leave. All was well; and the journey successful.

The evening of my return to Kângwe, the 24th, at the request of the household, I gave an exhibition of the toy automatic steamboat and the jointed wooden snake. They were all afraid of the latter, so adroitly did I manipulate its movements. But, I was not deceiving them. As, on a former occasion, I assured them that the snake was only wood, and the movements mine. I contrasted with their sorcerer-doctors.

Though the house on the hillside was a center of civilization with my sister, we occasionally were reminded that we were quite on the edge. For, on the 25th, I heard an elephant trumpeting in the forest, not very far from the house. With Ingumu, I pursued it; but, it fled; and, of course, it was impossible to overtake a fleeing elephant.

JOURNEY TO GABOON.

My sister was not well enough to risk the exposure of the 200 mile boat-journey to Gaboon. But, her ill health was not of such a nature as that I should fear to leave her alone at Kângwe. She was used to living alone at Benita. I gave her selected workmen to be under her control during my absence. One of the teachers, Ingumu, was returning to his home at Benita. When I went to Aguma for some last errands, Mr. Sinclair recognized the young man's goodness by making him some parting presents. And, faithful friend Azizya came to give good-by gifts. The journey was pleasant, in that I saw how the river had grown in civilization since last I had slowly passed its villages. Now, they all showed more order, cleaner surroundings, and better dress. I enjoyed watching point after point, as I recognized them in the rapid descent with the current. Passed the mouth of Kenjĕ Creek; saw Agaia's village, and was given a gift of fish. Saw my dismissed Ogandaga at his village. Eweze met us at Mbangwe. The path of that hill was freshly cleared, street swept, houses swept, and seats ready for us. Old men and some former employees came to salute me. But, the latter did not come to meeting in the evening. I had a cold that made my voice hoarse. I could not sing, and spoke with difficulty. Ingumu spoke in my place. On the 28th, I wished to turn aside from the direct journey to Gaboon, and make a visit to Laseni and his wife Alida, in Lake Ezanga. I did not know the way, except that I knew we had to pass through Lake Onanga. And, I could get no one to go with me as guide. Two whom I had engaged the night before, failed me, because they did not know how they were to return to their village. So, with my small crew, I took the rudder myself. At a village near the mouth of the small (lower) entrance to the lake, young men there contemptuously refused my offer of wages; and, taking advantage of my need, asked an impossible price for their services. (I never yielded to such demands, preferring to suffer difficulties otherwise.) In the lake, the water was rough with the cold dry season wind, and the crew pulled with but little heart. As the boat-awning was obstructed with the wind, I took it down; and, then the sun's glare hurt my eyes. There was a long paddling among the many islands and past villages. The variety in the shape and height of the islands was picturesque. Saw an alligator asleep on a rock; and, two hippopotami walking on a sand-bank. Late in the afternoon, I

felt that it was hopeless to reach Laseni's for the night. So, I turned back to seek a certain village which we had passed. Agaia (unintentionally) misled me; and, failing of that village, and night having come, and being weary of the confusion, I decided to sleep in the boat, though another village was near, to which I allowed the crew to go.

The next day, Saturday, we emerged from the lake by its outlet into the Ogowe, at Ngomu, the town opposite to Orânga. I stopped at Ngomu, because its people had complained that I passed them by, favoring only Orânga. I went up into the town, intending to hold a meeting. But, the people stared at me so rudely, and treated me with so little attention, that I left. Stopped at Mbângâ's place, intending to remain and eat; but, he had moved to another place. Went on to Azâze's; was well received; was given food and polite attention. Rested, ate and had a pleasant meeting. Went on to Igenja district, stopping at Awora's village to let out Re-Nguwa. And, went on to Ombya-ogwana's, and was there met by Mâmbâ, who, by previous arrangement, was to join the crew for Gaboon. Pleasant prayers in the evening. Mânjâ's wife told me she was trying to seek Jesus.

At the Sunday morning service next day, the 30th, the people were very attentive. Afterward, I heard lessons. I was very much impressed with the influence of the Gospel as already received in the hearts of Mâmbâ and the other young men of Igenja. The people were all so respectful; no drumming or quarreling; all decently dressed, clean, and the females so apparently modest. All seemed to know of me, and to look on me as a friend; even the little girls, who, in other villages, would have been afraid of me. All the boys came to say lessons in the afternoon. There was a pleasant prayer meeting in the evening; and, an interesting chat with the men afterward. The only person who behaved unpleasantly during the whole day, was an old man who tried to force himself on me, as if he was the head of the town.

The next day, July 1, I gave good-by gifts to the mothers of Mâmbâ, Abumba, Angĕkâ, and Bayio; and, to several of the boys (fish-hooks) and girls (scissors and toy-bells). I was pleased with Abumba's three sisters; the second one was quite beautiful, but I liked most the youngest, a little girl, Ntyĕrĕ, who, though there was plenty of space elsewhere for her to sit, asked that she might sit by me. She stood and said, "I want to sit." "Well, sit here by me"; and she nestled up to me, and

GALWA WOMEN

Facing page 258

I put my arms around her; for, she was shivering with the cold morning air. I was just then drinking my morning cup of tea. (Perhaps the child wished a share in it!) While I was in the hut where my goods-box was (having gone there privately with Mâmbâ and Ombya-ogwana) the offensive old man of the previous day forced himself in, uninvited. He had judged rightly that I was making some private gifts to the other two, and dared to assume that he should be given something also. His assumption was rude and undignified. Heads of villages usually waited politely for me to give what I thought due, without coming to inspect my goods-box. I indignantly ordered him out. He left ashamed; and was not present when I publicly gave to others, all of whom were pleased with what they received. We started again the journey, all in good spirits, with six paddles, and Ingumu at the rudder. Went rapidly past the Ashuka villages. Stopped to eat at Ngumbe. Isâgi's head-wife was attentive, would have caught a fowl, and would have gone to her plantation for vegetables for me. But, I told her not to leave her work of mat-weaving; that, I had a chicken ready prepared. I sat and watched her industry and skill in the weaving.

Going in the afternoon, I met a hippopotamus, which apparently had no fear; it allowed us to come very near to him. On, past Yâmbe, a part of King Njâgu's town. And, at sunset, stopped in a very desirable little cove at the island Olende. In the dusk, went hunting for birds. All the crew were in good humor, cooking, and laughing, and chaffing each other, and eating sugar-cane. But, I did not sleep well that night; for, the tide in receding, left the boat on its side, and I lay in an angle. Also, the net being disadjusted, mosquitoes got in.

Starting shortly after daybreak of July 2, it was pleasant to recognize places at which I had formerly rested or eaten. On, past Ñango. Stopped at Ñombi to eat. Chief Onanga was not there; but, his wife with her little child received me. On to Angâla by 3 P. M. The French had placed a customs officer there. Mr. Joseph Xavier, who received me politely. As I intended leaving my boat at some village in Nazareth Bay, and, remembering the assault on me by the Orungu there only two years before, I inquired as to the character of the men and their villages. King Esongi was an honorable man, and treated all visitors properly. He told me that his brother-in-law, Ngwa-nyâni (Eagle) at Abun'-awiri (Abundance of spirits) would treat me well. Also, that I might trust Anege and an old man Ibaku, of

even the unfriendly "Lisboa." I sat by the water-side writing a note to be left at Angâla and to be given to Mr. John Ermy, who was supposed to be on his way to the Ogowe from Libreville. He would deliver the note to my sister at Kângwe, to assure her of my welfare.

I sat up late in the evening talking with Esongi, who asked many curious questions about religion. His intelligence always surprised me. In the night, after I had retired, I heard him out in the street, praying to the *myondi* (spirits of the new moon). I knew of such prayers in spirit-ceremonies, but it was the first time that I had actually heard them.

For the thirty miles from Angâla to the sea, next day, there were no villages; mostly only mangrove forest. I emerged into Nazareth Bay in the middle of the afternoon.

In my journeys to Gaboon, I always had to write, weeks in advance, to notify the *Hudson* to meet me. This required my planning ahead and arranging definitely on what day I would emerge into Nazareth Bay. I could always control that; for, I allowed myself a margin of time for possible detentions. And the mission captain, Mr. Menkel, at the sea-coast end, had to allow himself a margin. For, the 70-mile voyage from Libreville, that took the *Hudson* only three days in the favorable winds of the rainy season, might require five, under the opposing winds of the cold-dry. As I emerged into the Bay, about 3 P. M. of that Wednesday, the 3rd, I saw the *Hudson* anchored far out. (It had been awaiting five days. I was on time; but, it had arrived unusually early.) I sailed out toward her. When she saw me coming, she put up her sails. Arrived at her side, I unloaded my boxes on to her deck, and went back ashore to leave the boat, the vessel slowly and carefully following me in the shallows. Going to the village of Abun'-awiri, I was well-received by Ngwanyâni. He promised to take care of the boat. I held a meeting; but, the superstitious women did not wish to come to it. He sent me in his canoe, to where the *Hudson* was anchored. Up anchor at 8 P. M., and anxiously crossing the shallows, put out to sea, and sailed well all night. The next morning, July 4, I recognized Mr. Ermy's canoe in-shore. Ran in toward him; anchored, hailed him, and sent off our canoe to him. He came. I gave him mail for my sister, which the *Hudson* had brought to me. Early in the afternoon entered Gaboon estuary. The officers of the French guard-ship recognizing me, remitted the usual rule, requiring all vessels to stop and report, and allowed the *Hudson* to sail at once to its anchorage. And, I was at the Baraka house

by 4 P. M. My mail was large and good: but, it was saddened by Mr. Murphy's intelligence of the death of his little daughter Kate.

In the Mission, the ideal relation of itinerants and missionaries in a new field, was, that they were working as assistants in the parish of whatever church next adjacent existed already organized. And, their converts were to be brought for baptism to that church. The missionary in charge of that church was considered bishop of the entire adjacent region. That had been the courteous attitude of Rev. George Paull and myself toward the church on Corisco Island under charge of Rev. J. L. Mackey. Benita church was a growth and division from Corisco; and, later, all the coast churches north of Benita grew by division from it. In the same courteous spirit, though my work in the Ogowe was 200 miles away from the Gaboon church, I recognized that I was in its "parish," and that its church session might properly claim for its membership any who were converted through me. In that spirit, I had so regarded Rev. Dr. Bushnell, pastor of the Gaboon church. And, in his absence in the United States, I offered the same courtesy to Rev. Mr. Murphy, in Dr. Bushnell's place. I brought two of my Ogowe people, Mâmbâ and Awora, for examination by the Gaboon session; and they were accepted for baptism. There was a touching incident in Mâmbâ's examination. He was asked, "Why do you leave your native 'fashions'? Are they not good?" "No, I thought they were, long ago; but, was in darkness. Dr. Nassau and I are in the light. And I believe his words." "But, in what do you believe?" "In Jesus." "But, have you even seen Him?" "No; not with my eyes, but, in my heart, I know that He forgives sins."

On Sunday, July 2, I preached for Mr. Murphy, from Acts 17, 27. In the afternoon, Communion and baptism were held. Mâmbâ and Awora were baptized. I felt very tenderly in the administration of the rite to these two, the first fruits from my Ogowe work. In the evening, was held monthly concert.

With Mr. Murphy I had planned to make an excursion in the *Hudson* north to Kamerun, in order to ascend its peak, 14,000 feet high. But, on Monday the 8th, news came from Benita of the serious illness of Miss Dewsnap, and, the *Hudson* was sent for her. That excursion to the peak being given up, there was no reason for delay of returning to my Ogowe, except that there was no vessel to take me. In the meanwhile, I enjoyed the society of the white traders, who all were very friendly with Mr.

Murphy. Each had a horse (an animal rare in that region; the few that were possessed being imported from other parts of the coast). I went horseback riding with Mr. Murphy, Captain Jonathan Holt, Mr. Schulze, and Mr. McFarland.

On Tuesday the 9th, a letter came to the Mission from the French commandant about complaints made to him of our Baraka cattle trespassing on native gardens. Another troublesome item was that Mr. Schorsch had arrived from Corisco Island, evidently intending to force himself into our meetings. As a German, he had found sympathy at the German trading-house. Mr. Murphy went there to try to restrain Mr. Schorsch.

Nevertheless, the next day, he came up the Baraka hill to us, but, we closed the doors; and he went away. Presbytery meeting was held. My protégé, Licentiate Itongolo, was appointed to Batanga, among the Banâkâ people. Mr. Schorsch came again; but, was unable to enter.

A young man, Mr. Alfred Boy, clerk at the German house, was a friendly visitor with the three ladies of the Baraka household, Mrs. Smith, Miss Jones, and Miss Walker. The 11th was his birthday; and, a little entertainment was made for him. [This gentleman is still living, a resident of New York City.]

On the 12th, a native blacksmith shot one of the Baraka cattle for trespassing in his garden. Mr. Murphy recovered the carcass. But, to an appeal for redress, the French magistrate said that the native was not bound to protect his garden by a fence; if we wished to keep cows for their milk, we should build an enclosure. As that would be a private expense and not chargeable to general mission account, it would be too expensive for Mr. Murphy, and, the cattle were sold. On the 16th, walked with the ladies to the German house, to see a collection of animals by a Mr. Frackman, a German traveler: there were five chimpanzees, four young gorillas, three mandril monkeys, two others, and a strange animal somewhat like a genet.

To enliven my delay, Mr. Murphy made a little "banquet" in my honor, on the 18th, to which the three ladies and Mr. Boy were invited. The menu of the feast itself, the dresses, and the agreeable chats of the evening, were all quite like a "sociable" in the United States. We sang, without instruments. And, after we had escorted the ladies to their house, Mr. Murphy and I returned to our house and talked until midnight. Even then, I was not sleepy; and, I sat up and read for a while, to quiet the unusual excitement.

I had preached on two Sundays for Mr. Murphy. The third,

the 21st of July, himself occupied the pulpit; an eloquent sermon. At Sabbath school he requested me to make a short address. I had been using Mpongwe in the Ogowe among Galwas; but, at Gaboon, the very home of the proud Mpongwe tribe, I hesitated to speak alone; and used an interpreter Ngoni. He made such wretched work of my sentences, that I cut short my remarks, and sat down.

At daylight of the 23d, the *Hudson* was seen at anchor. Miss Walker went down to the beach to welcome Miss Dewsnap, and I followed. During the day, busy at packing for my return to the Ogowe. In the evening had a slight fever-chill, and went to bed covered with blankets.

JOURNEY BACK TO THE OGOWE.

It was dry season, with the strong winds from southward, that always made difficult any attempt to sail in this direction. And, our cutter *Hudson* was at best a poor sailor. I knew that the seventy miles down to the Ogowe mouth would be a long trip, always trying, because of my constant nausea on the sea.

Beginning on early morning of Tuesday, July 30, I had at once a disappointment. As we passed out of the river, there entered near us the mail-steamer *Roquelle*. It doubtless had mail for me from the United States. And, I might have to wait a month for it, before it could be forwarded to me by the very irregular little river-steamers!

Six days were uncomfortably spent in going those seventy miles! Tacking; losing progress; anchoring; waiting for the wind to diminish. (It and the tide were always stronger at the new moon.) Finally, on Monday, August 5, I sent the cutter's canoe ashore, to Abun'-awiri village to bring the boat I had left in care of head-man Ngwa-nyâni. Loading into it my various goods from the *Hudson*, I started up-river; and, pulling all day, was at Angâla at dark. Was received by the French customs officer, Mons. J. Xavier. A German employee, Schwartz, was occupying Mr. Schulze's house where I usually slept. So, I was shown to a small new bamboo hut. News had come from up-river; among other items, that my sister was well. I was so very hungry that, in sitting down with King Esongi, who wanted to hear "news," I swept aside the usual etiquette, i.e., to "tell news" before being given food, I asked at once for it: I had been fasting so long on the *Hudson*. I did not sleep well; for, in the street, Banja, Esongi's nephew, was having a dance all night, with fetish ceremonies, for his wife, praying that she

should not remain childless, as their only child had recently died. Also, the crew of a Goree canoe, which had come with produce to await the arrival of the *Mpongwe*, was drinking and carousing all night.

The next day, August 6, stopped on the way at Ñombi, and gave to head-man Onanga's wife, two little dresses, which the ladies at Baraka had made for her child. I wished that the donors could have seen her pleasure! The wind that, on the sea, was an opposing one, was, on the river, a favorable one. With wind and sail, the crew could rest from their paddling. We moved so rapidly, even against the current, that I reached my usual stopping-place in the forest long before sundown. The crew were happy. For supper, I gave them a turtle, and myself a chicken. The next night, I reached Yâmbe. The town looked deserted. I did not know the reason why, until I was told that Chief Oñwa-ombe, or "Mwanji-nkombe," had been dead for more than a month. I was shown to the house I had usually occupied, but was given very little attention by the new head of the village. My own people were slow, being oppressed by the mourning ceremonies; there was shameless begging by the villagers; they would not give my people even firewood without pay! I felt like leaving, and camping in the forest. Late into the night, there was a woman running up and down the street, under intense excitement (whether real or assumed I did not know) and breathing like a wild animal. (Probably, an *ulâgâ* priestess.)

The next day, August 8, I left the village, indignant at having been required to pay for the use of the house in which I had slept! The first time I had ever met with such inhospitality. We pulled on among the tortuous channels around the sand-bars of Nenge-Saka (Slave-islands), where we had actually to search, in the rampant vegetation, for any dry dead wood, with which to cook our 11 A. M. "breakfast," in the forest. Then, on to Ngumbe, where I waited a while for Chief Isâgi. He was improving on acquaintance. When he came, he rebuked his slave for trying to overreach me in my purchase of food. He presented me with plantains, fowls, and mats. I passed on, under sail, to an island opposite to Avanga, reaching there long after dark.

The next day, I saw an alligator on a sand-bank, and fired at it three times, thinking it was asleep. It proved to have been dead; killed, probably by a shark. My people were disappointed that it was too decayed for them to eat. On the way, I stopped for a short service at the Ivili village of Re-Teno, who received

me well. The wife of Orondo, from the adjacent Galwa town of Ashuka, came to see me, remained to meeting, and sat close by me. Her one-eyed sister crowded up near to her, so that her thigh pressed against mine. I objected to the crowding. Then, they explained that they wished to sit very near to me, so that the odor of my body passing to her might impress my likeness on her unborn child! I had never before heard such extreme belief in "maternal impressions." In the evening, reached Igenja; stopped at Ombya-ogwana's, to let Mâmbâ ashore. My crew was received with great joy by their mothers, at Awora's village. I gave gifts to the mother of Bayio, and of Ntyindi-orĕma, and to his sister Irina.

Next day, poor Irina quarreled with her mother, in her desire to go with me to school: but, the mother would not consent. Girls were too much needed for work. That night, we reached the new clearing of the head-man, Mbângâ, near Orânga.

The Sunday, August 11, was spent at Orânga, in holding services, and teaching in the villages. There came two new applicants for school.

The following day, the day's journey was past villages where were the homes of some of the crew, or where were living former employees; all of whom gave us shouts of welcome, especially through the Wâmbâlya district. In the afternoon, pulled through the Ozugavizya (the cross-creek connecting the two branches of the Ogowe), and stopped for the night at Ntyuwaguma. The head of the village was not there; but, his young men entertained me. I was much interested in a man, who, that very day, had had an eye-worm extracted by native hands. The worm had been thrown away. I was desirous to get one to send to the United States. They were not rare, even in my own eye; but, their extraction was rare.

By noon of the next day, I was at Kângwe Hill, glad to find my sister in comfortable health, and welcomed by the school.

On Saturday, August 17, in going to my village services, I was at Sonye's in Eyĕnano. Passing on to Mr. Lubcke's German house, Otanga, to inquire about the probable arrival of his *Mpongwe,* I saw a large dead boa constrictor. The crew were alarmed, because of a superstition that the odor of its body, if inhaled, would rot their stomachs. On return home, though I was glad at Sâmbunaga's wife's request to enter the inquiry class, I did not consent; for, she did not express sufficient of motive. On Sunday, the 18th, Ntyĕgĕ and Re-Gânjwe came as inquirers.

On August 20, friend Azizya, from Atangina, came on a visit, bringing with her eight or ten children, to whom I showed my automatic toys of steamboat, mouse, and dancing-jack.

Having done so much building, I was glad that I could turn myself to some new work, i. e., of translating, for the needs of the school.

JOURNEY TO BELAMBLA.

I made my quarterly journey to Belambla, Thursday, August 22-26, taking with me a young man Zintango, to replace Abumba, and Aveya's young wife, Arangi-nomiĕ, (Destined-for-her-husband), and his sister Aziza. On the way, I took the usual "breakfast" with Mr. Sinclair at Aguma. He handed to me a little book, "Rest for the Weary," with my name in it. He had found it up the Ngunye, in the hands of one of his Mpongwe traders. I had missed it at Benita. Some one must have stolen it there, taken it to Gaboon, passed it to Mpongwe hands, and it had come thence to the Ngunye, 400 miles from Benita! At Belambla, I was not encouraged. Bakĕle were removing, before the oncoming Fañwe. There was no danger; but, the large incoming of traders had intensified the commercial interest, and I was begged on every side, not for education, but for gifts. Aveya, too, had not been steadily at his post; though his accounts were tolerably correct. In the morning of the 26th, as I was arising, I heard terrific howls, somewhat like an angry elephant. I ran to the landing at the water-side, and saw two hippopotami fighting on a sand-bank. Returned to Kângwe that day.

At the German house, on the 17th, and more definitely on the 22d, I had been informed that their *Mpongwe* had brought supplies for them to their depot at Angâla, unable to come further because of the low water. Also, among her freight were a quantity of goods for me, forwarded by Mr. Murphy from Libreville. So, I was to go with boats, to bring up my treasures.

JOURNEY TO ANGÂLA.

On Wednesday the 28th, I started in the *Nelly-Howard* with four oars, followed by the native boat under Agaia with six paddles. I went up around the island to the main stream; for, in the middle of the cool-dry season, the shallows were too many in my Kângwe branch. Stopped to inquire at the German house; at 1 P. M., stopped to eat at the village of Ntyĕgĕ's father; passed

on to Orânga, but did not stop, as the dry season *mcnyĕngĕ* rain, that had begun falling in the morning, continued. Sunset as we passed Nandipo; but, we pulled on, tired. I was anxious about the native boat which was far behind. Went on in the dark; and, as we passed Awora's village called to him to follow and join our journey on the morrow. Went on to the Igenja village. There, Mâmbâ and Angĕkâ were gladly welcomed by their relatives. There, too, were lying two of Mr. Lubcke's Goree canoes, on their way up-river, under command of a Goree, Bubu. Agaia's boat arrived while I was eating. Neither he nor I were well. The next day, I bought a quantity of provisions; and added four others to my crews.

I was provoked at the assumption of the old man of the village, in his sending me word that I should come to him, as he wished to speak to me. As if he was not perfectly able to come to me! The day was rainy. Stopped at Orondo's in Ashuka, to bargain for a hippopotamus head which I wanted as a curiosity for some museum in the United States. Went on, past Avanga Island; past a new village which the Avanga people were building; and ate in the forest. Five of Mr. Lubcke's canoes were met on their way up-river, carrying his goods from Angâla. More rain fell as we passed Ngumbe. The canoe of the Goree, Ayune, was behind us, and it stopped there. Though the rain increased, we went on, passing other canoes in the Nenge-saka channels. The rain fell sharply, and we were all wet as we emerged again into the main stream. Passing old Njâgu's (Re-Nguwa's) town, I entered a creek on the right bank to a village Esira, where I had never been before. The Nkâmi-tribe headman, Otando, received us well. One of his wives was a relative of one of my crew. A woman presented me with a tasteful *jomba* of fish. There was there a woman in civilized dress, who called herself "Marie," and said that she had lived at the Libreville Plateau as wife of one of the Frenchmen there. A little year-old mulatto child was creeping in the street. There was a man who said that he had been a workman at our Baraka in Libreville. But, I doubted him; for, he could not tell me the name of the missionary for whom he had worked. There was also a man who said that he had visited on Corisco Island at the house of Rev. J. L. Mackey while I was occupying the "Maluku" house (1861-1865). It was true that members of the Nkâmi tribe, regarding themselves as coast tribes-men, did travel (as the Galwa and other interior tribes did not) to the sea, for employment on the coast. An old man said that he remembered

two missionaries from Baraka having ascended the Ogowe as far as Esira. (It was true that Rev. Messrs. Walker and Preston, many years before, had entered the river to the distance of about seventy miles, on a visit of inspection. But, they remained only one day, made no location, went back to Libreville, and never revisited the river.)

The next day I proceeded; passed Ñango; stopped to eat in the forest. Had I stopped at a village, native etiquette would have delayed me; and, I was anxious to get back to Kângwe before the real rainy season began. Showers were falling. Passed Ñombi; reaching Angâla early in the afternoon; 100 miles in two and a half days. The German, Mr. Detmering, at once began to tell me of a fracas between the French customs officer, Xavier, and Ndamběnjě and other Angâla people. On examining the tally of my boxes, I could find but fifteen. Mr. Murphy had written to me that there were twenty. Mr. Detmering explained that himself had already forwarded three, and perhaps more, in his own canoes to Otanga. King Esongi came to greet me with great ceremony, and took me to his house for a long talk, defending his people against Xavier, and begging me to intercede in his behalf with the French. I respected the old man; but, I was always careful to avoid mixing into complications between the natives and the Government. And, as to Ndamběnjě, I could readily believe in any charge of violence against him. Ate supper with Mr. Detmering; and went to bed in the boat. Thoughts of the prospective troubles of the town kept me awake. And, just as I was falling asleep, Ayune's canoe arrived. They had a leg of hippopotamus meat, which Engineer Davies and John Ermy had shot. Ayune's crew kept me awake a long while, with their talking, cooking, singing, and shouting.

On the next day, Saturday 31, I loaded the two boats, both heavily laden, and commenced my return up the 100 miles. Ate at Ñombi. The little child of Onanga, to whom I had given the two Baraka dresses, was naked. The mother said that that was in order to save the dresses from being worn out! Came on to Ñango, using a sail on the native boat. Though the sun was not yet 3 P. M., I remained there for the Sunday, because the next day's run would not bring us to any village, and I did not wish to waste the day in the forest. Re-Buka, brother of Re-Ntyambi, received me well. His wife, Mburu, treated me in a manner more lady-like than I remember to have recived from any native woman in the river. She gave me potatoes (sweet), *pâ* (gravy of an oily nut), pepper (fresh cayenne pods), and

lime-sauce. She would take nothing in return, saying, "I would not *sell* to *you.*" (She had been a white man's wife.) There was a woman, a young mother, young wife of old Ngwa-nyâni, who had lost both her babies. I do not remember to have seen in Africa, such apparent regret for a dead baby. Her eyes spoke with such a varying luster. On Sunday, September 1, I sat, rested, preached, and taught all the crews of the two boats. The day passed rapidly and pleasantly. Several canoes of the German house continued on their way up-river. In the evening, Re-Buka's brother stood in the street, and addressed my people (Galwas) about their intertribal difficulties with the Nkâmi. I did not like this; it seemed a discourtesy, as my people had done nothing against Nkâmi. But, I said nothing. Re-Buka, however, seemed to appreciate the case, and interrupted him; and, then the brothers quarreled.

On the Monday, I gave parting presents to Re-Buka, his wife, his father, and the young mother. The tide was in our favor; but a heavy mist was on the river. Saw an Ajumba canoe that had come from Orungu laden with salt, with which they were going to the interior to buy slaves. Salt was, at that time, the most valuable currency in the entire river, as there were no known salt springs on the upper Ogowe (or "Okanda," as the interior was then called). We passed and were passed by it several times. My crews pulled well, and we passed the three canoes of Sunday, and stopped at Olende Island in its forest to eat. From there, I set up the *Nelly-Howard's* two sails. It sailed well; past my native boat; past the three companion canoes of Mr. Lubcke. With wind alone, I kept ahead of all the others. Passed Esira. At Yâmbe, the wind was very strong, and sailing was splendid. On, among the Nenge-saka Islands. Shortly after sunset, stopped for the night, in the forest; and had food already cooked for all before Agaia overtook us. There was a young moonlight, and all were well and merry.

On the next day, started early. Heard hippopotami fighting across the river. Tide still was in our favor. On to Ngumbe; saw Isâgi, and bought some eggs. On, and ate in the forest near the new Avanga village, the head-man of which, Ogula, by name, came to remonstrate with me for not coming to his place, and for eating in the forest. (It is true that I almost always combined preaching with journeys, and, for that purpose, slept at and took my meals, as far as possible, in some village. But, on that journey, I was hasting to get my valuable goods to their safe end before the rains should begin.) Again rowing, passed

the three German canoes, and put up sail near Asange Island. Stopped at Ashuka, and got the hippo skull, for which I had bargained on my way down-river. I had a bad headache, and had eaten only a pineapple; but, I continued to hold the tiller-ropes, as we were sailing very rapidly, and, my Galwas were not familiar with sails. By sunset, I had reached Mâmbâ's village; stopped to let off him and two others; and I proceeded, with only two to Awora's. Landed, and attempted to go into the huts; but, was too sick. I ate nothing, and went back to sleep in the boat. The people were very sympathetic.

On Wednesday the 4th, I was well: went ashore, and was welcomed. Irina's mother consented that she should come to school. Bayio's mother would not allow his little brother, Nyândâ, to come. The child cried piteously to be permitted to go with me. The kongongo, in which, on August 16, I had allowed eight of the Igenja boys to go on vacation to their homes, was put into the water; and all three crafts started off with great éclat! Stopped at Orânga, before dark; and, at night, had a good meeting in the street. The next day, proceeded with at times the wind; at others, with only oars; stopping to eat at the village of one of the crew, Ntyĕgĕ. It was quite a test of his devotion to his work that he did not run away or ask to be allowed to stay, though his people wished him to do so. The water at the large entrance to Lake Onanga was very swift, and swirled around the rocks opposite to a new Fañwe village. At sunset, stopped in a pleasant cove, Abango, on the main stream. Felt well, in the prospect of ending the journey next day. The night was moonlight; and I enjoyed the evening prayers ashore with the crews. The lights of the camp-fires of the three companion canoes were bright on the other side of the river.

The next day, pulled on rapidly; and, after passing Kumulekwe's village, put up sail, and proceeded very rapidly with sail alone. When in sight of the German house, stopped to cook, and had all food ready when the two other crafts came up. Went on to Mr. Lubcke's house, and found my two missing packages (one barrel of flour, and a box of sugar). The three crafts made a display of boatsongs as we pulled around Eyĕnano at the head of the island; and, soon were at Kângwe landing. I found my sister tolerably well. The crews, in good spirits, worked systematically and steadily, in unloading, in hauling the crafts into the shed, and in carrying the boxes and barrels up the steep hill; until all was happily completed by 4 P. M. In the evening, I held an enthusiastic inquiry class; more than fifteen present.

PALM-WINE GOURD-BOTTLES

Facing page 271

On Sunday, September 8, my own household of thirty filled the little *ikenga* (reception-room) of the house, and I added seats for expected strangers. The Mpongwe Ngeza and his wife Makeki, came. Also, Laseni. But, I was beginning to doubt the latter: and I did not invite him to my table when I brought the other two. And, remembering the greediness of their followers on a former occasion, I did not give out food to any of them.

The next morning, Monday, Laseni came to see me, with a long written complaint against his wife Alida, (Ngwanjanga). I did not believe them, at that time; but, subsequently, I had reason to consider his charges well founded; yet, himself was not blameless. Headache, from a fever chill of the previous night (a common *sequela* after a journey's exposure) prevented any translation work in the afternoon.

On September 10, I made a record in my diary, "This is the eighth anniversary of my wife's death; eight long and weary years!" On September 11, went in the kongongo, on a report that Re-Nkombe's people had been trespassing on my premises, and that they had built a dry season fishing-camp while I was absent down-river. I found their deserted *ulako,* and tore down the remainder of their huts. Evidently, the camp was still being occupied; for, there were enormous quantities of chigoes; thousands got into my shoes, on my feet, and in my clothing. Much of the remainder of the day, I could do scarcely anything else but pick off the insects. In the evening, in the *ikenga*, the boys were enjoying themselves in various ways, with stereoscope, sewing, lessons, pictures, jack-straws, etc., etc. That night, I did not sleep well; for (not entirely imagination) I felt the chigoes still crawling over me.

While at work with my people in the forest next day, at a log, I saw that three palm-trees had been cut, for palm-wine. I discovered a man, Anyigei, who fled. I pursued and captured him; broke his palm-wine pots; and seized his hatchet and knife. Those trespasses on premises were one of the great annoyances in my African life. (But they exist not only in heathen countries. Farmers, in the United States, annually are outraged by trespassing hunters.)

The next day, one of Re-Nkombe's women brought me a present of boiled eddoes, and dried fish stewed in palm-oil. I think that it was a peace-offering for Anyigei's offense. In the evening, after inquiry class meeting, I instituted an inquirer's prayer meeting, to be led by the five professing Christians. (That was before I had heard anything about "Christian Endeavor.")

On September 14, Manoel, a Portuguese slave-refugee, who had worked with Mr. Menkel at Mbâde house, Benita, and on the *Hudson*, but who had deserted at Libreville, came to me for employment. It was quite probable that he had just reasons for leaving Mr. Menkel; but, I would not openly approve of desertion; and refused him. At Aguma, in the afternoon, I saw my dear Mpongwe friend Njivo and her husband Dowe, arrived there already four days from his trading-place. Her duties to him had kept her from coming to see my sister, who might have found comfort in her lady-like society. A letter arrived from Libreville, from Mr. Murphy, saying that the French had seized as prisoner at Angâla, old King Esongi, for the "palaver" between his son Ndamběnjě and the French customs official. In Africa, scarcely any native was safe, before a foreign tribunal, on even a trumped-up complaint made by any white man, and especially by a white official. The victim's wife or daughter was often the price of his release.

My pet monkey seemed to be dying on the 17th; and, as I saw nothing of it next day, I suppose it had gone off and died. Several Orungus came to sell a large full-grown male antelope, an adult *mbalanga* (Benga), (in Kombe, *mondimo;* in Mpongwe *nkambi*). I had never seen one so large. Gave $6 for it. Spent the morning in skinning and dressing it. Sent a hind quarter to Mr. Sinclair; retaining the other hind quarter for sister and myself. I gave the remainder of the animal to the boys as a four days' supply of meat.

Hearing that some of Re-Nkombe's people were actually *building* on my premises at Andĕndĕ creek, I went there on Friday the 20th, to inspect. Then, I went to Atangina, to complain. If he was there, he did not appear; his head-wife said that her slaves had done it, and that it should be stopped. It was a hungry time; plantains were almost finished; and I had to give out farinya for food, which the boys did not prefer. Under the temptation, Ntyindiorĕma stole some of the few remaining plantains; and, I suspended him from the inquiry class.

In writing, on September 21, to son Charles, an account of the sea-journey from Gaboon, and my seasickness on the *Hudson*, the memory of the intense distress I had endured nauseated me! It was a most remarkable physiological and psychological fact. None of my mission-associates appreciated how I suffered. And, I have not often been able to make any one else understand what I endured during twenty-five years, in boats and steamers, on the sea.

For the Saturday village meeting, I went to Eyĕnano, where I had a good audience, notwithstanding the fact that the village had just been having a "palaver" about a man and his wife. The young Kombe man, Petiye, one of my sister's ministerial candidates, was very intelligent. He inquired about European history and Protestantism. I showed him, in Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," the life of one of the Nassau family ancestors, William, Prince of Orange and Nassau.

At the morning service of the 22d, there was a large company of women and children; but, they did not remain to Sabbath school. There was some thunder, but no lightning. I would have thought that the rainy season had come, were it not that the river had not begun to rise, which it always did in advance of any rain (from heavy rains in the far Interior).

I had been almost entirely out of fresh food other than farinya for my people; the usual scarcity at the close of the long cool-dry season. But, now, fresh food began to come not only from Atangina and Ntyuwa-guma, but even from Ajumba. I was writing long letters all day, morning, afternoon, and evening, to my children in the United States. Re-Nkombe's slaves continued their annoying attempt to occupy my Andĕndĕ ground.

I had sent Awora in the kongongo down-river to buy food. He returned on the 25th with eighty bunches of plantains! What should I do with them all! Orondo of Ashuka came to sell fish. After I had sent my letters to Aguma, to go by a messenger whom Mr. Sinclair was sending overland to Libreville, I entertained Orondo with stereoscope, automatic steamer, jack-straws, melodeon, alphabet blocks, etc.

On the 26th my diary makes an uncomfortable record, which I mention, only to illustrate a superstition: "The schoolgirls made difficulty to-day; their lousy hair had been cut off yesterday; and, they, instead of throwing it away, had hidden it in their food-box! They stated that they intended to send it to their parents, there being some belief that they might be injured if it fell into the hands of strangers!"

My sister had not been well for a long time; but, feeling that a little excursion might benefit her, I sent her, on the 28th, in the *Nelly-Howard*, a two hours' ride with six of the most careful and gentlemanly of my young men. The river was rapidly rising, and heavy rains might be expected any day. That night there was lightning.

And, next day, Sunday, the rainy season set in, preventing people from coming to service. But, I had my own household;

and in the evening, they evidently enjoyed the song service; for, they wished me to continue, when I was ready to stop.

Monday the 30th was a beautifully bright clear day. Rainy season had fully come. The dull skies of the dry season were gone. There was blue sky, white clouds, fresh green leaves, bright open spots, and cool shadows, and balmy breezes.

Sâmbunaga's wife was quarreling with him in the evening of October 1. She threatened to go away to Atangina; I almost hoped that she would go, and thus save me the task of dismissing her; for, she was not a pleasant member of the household.

On Thursday the 30th, Bayio thought that he could not climb palm trees, when I directed him to trim a certain one, I was sure that his objection did not rest on inability; so, I gave him the job of trimming them all. With the rapidly rising water, the sand-banks were being covered.

A disagreeable young man, Mbama, who claimed Irina as his betrothed, came to complain of his not having been consulted before she was allowed to come to school. The river was rising so very fast, that I could almost, in an interval of a few hours, see how the sand-bars were being covered. On the 4th, I restored Ntyindiorĕma to the inquiry class.

Bayio objecting still to the job of trimming palm-trees, I dismissed him for the day. On going that day to the Saturday meeting at Atangina, I saw there Anyigei who was continuing his trespassing. I said nothing to him, as I had left his case with Re-Nkombe. There were beautiful moonlights, fantastic shadows on the hill-side, sweet odors from flowering plants on the night air.

On Sunday, October 6, some Fañwe came to sell "bush-lights" (*okume*—gum torches). They had been to Mr. Sinclair at Aguma, and had been told that the day was "Sabbath," and purchases could not be made. They were disappointed in finding that it was Sabbath at Kângwe also. At Sabbath school, there were a dozen children from Atangina. In the evening, my sister was sick and confined to bed. On the Monday, I dismissed Sâmbunaga's wife, and allowed him to go to take her to his people. Next day, Bayio finally accepted his job, and found that he could both climb and trim palm-trees. The *Pioneer*, which had been laid on a sand-bar all the dry season, for repairs, was now afloat, and would soon go to Gaboon. I send a mail by her, with the Kombe young man Ijabi, who would return to his home at Benita. And, in his place, I established Mâmbâ as teacher in the vernacular school, leaving only the few English pupils for my

sister. And, to relieve her in the domestic affairs, Mâmbâ was also to be her assistant, as "steward," in directing the servants.

On October 11, I took notice of my forty-third anniversary birthday. Observing how weak my sister seemed to be, and going over my four strenuous years in the Ogowe, for the time, I began to doubt as to my duty to remain much longer (though I was in comparatively good health). And, as I was planning the building of a new outhouse for shop and carpenter work, I began to feel anxious as to what would become of the station, if no relief was sent me from the United States. For the Saturday meeting of the 12th, I went to Ijuke-jame's Akĕle village. His people listened better than I had thought Bakĕle would. At Aguma I met Ngeza and his wife Makeki. They told me that Laseni's charges against his wife Alida were not true. [Yet, they became true, later. And, they both wandered far. A sister of his was one of the many wives of an educated polygamist, "John Harrington" or Sonyĕ, of Libreville. Alida was daughter of another of Sonyĕ's wives. Laseni was, therefore, in a certain sense, her "uncle," though no blood relative. They both were highly educated. Even in his subsequent fall, he never became a drunkard, and kept his status as a gentleman. She sank very low.]

On Sunday, October 13, there was great firing of guns as salute and welcome and rejoicing at the arrival of some of the Atangina people from their semi-annual journey to the Okanda interior, with a canoe-load of slaves. To illustrate the mixed population of the Kângwe region, at morning service, were Ngeza and wife (Mpongwe), they remained to Sabbath school; and children from Atangina (Galwa); and young men (Bakĕle) from Ijuke-jame's. My Saturday afternoon visits generally brought some people to Sunday meeting; otherwise, most of the natives knew nothing of the calendar.

On the night of the 18th, I was annoyed by the late talking in the boys' house; and, I could say nothing, for the leaders in it were two of the teachers, ministerial candidates, Petiye and Kongolo. During the day, busy at the carpenter-shop building. Late at night, came a messenger from Aguma with word that Lieutenant Count P. S. DeBrazza, of the French exploring expedition, had arrived from the Interior, in destitution. On Sunday, the 20th, no persons from the villages at services. But, shortly after the close of meeting, a man and some women, from Zintango's village in Wombâlya, came with plantains to sell. Of

course, they did not know it was Sunday. I told them to await at the lower hut by the ravine, until next day.

Little Lucy again noisy in Sabbath school. My sister sick, and confined to her bed.

On Monday, October 21, I was collecting supplies of clothing, shoes, soap, etc., etc., and was about to start to Aguma to offer them to Count DeBrazza, and to express my welcome to him and his expedition, when, just as I was ready, the count and Dr. Ballay arrived to make a visit of courtesy on sister and myself. (Their needs had already been supplied by Mr. Sinclair.) After their short call, I escorted them back to Aguma, to the 11 A. M. breakfast. I was interested in seeing their Akanda men weaving native cloth (mis-called "grass cloth"; from undeveloped leaflets of the palm); saw the variety of types of tribes from the Interior; was deeply interested in their account of the dangers and travels of the expedition. On my return, bought a little fawn as a pet for my sister. (But, two days later the delicate little thing died.)

On Thursday, October 24, about 10:30 A. M., Count DeBrazza, Dr. Ballay, their quartermaster, and Mr. Sinclair, came, on our return invitation, to "breakfast." They remained until after 3 P. M. It was a rare occasion of civilized courtesies in our life on the Ogowe. The count presented me with his dog "Black," which had been with him in all his Interior journey.

The village for the afternoon services of Saturday the 26th, was a new little place on the river opposite to Kângwe. Then, as usual, I went on to Aguma, for business at the trading-house. There, Count DeBrazza called together his eleven Interior people (his other employees were coast-men) and showed them to me, one by one, four men, six women, and one little child. On returning, I found my sister again sick in bed, with a very bad headache. At night, my lady-like Mpongwe friend Njivo, her husband Dowe, and her aunt Anyure, arrived. Njivo had a badly ulcerated breast, for which she had come for treatment.

At night of Sunday the 27th, about 7 o'clock, Mr. Sinclair sent an enormous delayed mail, which had come overland, sent by Mr. Murphy. I opened his note, and found the announcement of the death of my mother, on June 21. And, on opening a letter from my son William, there was the added sorrow of the death of my father, on August 6. Three months before! I told no one, nor made any sign, not even to my sister. In her weak state I was afraid she could not endure it.

Next morning, Monday, October 28, at the close of morning

prayers, in a few words, I told my household of my parents' departure; and, then, immediately went to my sister's room, and, as gently as I could, broke the tidings to her. I dismissed all work, for the day. The household was awed. My entire absence of demonstration of grief was so unlike the screams and wails at their mournings. Then, I read the mail to my sister. Among the letters were two from our father.

On Tuesday the 29th, I allowed the employees to work; but, I did not superintend them. Stayed most of the morning with my sister, who was a little better. Njivo's husband Dowe returned to his trading-post, leaving her at Kângwe in my care for medication. At evening prayer meeting I read Psalm 90, 12; and occupied the occasion with thoughts on the death of my parents.

On the 30th, three of DeBrazza's Okanda people came to see me and the house. They said that they had heard that "God lived there." In talking with them, one of them expressed his firm disbelief that their tribe could ever change, so far as to be civilized like white people. I did not think that it was because he was not willing or would not wish for such civilization, but that he was hopeless, seeing the wide present difference between us.

On November 1, I did not superintend out of doors; but, in the morning, rereading the recently received letters, in the afternoon began to respond to them. There came a consolatory note from Count DeBrazza. At night, there was great dancing and shouting down at the lower hut. Going there to stop it, I found all my best young men engaged in it. I felt very much depressed over it. It seemed so heartless, while my sister and I were in sorrow. Perhaps my having left the young men without work suggested their play. Possibly also, my having shown no signs of grief may have caused them to think that I was not grieving. Also, it was their own native custom, at the close of the days of mourning, to "wash away" the tears with a feast and dance. Next morning, I dismissed, for the day, the nine participants in the night's affair; and gave a long rebuke personally to two of them, Petiye and Kongolo, who received it in good spirit. Count DeBrazza and the quartermaster came to "breakfast," and said good-by. My sister gave the count a shell-ornament that pleased him. He kindly took my Winchester rifle with him to Libreville to be repaired. The nine offenders came in the evening, to ask forgiveness. Had been so busy writing letters for the United States that I did not make my usual Sat-

urday visit to the villages. On Monday, the 4th, the *Pioneer* was seen steaming out of the river, at 7 A. M. DeBrazza and his company were on it, on their way to Gaboon. At noon, came a messenger from Mr. Sinclair, with farewell notes, which the count and Dr. Ballay had written to me.

JOURNEY TO BELAMBLA.

The dog, Black, who had been accustomed to go everywhere with his former master, wanted to follow me, on Tuesday, November 5. I made my usual stop at Aguma, and was there told by a new clerk, a Mr. Surry, who recently had been transferred from Batanga, some facts about our mission-work there that gratified me. We had no white missionaries there (and, at that time, had no intention of ever sending any) but, we had a church and native workers. Mr. Surry spoke well of the Christians of the Banâkâ tribe, and believed that the Evangelist Bevinyĕ was true to his work. [In later years, he sadly deteriorated.]

In stopping for the night at Anyambe-jena's, I was pleased to see that the people, especially the women, were cleaner and better dressed than formerly. On arriving at Belambla in the following afternoon, I found few people. They were generally away at their plantation camps. Aveya and his little wife seemed well and happy. The grass at my unfortunate little out-station was beautifully green and well-kept: and, the fruit-trees were doing well. But, there was no spiritual fruit being borne by the hard-hearted Bakĕle.

The next day, as the people had not come to me, I went to them, a mile distant, at Ntambi's village. Many persons were there; and one man pleased me by his intelligence and frankness. Ntambi himself was reported not to be there. But, really, he was, and had hidden himself, being afraid (as I was told) "of God and Nassau." I think I never got to the end of Akĕle superstition. And, I could not understand the inconsistency (since the robbery of my house) why, if the people were afraid of me, they continued their wrong-doing as to property trespass. I walked through Kasa's old village, where I had lived four years before, and where I had not been for two years. New villages had sprung up. There were accounts to settle with the Belambla employees. Apekwe, a son of former King Ondĕñe, called to see me.

Before I left, in the morning of Friday, November 8, I had an unpleasant talk with Jongâñe. I had recognized him as

Kasa's successor; and, yet, he instead of protecting the premises, was one of those who were stealing the grounds! Also, a talk about Delanja having threatened to shoot Aveya, because the latter had advised me not to give him (Delanja) presents! It was very distressing that the sole interest of the Bakĕle in me and Belambla seemed to be the obtaining of gifts, showing no interest at all in the Heavenly Gift. On the way down, I met the French gun-boat *La Vallette*. The commander (and Mr. Lubcke, who was a passenger) invited me on board, and politely offered me "breakfast." (I had had my food cooked before starting, and, on the way, I had stopped at Avyake's to warm it. But, the villagers were so evidently afraid of me that I went away.) I had made no threats; and had been patient as to the Akĕle robbery. But, perhaps the fact that their two great chiefs, Kasa and Ondĕñe, my professed friends, who had failed to defend me in that wrong, had both died within two years after it, may have made people think that I had an "evil-eye" for wrong-doers. I decided that it was useless for me to look any longer to the false chiefs for defense of Belambla property. I entered complaint with the Commander against Wâlinja and Delanja. (Ogombe-dĕngĕ was on board, in chains.) Stopping at Aguma, I found that Chief Magisi was having a "palaver" with Mr. Sinclair about purchase of food and the price of tobacco-leaf (the commonest article of barter-money). On to Kângwe early; and exceedingly alarmed my sister's nerves, by discharging a gun in the yard. (I carried loaded guns in the boat, but required them to be emptied before taking them into the house.)

My bamboo building-material was all used; and, on the 9th, I sent to Re-Tândi at Atangina, who owed me some. He returned word that "it was not dried yet." I did not believe that; and, I saw him go to attend the "palaver" at Aguma. I suspected his object. At noon, his canoe returned, and his crew was shouting, as they passed the Hill, to my people, that no more food would be allowed to be brought to Kângwe from Nkâmi, etc. It was a boycott, like the Ukuku law of the coast tribes. My Saturday afternoon meeting was at Atangina that day. I referred to the proposed boycott. Re-Nkombe (of course) denied any complicity, and said that it was "King" Magisi who had issued the decree. But, his hard cruel tone assured me that he was a "sympathy" striker along with Magisi. Nevertheless, his sister Azizya, in her devoted friendship for me, and because

she was sending provisions "on account," dared, when I left, to give me plantain bunches on that account. I was very much depressed; and remembering the power of Ukuku and its savage assault at Benita ten years before, I yielded to my fears, and planned to dismiss all but ten of the school, as I had food on hand for less than two days. My sister was more hopeful, and read a helpful verse from her book of "Daily Readings." Mr. Lubcke and the commander made a call. They told me that he had settled the Belambla affair of Wâlinja and Delanja. Then, I told him about Magisi's "strike" action; and about the trespassing of Re-Nkombe's people on the Kângwe premises, and asked him to sign the deed of the property, in order that it might have a firmer impression in the eyes of the natives. He was quite willing to do so; but, I preferred to have it done on some other day than Sunday. When he went, he said that he would arrest Magisi. I was just on the point of sending away the fourteen boys, when Agaia returned from Adâlinanângâ, and said that Magisi sent me word that his law did not apply to me, but only to Mr. Sinclair; and, that, as a proof of his good-will, himself would send me food on Monday. So, I dismissed no one. But, I sent nine of them, in the kongongo, even under a heavy rain, to buy food away down at Ntyĕgĕ's village, whither I thought the boycott had not reached. Just at prayer time, in the evening, came a man from Wombâlya, of Nguva's village (a dozen miles away) with six bunches of plantains. I felt ashamed that I had had so little faith that God would provide.

On Sunday, November 10, no people came to services. Heard firing at Adâlinanângâ town, near Aguma. And, in the evening, was told that Magisi had been arrested.

On Monday, the 11th, Agaia went to Aguma, to hear the news. He came back with a long story of the capture of Magisi; and, of the threats of the latter's people against another Galwa, Re-Vege, (an opponent of Magisi) that they would burn his town, etc. I received a comfortable impression of the power of the French Government over those natives.

On the 14th, Azizya came to ask whether I would buy plantains from her. She seemed to be afraid that I would refuse, because of the trouble with which her brother had threatened me about food, on the preceding Saturday. She said that that trouble was ended. In the evening, the kongongo, which I had sent on that very Saturday, in expectation of a food-boycott, returned with a great quantity of plantains.

After my services in Kolo village on Saturday the 16th, I went

to Aguma, and heard from Mr. Sinclair, his account of the arrest of Magisi by the French. A very busy hour, on my return to the Hill: hurriedly to pay for a load of building-bamboo that had just arrived, and which I was much needing: to hand out the boys' rations: to dress Njivo's sore breast: to listen to and refuse an application for school from a young man of Adâlinanângâ; and then sit down to supper.

On Monday the 18th, went to Aguma, where I found the *Pioneer* just arrived. Returned, and took with me, for an excursion, Njivo and her aunt. Went to Otanga, and got boxes of goods which had arrived at the German house, by the *Mpongwe*. I noticed in my changes of health, a variation in the desire for particular articles of food. In the United States, I had eaten onions, but never with any longing, though I was always told that they were a very healthful article. In Africa, and especially toward the end of my terms, when strength was failing, I had an extreme longing for the onion. They were not grown by the river tribes, and I could get them, only as luxuries, from the ocean steamers. On that 18th I had obtained some from the *Mpongwe*. I enjoyed them extremely. On Wednesday the 26th, I heard that the *Pioneer* would be at Lake Azingo on December 1, on its way to Gaboon. Mr. Sinclair, in his kind interest for my sister, who continued in her weak state of health, urged that she should go to the lake to meet the vessel, in order for her to reach Libreville, rather than attempt to go with me in my boat, on my expected journey for our Annual Mission and Presbytery meetings. But, she did not wish to go quite so soon; the meetings not being due until January. Mr. Sinclair therefore went without her, on the 28th, kindly stopping on his way, at Kângwe, to repeat his offer. And, on Saturday the 30th, my lady-friend Njivo and her husband also left, for Lake Azingo, expecting to meet the *Pioneer*.

One of my regular daily afternoon occupations was a retranslation of the four Gospels in Benga. Each had been translated many years before, by the four Corisco pioneers. Their works needed harmonizing. This I was doing with the aid of Candidate Kongolo.

On Wednesday, December 4, we felt justified in sister's not having gone to Lake Azingo; for, Njivo's husband returned from the lake, leaving her there with Mr. Sinclair, the *Pioneer* not having yet arrived. And, next day, the 5th, messengers came to Aguma from the Lake to get food for Mr. Sinclair, who was still waiting there.

I had been unwell for several days, and could not conduct services on Sunday the 8th. Kongolo took my place in the morning. At noon, came Laseni and his wife Alida, with other Mpongwe people, Mrs. Owondo-Lewis, and one of her children, and their boat's crew. I was able to teach Sabbath school. After school, Alida came to me in my study, to tell me of her husband's ill-treatment of her. On Monday the 9th, I rearranged the hours of Petiye and Kongolo, so that they were at manual labor only one and a half hours each morning; thus they were given two additional hours for study. They also were directed to take a study-hour in the evening, instead of that time being wasted in the usual idle conversations in the boys' houses.

JOURNEY TO BELAMBLA.

The quarterly inspection of Belambla was to be made, especially before leaving for Gaboon. On Friday, December 20, with Petiye and a good crew in the *Nelly-Howard*, and two lads in a canoe, which I was taking for service at Belambla, a comfortable start was made. Opposite the Ngunye, stopped to buy food. I had abundance at Kângwe; but, not wishing its encumbrance in the boat, I expected to buy on the way. But, the village was without food: their crops had failed.

I gave a woman a gift. As she did not thank me, I instructed her in the duty of thanks. To my surprise, she did not know the word! This was the more astonishing; for, the word *akeva* ("thanks") was a well-known and commonly used one. While stopping to rest in the forest opposite Tazie, the crew found in a pit, the bones of a hippopotamus. Pits were dug by the natives, in which to trap elephants and hippopotami. Evidently, this pit was an old abandoned one, which the owner no longer visited; and, the animal falling into it, had not been discovered, and had died there. Reached Anyambi-jena's before sundown, intending to go ashore for the night. But, I found that his people were actually suffering from famine. I therefore did not remain, fearing lest my crew's limited supply of food would be stolen by the hungry people. So, I slept in the boat, with two of the crew, after I had preached ashore. But, I did not sleep well, being anxious about possible robbery. Three persons had died there during the previous five days. I would probably be supposed to be the cause of their death.

For, the next day, when I met Mr. Sinclair coming down-river (he had returned from Lake Azingo, and had come up-river to inspect his trading-houses) he told me that the super-

stitious Bakĕle held me responsible for the river's inundation! As I passed along, I saw many villages abandoned, where the water had overflowed. Arrived at Belambla, I made some repairs to the house; and went over Aveya's accounts, which were not satisfactory: he had overrun the limit. I saw then that poor Belambla was going down. Its trees were growing, and the grounds in good order. And the villages quiet, only because their inhabitants were away. But, Aveya was doing very little good, not even guarding the houses from white ants. I returned to Kângwe on Monday the 23d, and began to make arrangements for the journey to Gaboon.

On Tuesday, December 24, I went to Aguma, to leave at their homes the girl Iguve and three boys, and my dog Black, and my male goat. On Wednesday the 25th, I did not think of the day being "Christmas," until I had been awhile risen. And, I forgot it during most of the day, and took no notice of it among my people. For, I was busy taking account of goods on hand, for my annual settlement with the Mission-treasurer. I had much to examine, going to and fro on the premises. The employees were behaving quietly; I had excused them from work; for, I had not time to superintend them. Moreover, Christmas meant so little to me, away from civilization and the cherished love of friends, in a land of heathenism and among a people, with most of whom their only idea of "Kis-mus" was that it was a day on which all white people were to be begged for gifts.

JOURNEY TO GABOON.

With my sister in my boat, I started from Kângwe in the afternoon of December 26. Emerging, from Ozugavizya cross-creek, into the main stream, I stopped at Aveya's village, Ginigo, to let off his brother Ongângâ and his sister Aziza. Crossing the river to Ntyĕgĕ's village, went ashore, for a service, and then returned to sleep in the boat. Next day, I wished to show to my sister the beauty of the Lake Region. So, instead of keeping on down-river, I turned through the second entrance, into Lake Onanga, and pulled on to Dowe's trading-village. I wished to see him, and take word of him to his wife Njivo in Libreville. It was late in the morning when we reached his place, and we were hungry. He prepared a fowl for us. The Galwas of that place were very rude-looking, and seemed afraid of us. We held a short service, and left. Stopped at another village, and had an interesting service. But, the inhabitants were not well acquainted with white people. One man told me

that he had heard of me as "the man who did not allow noise." Emerged from the lake by its exit at Ngomu; and, crossing the river, stopped for the night at Orânga. The next day, on, down-river; stopping at Nandipo, to see friend Azâze. But, he was not there; and, his people were so rude, and were so persistently begging, that I left, and went to eat at another place. At Igenja early in the afternoon, and were welcomed. I refused to converse with the disagreeable old man who claimed to be Abumba's "father," and who, on a former occasion, had assumed offensive authority as the head of the village.

Sunday, December 29, was a pleasant day, with preaching, teaching, and reading. Mâmbâ's mother professed to have serious thoughts about her soul; and Mânjâ's wife, Isinga, said that she still prayed. On Monday, the 30th, I tried to start early; but the crew were dilatory, Igenja being the home of several of them. And, that old man so annoyed me, that I got off unpleasantly. Stopped at Ashuka, to see my "friends" Orondo and Re-Teno. I rejected a gift of the former, because he, having given it, immediately begged for something in return. This was a frequent experience. I fully recognized the native custom of *exchange* of gifts between friends. But, when a native's cupidity so overcame him, that, having given me his gift, he could not wait even a half-hour for me to take my own convenience in making a return, but would immediately ask for a return, I always promptly returned the gift, and gave nothing. Found the new Avanga village deserted; but, we built a fire. I ate but little; for, I had a headache (a very frequent thing on my journeys). Stopped a little while at Ngumbe, to see Isâgi; and, then, on to Esira, for the night, with a very bad headache. The village was redolent of rotten fish.

The next day on to Ñango, where we ate. The man Re-Buka and his wife Mburu were most attentive to us. On to Ñombi to buy mats which I had engaged; but, the people so haggled about price, that I refused to buy at all. In all my life, I have never known how to haggle. And, in my Ogowe life, I never was able to adopt the oriental commercial point of view. In that viewpoint the native African begins by asking a price double of what he *knows* he is willing finally to accept. He delights in having a long and excited discussion, gradually coming down from his stipulated price. Perhaps it would have saved me some provoking experiences, if I could patiently have gone through such discussions. It might have made me more popular; and I might oftener have obtained the article I wished to

buy. But, I could not. I would throw aside the article, and passed on, sometimes visibly provoked; for, I knew that I had honestly offered a fair and just price.

On to Angâla. The French customs officer, Xavier, had, as his "wife," a very interesting Mpongwe woman. I slept in the boat; but, during the night, had to go ashore, on account of a heavy rain.

On New Year's day, January 1, 1879, the start was late, as we had to wait for the rain to cease. Stopped in the forest to eat at "The Palm-tree." As the mangroves that entirely occupied the miles nearest the sea, decreased (to a traveler coming up-river) and other trees began to appear, there was one notably big palm-tree that was quite a land-mark. My sister, for whose sake I had traveled slowly, quite enjoyed the forest scene. Emerged at the mouth of the river at the hour, 5 P. M., usual in my engagements with the lay missionary, Mr. Menkel, captain of the *Hudson*. But, no vessel was in sight. To secure a comfortable rest-place for my sister before darkness should fall, I went for the night to Ngwa-nyâni's village; we were hospitably entertained. The village, from which, less than three years previously had come a portion of the mob of men under Aziza-njĕle, that assailed me and Mr. Reading! The next morning, Thursday, January 2, with a comfortable supply of nicely roasted fish, we pulled out into the bay and met the *Hudson* coming in slowly under oars, as the wind was against her. Going alongside, I put my sister on board, and decided to go on to Libreville under sail of the boat. For a boat's motion was less sea-sickening than that of the *Hudson*. Sailed well and easily all morning, keeping ahead of the *Hudson*. I was not nauseated, although I ate food. (On the *Hudson* I would fast.) Taught Abumba, Akendenge and Angĕkâ, how to hold a rudder. On the river, they were skilful paddlers, accustomed to guide a canoe with a paddle. But, they knew nothing about sails.

Later on, when far out at sea, the *Hudson* passed us. When off Round Hill, I turned in toward the shore, so as to be able to recognize points of land at night. Then, I alone held the rudder for six hours, from sun-down to moon-down. The boat sailed well, unexpectedly so; for, from its long narrow shape, it was intended only for smooth waters. The water, that night, was dangerously rough. At the mouth of the Gaboon River are a succession of points, which, at night, I four times mistook. Finally, at 2 A. M. of January 3, I anchored by Sandy Point, at the entrance to the estuary. At daylight, I saw the *Hudson* at

the other side of the estuary. My sail had broken. So, after making a cup of tea ashore, we rowed the ten miles across, and landed our luggage by noon. The *Hudson* was still laboring, against wind and tide, in effort to reach its Baraka anchorage. With my boat lightened of all luggage, I put off to the vessel's side, and brought my sister safely and comfortably ashore. I was at Libreville three weeks. Not because there was so much business to do; nor because, as in the case of my sister, I needed, on score of health. But, always, at the semi-annual meetings, I was detained, in waiting for some one of the little river steamers (which had no scheduled times) to carry me back. When those steamers had no early date (as always at the July meeting) I had to depend on the painfully slow *Hudson* to take me to the Ogowe mouth; when, a week's pull took me in my boat, up-river. On this three weeks' stay, I was not unoccupied. There were visits to my native friends, especially Mrs. Boardman, Mrs. Kirkwood, and the lady Njivo. On one Sunday, the 5th, I was not well, and took no part in the morning service; but, enjoyed the afternoon Communion Table, where I baptized Abumba. Part of the time, I was sick in bed (this was always a result of the exposures and excitements of the journey).

The man Schorsch had kept cognizance of our date for meetings, and had returned to Libreville. It was true that he was still legally a member of presbytery, though not of mission. His attempt to enter the sessions of the latter were hindered. His entrance to presbytery could not be debarred. But, we required him to keep order. And, as he had no written "reports" to make, nor had been put on any committee, he presently disappeared. As clerk, both of mission and presbytery, I had much writing to do. There were errands to the trading-houses to buy supplies. I rode on the mission horse "Bob." With him, one day, being loaned one of the only two phaetons in the foreign community, I drove my sister on a shopping expedition.

On the third Sunday, the 19th, I was well enough to preach for Mr. Murphy; and had some delightful singing in the evening. On the 21st, some busy packing in the store-house, with the aid of Miss Jones and Mrs. Smith. Native superstition believed in the ability of human metamorphosis into some animal form, especially that of the leopard. "Man-tiger" was a common phrase, used mistakenly by very many white men. (For, there are no *tigers* in the African continent.) They meant *man-leopard*. Libreville town was excited with reports of persons killed by man-leopards. It was true that people had been thus

THE MAN-LEOPARD

Facing page 286

attacked. (Of course, the assailant was some man disguised as a leopard.) The French commandant did not, of course, believe in "man-leopards." But, as the natives were in dread, he ordered all foreign merchants who had large properties along the line of the public boulevard (in which the assailants ambushed) to clear away the thickets on that line. It made quite an improvement in the looks of the town. I had been anxiously awaiting the expected coming of the *Pioneer*. It came about noon of Wednesday, the 22d. I went to the agent of the house of H. & C., to inquire for passage and transportation. Met Mr. Travis, who had just arrived from his furlough in England. The vessel had a new captain, Stephens. The next day, the 23d, was a busy day, nailing up boxes, etc., and taking them off in a boat to the *Pioneer*, and making good-by calls on Njivo and other friends.

JOURNEY BACK TO THE OGOWE.

The stay at Baraka had benefitted my sister; but, it was deemed advisable for her to remain longer. And, I bade her good-by, as I left early on January 24, to board the *Pioneer*. How different the journey, from the conditions on the *Hudson!* According to the season, the latter would slowly and with nauseating motion, require from three to five days for the seventy miles to Nazareth Bay. The *Pioneer* rapidly, smoothly, and with little nausea, carried me there in twelve hours!

The next day, Saturday, the 25th, the vessel reached Angâla. Old Esongi showed his honesty. On my journey down-river, Petiye had discovered that a cloth of his was stolen. I had had no time to investigate. I simply reported the loss to Esongi. With true following of oriental guest-law, he had felt himself responsible for the lives and property of myself and my people. He had found the thief, and returned me the cloth. I planted for him two of the little bread-fruit trees I was carrying to Kângwe. (An importation into Africa from the West Indies.) In the evening, in a small narrow canoe, I went to Ñombi and engaged Onanga to make me another native boat. (The *Nelly-Howard* was not safe for the sea.) I returned to the *Pioneer* by midnight, very tired and sleepy. But, I was glad that, in my absence, I had escaped the sight of a rum fight ashore. The arrival of any river steamer at any trading-place, with its liquors as the principal article of barter in purchase of provisions, payment of wages, and the most convenient form of gift, always was followed by fight. The next day, Sunday, the 26th, the

Pioneer reached Ngumbe. By 7 A. M. of Tuesday, the 28th, we were at Aguma, welcomed by Mr. Sinclair and his clerk Mr. Surry, and two of my schoolboys. Of that arrival, I wrote to my sister, that same day:—"This is 6.30 P. M., tea is done; lamp is lighted; the young men have dispersed, and I will sit down with you awhile. Reached Aguma this morning at 7 o'clock. Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Surry, and a crowd of other persons were on the pier awaiting, and were soon aboard. Mr. Sinclair's face fell when he saw you were not there; and, as if hesitating to hear evil, asked where you were. Mr. Travis soon went ashore with Mr. Surry; captain was busy with his fastenings; Mr. Sinclair with his invoices, and I left soon, taking only my baggage, loose things on deck, the crew's baggage, and the wardrobe, all of which made sufficient of a load. Mwarogasĕ and Mbigino came alongside to salute. Mr. Lubcke had also followed the *Pioneer* in his boat. The morning was warm. At Kângwe, our coming was observed; and all the young men were at the waterside to receive us (except Ompwenge keeping the house, Nguva at the Nkâmi hut, and Ngâre, who had absented himself two days before). There was the usual vociferous applause and welcomings. The latter were unusually long. Each of my six crew was severally welcomed by each of the seven young men ashore. I believe my multiplication table used to say, $6 \times 7 = 42$; during which interval, I sat dignifiedly in the stern of the boat. The less important arrivals were being disposed of; and, I was advanced to the bow, and Ntyĕgĕ lifted me into the muddy boat-shed. So many 'thanks!!' Things all landed; and boat put up. Then, I came up the Hill. Everything in perfect order. Your (not my) arrival had been expected daily, for several days, on Mr. Sinclair's count of the *Pioneer's* time.

"The *elola* tree, half-way up the Hill, had still some ripe fruit on it. The *kuda* nuts are just beginning to ripen. Foliage more dense than a month ago; the vistas somewhat closed. Fowls all gone. 'Kitty' has not made her appearance; 'Julius' has. The two kids are roly-polys. While the others carried up the things, Oyembo and Ntyindiorĕma got dinner. I had saved Mrs. Smith's Baraka bread on the *Pioneer*, for this emergency. It was slightly moulded; but, Oyembo restored it perfectly with the hot bath and re-baking. Opened a tin of beef, of peas, and of cherries, and ate a hearty late breakfast. Mâmbâ came, for me to read your letter to him; and he set bread in the evening with Oyembo. In the afternoon, I sent a

nine crew in the native boat, to Aguma, to get the boxes I had left in the *Pioneer's* hold; and, as they were heavy, the crew took all the time from 3 P. M. (the time of their return) until 6 P. M. to carry them up the Hill. I spent from 1 P. M. to 3 P. M., with Mâmbâ, Oyembo, and Ompwenge in planting my little tree-sets. Cool, pleasant air all the afternoon. Rain in the evening. Prayer meeting: I told them about Baraka, from the Psalm 'The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.' After prayer meeting, the usual *pâ* (news-telling) was held animatedly for two hours. And, as I resume my pen, it is now 10 o'clock. All have dispersed; some to sleep; some to *sâvunĕ* (chat). I put your wardrobe in its place, as soon as it was brought up the Hill.

"Eight P. M., Wednesday, the 29th. I resume my pen, at the close of the second day. Abumba, Re-Nguwa, Oyembo, Ompwenge, and Akendenge are sitting looking at my 'Centennial Album,' and Stanley's 'How I Found Livingstone.' Julius and Kitty are at my feet; she was in the house this morning, before I was out of my room, making anxious calls; and met me excitedly. I verily believe Julius had somehow told her about the big dried fish I had given him for supper yesterday. I started one at cleaning the boat; another helped me open boxes. Agaia and Nguva at the shop doors; others making shelf-frames in the shop and store-room, for storing away boards and provision-boxes: Ompwenge taking the place of Ntyindiorĕma, who said he had a headache; Mâmbâ at the bread; Oyembo drying your rice and the dried apples, both of which were spoiling; the former was badly spoiled, the latter not yet injured; spread them on mats in the sun. Azizya came with plantains to sell. Fañwe came with "bush-lights." Mbimo and some of his people came to know when (literally) 'the book that died would be resurrected.' I did not at first understand that he wanted to know when school would be resumed. The river is very quiet; very few canoes going up and down; and, I hear very little singing. Most of the people of the three large adjacent villages are up-river at Okota.

"Spent the afternoon in making out the dues of and paying the ten whom I had left at Kângwe when we went down-river. Showed them all the new goods 'from Holt's.' After they were all paid, I presented Mâmbâ with $2; Agaia and Ntyĕgĕ each $1.50; Nguva, Re-Nguwa, Re-Gânjwe, each $1; Ompwenge, Aduli, Rilevi, and Ngâre, each .20. And, to Azizya (whom I had told to come for a gift) who had dropped in during the interesting

exercises, with women and plantains, $1.50. In all $10.30 (not cash; Ogowe trade). It is only twice a year that my hand gets so open.

"As soon as they were all paid, I told the young men that they might go as promptly as they chose, on their promised visits to their homes; and to try to be back in two weeks. Nguva and Ngâre left immediately, wife-hunting. As Re-Nguwa and Ompwenge said that they did not care to go, I allowed Angĕkâ and Piĕre (who had been bitterly disappointed that the *Pioneer* had stopped nowhere near their places, on our way up-river) to go to their homes. Was pleased also to dispense with Ntvindiorĕma, who wished to go with them. So, they three with Mâmbâ and Aduli left at 5 P. M. in my kongongo. They will be on the lookout for the *Mpongwe* when it passes their places, and will follow it, to return here. There are left with me on this hillside, only Oyembo and Ompwenge. I shut up the kids at noon; and, by being extravagant, manage to use up all the milk the mother gives. I wish I could send you some.

"Mâmbâ's expenses were on a scale more economical than that of any one whom I have ever left in charge at either Belambla or Kângwe; Ingumu ranks next to him; Aveya is the least economical (not to mention in the same list, Re-Nkombe's nephew Oguma, who positively stole, and Ayĕnwe who wasted). Thursday, the 30th, 8 P. M. I will not write long this evening; for, my head aches. I set Akendenge at teaching Mpongwe this afternoon; and I taught English. I am amazed at the ignorance of those studying English; they seem to know less about it than they did a month ago, though I had refrained from calling on their teacher, Petiye, for even one hour's manual work all the time I was at Gaboon, so that he might faithfully work for you, for his own lessons, and one hour a day for my Galwas. But, this was not what heated me: *any* teaching is not good for me. Did a variety of jobs in the morning, and put to rights the storehouse. But, work will not go rapidly; for, I have only six hands (of these, two are engaged in the two out-houses, and two are house-keeping) of whom none is, what is most needed, a carpenter. Sent for Black from Aguma, this afternoon. It was evening when the crew returned, and I heard him howling at the landing. I went down hill to meet him, thinking that he would be overjoyed to see me. He did make a little demonstration, but immediately rushed up the Hill, caring more for the house than for myself. And, even now, he is not satisfied; he goes about crying, restlessly. I do not

blame his affections; they have been handed back and forth so many times. I regret that I did not leave him here; for, he did not stay at Aguma; he wandered in the villages a good deal.

"Friday, the 31st. The *Pioneer* goes some time to-morrow morning; but, to make sure, I will have to send the boat and things this evening. As Mr. Murphy expressed his liking for palm-salad, I will have a tree cut this afternoon; and perhaps the 'cabbage' heart will still be fresh when it reaches Baraka. I enclose you two letters, one each from Mâmbâ and Agaia, which they had proposed to send by the *Pioneer*, not expecting me on her.

"It is quite entertaining to meet with a *Pioneer* captain who writes his notes on scented paper, and who thinks that Mrs. Hemans 'has written some of the sweetest poems ever penned.' But, his personal appearance would disappoint an expectation based on such data. P. S. Ask Frank Myongo to try in his Benita journeys, at every place, to get me a leopard skin. For a perfect one, i. e., the entire skin of the head and legs, I will give $5, he may have all of the five that he can save by getting it for less."

On Tuesday, February 4, Re-Nkombe came with a meanly small goat as a present, to try to make peace with me, for his food-palaver of the previous November. I declined to accept the gift; not because of its smallness, but because I wished to see more demonstration of courtesy. For, that was the first visit he had made me since that time. And, I chose to humiliate him by declining his gift. Then, he offered the animal for sale. For *that*, I was willing, as he then stood, not in the position of a friend, but of an ordinary trades-man. I generously named him a good price. Doubtless, it was more than he really expected; and, he tried to play on my good nature by haggling for more! So, I refused to buy at any price.

Quite a variety of meats would from time to time be brought. Besides domestic fowls, sheep and goat, and wild birds, there would come a leg of wild hog or antelope. Crocodile meat really looked attractive, but, the thought of it was offensive; elephant was coarse; monkey was impossible. I read a good deal in the second volume of Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent." Sunday, the 9th, was a very quiet day. Only one person present from the villages. About 5 P. M., I was taken with a fever-chill; and, Azizya in Atangina hearing that I was sick, came to see me.

In all my more than two years at Kângwe, I had been so busy

with works, that I had no time for excursions of amusement, and never had investigated the source of Andĕndĕ Creek. In the afternoon of the 11th, I took a pleasant trip up the creek in a canoe. On my return, I found awaiting me, two young men, from Wombâlya, applicants for school, Mburu I refused, as I thought him too old, but accepted Gasita.

I was anxiously awaiting the return of my sister on the daily-expected *Mpongwe*. I was not in good health; yet I was forcing myself to attend to the daily repairs and building, the school, and the catechism inquiry class. Sometimes, I found myself falling asleep over a lesson. Just at the close of morning service on Sunday, the 16th, and for several hours afterward, there was a noisy quarrel on the river between Atangina and Orungu people, about some slaves, in which some shooting was done. There was another reason for my anxiety for my sister's return, besides my desire to be relieved of teaching, viz., that I might resume the revision of the Benga Gospels; for, her young men, the ministerial candidates, the teachers of the vernacular school, I used as assistants in my translation.

In the afternoon of Friday, the 21st, while I was teaching, I heard the sound of what I supposed was one gun. Though I was hourly waiting for the *Mpongwe's* signal-gun, I did not suppose that this was she; for, she usually fired three guns. But, two hours later, my sister came, in Mr. Lubcke's boat. I was glad of her arrival, but ashamed that I had not understood, and had failed to go for her myself. Her three young men, Petiye, Mbora, and Kongolo, were with her. There was a busy time of carrying boxes up the Hill, and a glad time hearing news, and reading mail, some of the letters being from my sons in the United States. On Saturday, the 22d, there were errands to Otanga for a forgotten box; and the village services. Sometimes, the act of prayer, so solemn to me, aroused amusement among the natives, because of my closed eyes. Went on to the German house, with some pumpkin pies, my sister's gift of thanks to Captain Breman. Said good-by to Mr. Lubcke's clerk, Mr. Detmering, and greeted in his place, Mr. Alfred Boy, whom I had known at Libreville. And came to Aguma, to meet Mr. Sinclair in his grief over the news of the death of his father.

JOURNEY TO BELAMBLA.

I was not well; rheumatism in a shoulder, with nausea and sick headache. But, I followed my routine of the quarterly

visit of inspection, on February 28. Stopped for the night at the usual end of the day's run, the village of Anyambe-jena. There I met Mr. John Ermy who came to tell me about an elephant corral, and to invite me to stop at his place on my return down-river. The next afternoon, I was at Belambla. The grounds were in good condition. But, few came to the services of the following day. And, yet, on the next day, Monday, March 3, I had many visitors. I was pleased that some children were beginning again to come to school. Kimagwe, son of Kasa, seemed quite desirous of an education. But, Aveya was not as reliable as his predecessors. I had to charge against his personal account money he had overspent. On the way down-river, by arrangement, I stopped for the night, near a half-way island, at Mr. John Ermy's. He invited me to go to see a small herd of elephants enclosed in a corral; a mode of capture of which I had heard, but in the possibility of which I did not believe. Next day, March 4, we were up early, and walked three miles through the forest, to a Fañwe camp, and saw their wonderful stockade, a fence enclosing eight elephants. It was a remarkable view. The Fañwe head-man, Sala, was pleased at my visit, and asked me to come with my Winchester, and help shoot down the animals when he should send me word of whatever "auspicious" day his fetish-doctor should select, when the shots from all guns would be fatal. Little children were interested in pointing out the animals to me. And, I was pleased that the men did not beg. The native "doctor" was surprised when I told him that I also was a doctor. But, when some of the elephants, attracted perhaps by the strangeness of a white face, approached the side of the fence where I stood, some of the people feared that my *ombwiri* (spirit) had caused the beasts to attempt to escape. I was very much excited by the scene. And, on the return to the beach, I out-walked all my companions. Returned to Kângwe that day.

During my absence, all the Igenja schoolboys had come back with Mâmbâ in the kongongo I had loaned him some weeks before. My house was full. I accepted two new boys; and my sister two new girls. One of the older ones, Irina, was not well, and was dissatisfied with her expected marriage. And, no wonder! That engagement had been made for her by her family, and tacitly consented to by herself, without any love on her part. Civilization, and a little knowledge had opened her eyes; and she shrank from bondage under the hands of the young man

whom she did not like. By March 6, I had forty people on my premises, whom I had daily to feed. Half of them were of an age that I could utilize for work. I was gathering posts and logs in the forest, for the erection of a church-building.

On Saturday, March 8, I received word from Mr. Ermy that the Fañwe were ready for me at their corral. I immediately started up-river, reaching the Island about dusk. Mr. Ermy stated that the Fañwe had been there that afternoon with word that their firing would commence the next morning.* I returned to Kângwe on Monday evening, the 10th.

On Wednesday, March 12, the *Pioneer* arrived, bringing a mail. Besides the letters of affection from my sons and other relatives, there came an important letter from the Board, advising me to arrange my affairs for a furlough to the United States! My first stay in Africa had been for more than ten years. But, to recuperate in America had required more than two years. I had now been in Africa almost five years. Very strenuous years they had been! And, I myself, with all my love for my work, had begun to think of the necessity and duty of a change. But, who would take my place? To leave Kângwe, without a successor on the spot, could not be thought of! This possibility of leaving the station in the near future made me all the more zealous to have the place in perfect order for whatever new hands I should have to turn it over to. There were many jobs to be completed:— carpentering, boat-caulking, painting, clearing bushes, and cutting logs for the proposed church building. New pupils were added from time to time; so, that, by March 13, there were forty-one mouths on the station roll. I was not feeling strong; the rheumatism in my arms and shoulders was a daily burden, and a constant bar to efficient work.

Human nature showed its variations among the natives very much as in civilized lands. There were, among my native friends, times of suspicion and jealousy and lack of courtesy, cause for which I did not know, and for grounds of which I was entirely innocent. On Saturday, the 17th, at Aguma, I visited the Mpongwe christian trader and his wife Makeki. They had attended services at Kângwe, and I had had them at my table. But, that day, they showed me very little politeness (I never knew why). And, Akendenge, whom I had temporarily made teacher, until Petiye should arrive, was not willing to step down to the position of pupil to Petiye, when the latter finally re-

* A detailed account of the adventure at the Corral appears in my "In an Elephant Corral." Neale, 1912.

turned. Perhaps the ground of his objection was tribal. Petiye was a coast-Kombe; Akendenge, though a river-Galwa, felt some pride in the fact that the Galwa dialect was almost the same as that of the proud coast-Mpongwe. But, among all these variations, my excellent friend Njivo was always glad to see me, always affectionate and true. Whenever her husband's trade-journeys brought her to Aguma, she always came to Kângwe, at least on Sundays. My own ill health and that of my sister, who frequently was confined to bed, probably made me more sensitive to irregularities and misdeeds, which would not have annoyed or depressed or irritated me had I been in a normal state. For example:— On May 25, the company of the household was very quiet. I did not know whether it was sullenness or submission to a rule I had issued, requiring them not only to *pay for* their books, (which rule they had accepted) but also that each should *possess* one. But only one came to buy the book I had required of them! [When I look back at those years, I am amazed that I, who thus was taking in 1879, as pioneer, the first advanced step in native self-help, should have been charged by a secretary, twenty-five years later, in 1905, with being "opposed to native self-help"!] I had fully expected that the school leaders, Angĕkâ and Abumba would promptly obey. But, even the teacher, Mbora, did not comply with my school directions. I therefore dismissed Angĕkâ, and warned Abumba. At noon, the latter came and submitted himself. And, at once a spirit of obedience seemed to pervade the school.

The days were very warm; the thermometer 90° in the shade during the afternoons. Almost every night there was vivid lightning and signs of storm, for the heavy rain of the latter rains (March-May). I was longing for a mail, with its letters and newspapers from the United States and England. We had had nothing, for two months. I sometimes got amusement from the pranks of my tame monkey with dog Black. And, on March 28, I recorded: "The whole household, boys and girls, are again in a pleasant orderly state."

April 4, was a clear beautiful day; but, it was made unpleasant by Irina. The child had been sulky to my sister, and her ill conduct had grown to open disobedience. I punished her for the offense to my sister more severely than I would have done for an offense to myself. At noon, she ran away to the water-side; but, her relative Mâmbâ brought her back. I immediately directed him to take the kongongo and a crew, and carry her home to her mother at Igenja. That was a sad ending of my expecta-

tions for a child, who, a year before, had been so earnest to come to school. The worry of the day, in my poor health, wearied me. Perhaps, if I had been in better health, I would not have dismissed her.

On Sunday the 6th, there were no persons from the villages, at either the morning or evening service. In the afternoon, just before Sabbath school, came a heavy storm. The tornado-storms were always preceded by a sudden fall of temperature, and, as I was sitting in the draught of the wind, I caught a fever. Nothing in Africa, not even heat, or rain, or work, or malaria, or trouble, brought on me a fever chill sooner than that sudden, cold, north wind. The sickness incapacitated me for several days. The next day, I could work at Benga revision for only an hour. And, the following day, I attempted to conduct prayer meeting but could not make the address.

On Saturday, the 12th, at Aguma, I was agreeably surprised to meet Njivo and her husband. At a village, where I stopped on the way back, I heard that the Fañwe from the Interior were coming to take possession of some of the Galwa villages! Of course, that tribe, like all interior tribes, was pushing seaward, to come into direct contact with white trade. Naturally they would emerge on the river as near as they could to the English house at Aguma. The Galwas were alarmed.

Next day, Sunday, Njivo and her husband, and Mrs. Sarah Lewis, and their companies were at the services, and I had the three to lunch with me. My sister was sick in bed.

April 14, was a notable day! Just after school, in the afternoon, came word that the Fañwe had emerged from the forest, and were on my Andĕndĕ grounds! I promptly went there, and found fifty men and women equipped with tools, ready to begin a clearing for a village site. When I told them that the ground was mine, they respectfully asked permission to use it. But, I replied that I intended building there myself. Fortunately, in proof of this, I was able to point a spot which I had only recently cleared. For, fearing that the place might be seized, I had wisely determined to preempt it by erecting a small hut there, and I had some of the material already on the spot. Then, they asked me for adjacent ground belonging to Galwa. I told them that it was not mine to give; but, that as I was willing to be friendly to them, I would intercede with my friend Re-Nkombe for them. Very conveniently, a heavy rain came up, and we all scattered. *That* was the beginning of the coming of the Fañwe

to that part of the river. And that was the beginning of Andĕndĕ!

The next day, April 15, leaving my sister who was still weak, I went with the entire force of men and boys, with materials and tools, and actually began the building of the Andĕndĕ hut. Only about an hour afterwards, there came 150 Fañwe. Fortunately, they saw that I was really building on those premises. Otherwise, I believe that they would have seized the ground. They then asked me to go with them to talk with the Galwas, about giving them some other ground. I excused myself that I was too busy with my own people. They remained watching for another hour as we built; and then they went away peacefully.

While I was continuing the rapid building operations at Andĕndĕ next day, a canoe of Re-Nkombe's slaves, armed, passed, on their way to visit with the Fañwe strangers. A couple of hours later, the canoe returned with word that the strangers had been atacked and two of them wounded by other Fañwe already living on the river (a clan hostile to the new-comers).

On my Saturday visitation of the 19th, as I was about to land at Kolo village, a woman on the beach said that the head-man there had died, and that there were no persons in the village with whom I could hold a meeting. I doubted her, and believed that she was making only an excuse. But, I did not force myself on unwilling ears, and left, and went to Eyĕnano. There, many persons came; but, the women crowded to the door out of curiosity, and would neither come in, nor sit down, nor keep quiet. So I left. With all my sympathy for the women, and my frequent defense of them against the violence of their men, I generally found them more untractable than the men. A noisy company of men would have paid some attention to my request for quiet. However, a bright gleam came in the fact of Agaia's asking for baptism.

On the 21st, the new Fañwe were already clearing ground for a village between Andĕndĕ Creek and the Akĕle village of Ijuke-jame, not far from Adâlinanângâ. That place was well-named, "Observed-of-the-Tribes." For, in sight, were Galwas, Bakĕle, Inenga, and Fañwe, all attracted by white foreigners! My sister, though still sick, was not confined to bed. I was daily looking for the coming of the expected *Pioneer*, hoping that its mail would give her some stimulus. The days had their incidents. Little Evilo returned, and his townspeople with him

brought a great quantity of food. The man Re-Buka was so disobedient, that I dismissed him. Akai and Ógula were doing so well that they were promoted from spelling in the primer to reading in the Epistle of James. (Our books were so few, that in the reading classes, distinction was made between the easy narratives in the Gospels and the more difficult constructions in the Epistles.)

And, on Saturday, the 26th, at Eyĕnano, the women atoned for their error of the previous week, by giving me very good attention. On Sunday, the 27th, my Mpongwe christian friends, Njivo and Mrs. Sarah Lewis came to services, remained until Sabbath school, and assisted me much in teaching. Abumba, on whom I relied much, was sick.

In the evenings, I often had amusement with the younger girls and boys, showing them my toys. Though I constantly told them that the snake was only wood and not real, they were never willing to touch it.

On Thursday, May 1, I had to arise long before daylight, to let the goats out of their pen. I was awakened by their cries. Their notes were distinctive; not of hunger, nor of quarrel, but an agony of fear. Driver ants had invaded the pen, and, attacking the goats, the latter would have died in a few hours. Those ants leave no animal which they attack until they have killed it and eaten its flesh to the bones. In rescuing the goats, I had to step among thousands of ants at the door of the pen, adjust the key to the padlock, and throw the door. In that little while, hundreds of the ants were on me. Leaving the goats to rush out, and rid themselves of the ants by rolling on the ground or rubbing against trees, I abandoned them to the probability of death at the jaws of a possible prowling leopard. I fled to the lamps of the house, to brush and pick off the tormentors from my own body. In the afternoon, to my joy, the guns of the *Pioneer* were heard in salute as she passed the German house at Otanga in the main stream. Went at once to Aguma; and returned with the longed-for mail. Mrs. Kirkwood, one of the Gaboon church members, had come to visit her daughter, Mrs. Owondo-Lewis. And, my sister's boat *Evangeline* came; it was much smaller than my *Nelly-Howard*, and more convenient for her. And, on Saturday, May 3, the *Mpongwe* came, bringing as passenger, Rev. Mr. Murphy from Baraka, on a visit to Mr. Sinclair, dividing his time between Aguma and Kângwe.

JOURNEY TO BELAMBLA.

On Thursday, May 8, my usual run was made to Anyambejena's for the night. His manner of civilization was much improved in the past few years. I was well received and had a good meeting in the evening. The next day, when I stopped to eat at Myangañe's, his women treated me well. But, I was amazed at the ignorance of a certain young man, in his asking of me, a missionary, whether I had rum in the boat for sale! Perhaps he was thinking of the Roman Catholic priests, who always carried liquor. At Belambla, I was pleased with the good order of the grounds, and delighted to find that the Bakĕle seemed to care for the school, and were beginning to send even their little children to it. Aveya, too, asked for baptism and to be married in Christian ceremony. This was good news. I settled his accounts; and, as he wished to be relieved of the post, I put Bayio in his place. On Sunday, the 11th, no people came from the villages to services; for, they were almost all away, at work on their plantations. But, I had a good Sabbath school class of my own crew. And, Nguva made me glad by asking for baptism. On the Monday, I returned to Kângwe.

My sister had such a romantic attachment for her boat, *Evangeline,* that, as there was not good room for it in the boat-shed alongside of my boats, at her request, I had it carried bodily by the entire male portion of the household, up the steep hill, and stored under the dwelling house. I began to clear the ground for the site of the church at the eastern foot of the Hill, just in the rear of my original hut there, above the ravine.

The next day, I almost completed the first draft of my harmonized translation of the Four Gospels in Benga. I had brought from Belambla, the lad Kimagwe, son of Kasa, who, from the first days at Kasa's, had attached himself to me, and who, among all the changes there, had remained more or less faithful. Traveling constantly with Galwas (Mpongwe) I had not acquired Dikĕle fluently at Belambla; for, even the Bakĕle were adopting Mpongwe (the language of trade) as a *lingua franca.* Therefore, among Bakĕle, I had to depend on an interpreter in my preaching services. So, Kimagwe was at Kângwe school with me. I took him as interpreter in my afternoon visitation at Ijuke-jame's. For the first time there, the women then received me well, and listened attentively.

On Sunday, the 18th, only one person came from the villages. I had only my own forty of the household. But, to Sabbath

school came Mrs. Owondo-Lewis; Oñwanga ("Bella") a former Baraka pupil, wife of a Mpongwe trader; Oswakĕ; and other women. The Atangina slaves were making a great tumult on my Andĕndĕ grounds. The next morning, I refused to buy anything from them. I completed the revision of the Four Gospels. I had been endeavoring to obtain a gorilla carcass, in interest of science, for my friend, Thos. G. Morton, M.D., of Philadelphia. A certain man, Aziza-ngonja, from Lake Onanga, said he would try to obtain me one.

On the 20th, I began carefully to copy for the press the corrected first draft of my Benga revisions.

On Thursday, the 22d, in the afternoon, Messrs. Lubcke, Schiff (his relief), and Sinclair, with Mrs. Kirkwood, came to call on my sister, and invited us to "breakfast" at the German house, at 11 A. M. of the following Saturday. The cool, dry season fogs were commencing. The Kângwe property was still a wild one; for, on the 23d, on my way in the morning to superintend the Andĕndĕ work, I saw a large black monkey in a tree near the boat-shed. And, in the afternoon, Ntyindiorĕma with Black in the forest saw a *nkambi* antelope on the Hill, near a rock known as the "Fetish Stone."

On the 24th, Sister and I went to Mr. Lubcke's at 11 A. M., returning at 3 P. M. And, then, I went on to Atangina for the usual visitations. Forgot Black there, and had to go back for him. He had been so accustomed to journeying with his former master, Count DeBrazza, in canoes, that he persisted in trying to follow me on all my excursions. By the 27th, the Andĕndĕ hut was so far completed that I appointed five of the young men to live there. They were its guards at night, and could come daily for their work elsewhere. As it stood rather isolated, I feared that they would not like the duty. But, they did; and a sixth asked to be allowed to join them. That little hut stood near the site of the present Andĕndĕ boat-shed, and was the beginning of the transfer, ten years later, of the entire Kângwe buildings and work from the Hill to Andĕndĕ. On Thursday, May 29, my sister and I made a return of invitation to "breakfast," to Messrs. Lubcke, Schiff, Sinclair and Surry, and Mrs. Kirkwood, and had a pleasant afternoon with them. My sister was a graceful hostess; I knew no lady in the Mission during all my years in it, who could arrange the viands of a table more tastefully and attractively than she. And her conversation was a happy combination of interest and refinement. What an advance in my Ogowe life! Five years before, I had

entered the Ogowe, one of only five men in the river, and none of us with any comforts of home. Then, that day, we sat, in polite dress, in a decorated parlor (true, the house was only bamboo, and the room was small) with music, and civilized courtesy.

The path up the steep Kângwe Hill was zigzag (a straight ascent was impossible). It was very trying on one's knees. Now that Andĕndĕ was to be considered, I explored, on the 30th, a route on a southeast course, away from the river, and around the heads of the two ravines that lay between the Hill and Andĕndĕ Creek. That, too, was an epoch-making day. That path became the easiest, and finally, the only route between the two dwellings. The next day, Saturday, the 31st, while I was off in the forest, examining the logs which were to be the sills of the floor of the proposed church building, Black started up two civet-cats; and my people killed one, which they afterward ate. I never attempted to eat of that little animal: its musk odor was too pronounced. At Adâlinanângâ meeting that afternoon, there came a large number of women. On the following Monday, June 2, when out again in the forest, the dog started up a genet, and caught it alive.

On Thursday, June 5, my sister and I went, on invitation, to Aguma, where Mr. Sinclair was making a farewell entertainment for Mr. Lubcke. I returned with a headache, from the fumes of the tobacco which the gentlemen had been smoking. I never had smoked; and have suffered extremely when compelled to remain in a crowd of smokers. This was especially true of ships, where I was always sick with the sea: and, fellow passengers, with cruel inconsiderateness, carried their smoke everywhere, even, against the ship's rules, into the saloon. After thirty years of suffering, I finally became used to the odor, though I never have liked it or used it.

My logs for the church were unnecessarily large and long. I would have been wise to have cut them into sections, and then have joined them. But, I was pleased with the idea of solidity. Time had come for the dragging of them from the forest to the building site. I hired two men from Adâlinanângâ, three from Eyĕnano, five from Atangina; Mr. Lubcke kindly sent twenty-six with his Goree trader Ayune; Mr. Sinclair sent a large number. These, with fifteen of the largest of my own people, made a company of some eighty, for the job. But, the strangers seemed to consider the day a picnic, and pulled with little energy. And, as a result of the day's work, only one log was in position! There was a pleasant incident, that, after I had selected my

fifteen, two others, Mbigino and Pendaningani, asked to be allowed to work "for the sake of the church." I assigned them to carry water to the men. The next day, we were at the logs again; but, no employees of the two trading-houses came; they were busy at the German house, having an entertainment at the good-by for Mr. Lubcke.

The evening of Monday, June 9, was a notable day: on it was held the first christian marriage ceremony celebrated in the Ogowe, when Aveya and his wife Arangi-n'-'nomi-yĕ, who had been living together (like all the natives) under native ceremony (at that time accepted by our presbytery as sufficient) chose to have the added church rite. (The Government had not yet required the civil rite.)

On afternoon of the 10th, while at work on the logs, heard that the *Pioneer* had arrived. Hasted in my boat to Aguma for the mail. There, I found that Mr. Carlill, general agent of the H. & C. firm, from his office at Elobi Island, in Corisco Bay, had arrived on a visit of inspection. With him had returned Mr. Sinclair's former clerk, Mr. Woodward.

Next day, Messrs. Carlill and Sinclair made a courteous call on my sister. On Monday, the 16th, I held an examination of the school. All, except three or four, failed, according to my test, in English.

JOURNEY TO BELAMBLA.

Messrs. Sinclair and Schiff had burned an Akĕle village opposite to the mouth of the Ngunye, in punishment for some people of that place having attacked a trade-boat of the latter. In my going to Belambla on June 17, my crew were in great fear of some revenge by those people, on the boat of any white man. I did not know how serious the situation might be; but, it was necessary for me to make that journey before going on the usual semi-annual trip to Gaboon. Of course, in passing Aguma, there was a good deal of excitement on the subject. Mr. Sinclair loaned me his revolver. We ascended the river with caution. And, when in sight of the burned village, crossed to the other side (the left bank) of the river. And, rounding all the islands, passed in safety. Never had my crew pulled so rapidly and steadily. They wasted no time in merriment. For the first time in three years, we passed up the Tazie side. My crews had always before been afraid of the clans on that part of the river. But, that day, as a choice of evils, they preferred Tazie. Had a good meeting at Anyambe-jena's that night. There was

there a Mpongwe trader, Ndeg'-oma (Friend-of-a-Person); but, I slept in the boat; it was clean; the huts always had vermin; and, there was no danger of rain.

The next day, I found all right at Belambla, except that Bayio was not as competent to control his little school as was Aveya. And, the following day, I was again safely at the Hill.

On the 21st, Mr. Sinclair came with his own and Mr. Schiff's people, and assisted in dragging a large log for the church. Then, he enthusiastically went for another, and finished it by 11:30 A. M. Then, I and my people stopped to rest; but, he went for a third. After dinner, I went to the Nkâmi or western side of the Hill, to select a new site for the little Igolino hut I had originally built there. Black, with me, started up a young antelope. By 3:30 P. M. Mr. Sinclair left, after a very helpful day. Shortly afterwards, I followed him to Aguma, to get goods for my down-river journey.

On Sunday, the 22d, there was only a small company present at services; for, of my household, all the girls and several of the boys had already gone to their homes, for the "vacation" of my absence. Next day, Mr. Sinclair came and took away a stove he had bought of my sister. The carcass of an *ihĕli* (gazelle) was brought for sale. After I had skinned it, Black stood faithfully guarding it from chickens and cats; himself did not attempt to steal any of it.

JOURNEY TO GABOON.

On the afternoon of June 24, in the *Nelly-Howard*, with my sister, I started on the 130 miles to the river's mouth. Unwilling to leave Black to the uncertain care of my people during a long absence, I took him also as passenger. At sundown, we reached the village Ompomo-nyândâ (Onion-point). Its head-man came to greet us; ceremoniously gave us gifts. And, after the four village dogs had become reconciled to Black, we had a good meeting in the evening.

Next day, two of the schoolgirls, Onivi and Mwanyeno, and Aveya's wife came to greet my sister; and Aveya and Nguva joined the boat's crew. I wished to see Njivo. So, we entered Lake Onanga by its small entrance, and disembarking my sister with some of the crew at a village, I hastened on farther into the lake, to Dowe's trading-house. He was not at home; but Njivo was there, and she entertained me hospitably. I taught the little boys of the village, and held a meeting with the people. And, then, hasting back, took up my sister again, and emerged from

the lake by its only large exit at Ngomu. Stopping at Orânga to let off three of the boys to their homes; and, at Nandipo, for a few minutes with friend Azâze; and, finally, by early moonlight, to the Igenja village of Awora. There were good huts in which to sleep, and good attentions, and a good public meeting. The next day, held another meeting, at which a candidate for the inquiry class was examined. Then, on to another Igenja village, that of Mâmbâ's people. Angĕkâ, whom I had dismissed on March 26, wished to return to school; but, I did not permit him. On to the Ashuka village of Re-Teno. A "*nkânjâ*" dance was in progress by the women, in honor of the "king" of their female society.

On to Isâgi's at Ngumbe for the night. Black made himself troublesome with the sheep and goats. Mosquitoes were bad; and, sleeping in the boat, I caught a cold that troubled me the remainder of the journey. Pulling rapidly, the next day, the 27th, and stopping on Olende Island to eat, we were early for the night at Ñango. Re-Buka and his wife, Mburu, were hospitable.

The next day, our meal was eaten at Ñombi. Friend Onanga was not at home; but, I advanced some goods on the boat which he was supposed to be making for me. On to Angâla, to remain over Sunday. A French gun-boat was lying there. I had to stay in bed, and could hold no services. The town was noisy. The trader, Ibanja, was playing cards all day. (It was remarkable how generally the ignorant idle natives had adopted card-playing from the example of white men.) The French officers were ashore, target-shooting. On Monday, June 30, the gun-boat had preceded us. In my weakness, and confusion of starting, I actually forgot Black, and had to return for him. Ate our morning meal at the "One Palm-tree." Passed the gun-boat, which was taking soundings. Emerging at the mouth, we saw the *Hudson* far out at sea. Went, for the night, for my sister's sake, to Ngwanyâni's Abun'-awiri; but, sent the boat, under charge of Petiye, to go out and meet the cutter, and put our goods on board. He, being of a coast-tribe, and accustomed to boats and the sea, I trusted him. But, when he returned late at night, the boat was damaged by his having crossed the cutter's bows, when he went alongside, instead of approaching around her stern. The next day, I left the boat in Ngwanyâni's care; and he sent us in a large canoe to board the *Hudson*, which had come close in shore. For a rarity, I was not sea-sick, and could not only eat, but could use my eyes to read the large mail which

the vessel had brought us. With a fine run all day, we entered Gaboon estuary at night, and anchored by the French guard-ships at midnight. French law permitted no vessel of any size to enter or leave the river after sundown.

AT LIBREVILLE.

July 2. Our meeting had been officially appointed for Benita. For some reason, Mr. Murphy refused to go there. I could not go without him; for, his absence would prevent a quorum. So, I had to yield and remain at Baraka, for meetings to be held there. But, my sister, having desired to see her loved Benita, went thither on the *Hudson,* and Miss Lydia Walker accompanied her.

On Friday, the 4th, there arrived messengers bearing letters from the ocean steamer *Angola,* with the astonishingly gratifying news that new missionaries, H. M. Bacheler, M.D., and wife were at Elobi Island awaiting transportation to Libreville. The *Pioneer,* lying at anchor at Libreville, was to go at once to Elobi, to bring its own goods, and would give the Bachelers passage. As they were coming as my relief at Kângwe, I went at 9 P. M. to the beach, and Mr. Schultze sent me off in his boat to the *Pioneer,* where I slept for the night. Next day, a white man, Mr. Fred. Theron, came also as a passenger. But, he was a very unpleasant one. He was very pronounced in his infidelity, and in his antimissionary and proslavery talk; and approved of polygamy! A little cutter, the *Vyabama,* of Holt's Company, passed us, having on board a living young elephant.

Early in the afternoon, we reached the anchored hulk, *Princess Royal.* This was the home of H. & C.'s general agent, Mr. H. T. Carlill, his assistant, Mr. Woodward, and clerks Greystock and Neile. There was a glad welcome of the new missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler.

On Sunday, I was still too weak, with my ague chills, for any service; but, I tried to study a Sabbath school lesson with the Bachelers. On Monday, the 7th, the *Pioneer,* with much saluting of flags, and circling around the *Princess Royal,* in honor of the general agent, brought us back to Libreville. The engineer was very attentive, in an offensive state of intoxication. But, the view of the little islands in Corisco Bay was beautiful. In the Gaboon estuary, we fortunately passed the guard-ship only fifteen minutes in advance of the closing signal-gun. Mr. Murphy came off in a boat kindly loaned by Mr. Schultze. Miss Jones was awaiting on the beach with horse Jimmy and the little

carriage. And, Mrs. Smith was at the Baraka door with a welcome for the new arrivals. On the 9th, Mr. Murphy and I escorted Dr. Bacheler, for the official call on the French commandant, required of all new comers. The French surgeon recognized Dr. Bacheler's profession, by politely showing him through the surgical ward of the hospital. In the evening, at Baraka, we had pleasant music, vocal and instrumental; Mrs. Bacheler on the melodeon, Dr. Bacheler accompanying on his flute. I remember particularly Mrs. Bacheler's Civil-war ballad, "Baby Mine."

On the 11th, mission meeting was held, and Dr. Bacheler was formally enrolled as a member. I preached for Mr. Murphy twice, on Sunday the 13th, and the 20th. On Sunday afternoon, the 13th, the French commandant, with the captain and lieutenant of a French corvette made his courtesy call on Dr. Bacheler and myself. The *Hudson* came in from Benita with my sister, late on the night of the 14th. But, by special favor, because of her sickness, my sister was allowed to come ashore that night, as I had gone off in a boat for her. My two young men, Aveya and Nguva, who had accompanied my sister to Benita, had been baptized there. Licentiate Itongolo also had arrived for the delayed deferred presbytery.

On Wednesday, July 16, was a notable prayer meeting. Nguva made his first public prayer, as one of the first Ogowe converts. On Friday, the 18th, Mr. Schultze, as German consul, made his official visit to a French frigate which had arrived on the 16th. He was accompanied by his Protestant friend, Rev. Mr. Murphy; the latter received no attention from the admiral. But, in the afternoon, when the French Roman Catholic Bishop visited the vessel, he was received with great honor. Those were the days while France was still under the domination of the Roman hierarchy.

The days passed pleasantly in the refined society of my Baraka associates. But, I was anxious to return to my Ogowe work. Finally, Rev. Mr. Ibiya and Licentiate Myongo arrived for presbytery. At Kângwe, I had little time for reading. During the delays at Baraka, I read George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda." I did not like it.

On the 19th, I had a long conversation with Licentiates Itongolo and Myongo, Bible-reader Âkâ, and two young Bapuku men, about the work at Batanga. Mission had declined to locate any white agent there, desiring that its work should be carried on entirely by natives. (We had no idea at that time, that

twenty years later, it would be the very center of our Mission.) The afternoon service of the 20th, was presided over by Rev. Mr. Ibiya, assisted by Licentiates Truman and Myongo. But, we were insulted by the disorderly conduct of some Mpongwe Roman Catholic young men.

My ague chills continued. At 4 P. M. of the 21st, I was shivering under blankets. But, at 7 P. M. I had to rise, to go to presbytery, for my duty as stated clerk. On request of four members of Gaboon church, and two of Benita, I was officially directed to organize them into the First Ogowe church, at Kângwe. Elder Komanandi of Gaboon, and Bible-reader Âkâ were accepted as candidates for the ministry. [The former subsequently died a miserable felon in jail at Duala, Kamerun.] Kongolo, after a long examination, was licensed, and appointed as stated supply of the first Ogowe church. I spent some of my days teaching Mrs. Bacheler Mpongwe, in which Mrs. Smith and Miss Jones sometimes joined. The excellent Mpongwe lady, a monitress in the school, "Jane Harrington," or Anyentyuwa, sister of Njivo, assisted me. (Anyentyuwa afterward played an important part in my Ogowe life.) On the 27th, my sister's sickness increased; she was delirious, and I sat up with her all night.

As she seemed better in the morning of the 28th, I left her in the afternoon, and, in company of Mr. Murphy and Mr. Carlill, paid my courtesy call on the newly arrived commandant. In the evening, my sister's delirium returned. The only voice that seemed able to quiet her was that of her Benita pupil, Petiye. Mrs. Smith kindly relieved me in my night-watch. As the *Hudson* had returned that day, from her taking (on the 24th) our native visitors to their homes at the north, I was anxious to get away. I had had a talk with Dr. Bacheler about his taking my place in the Ogowe. As my sister was better on the 30th, I began to arrange for our departure.

JOURNEY BACK TO OGOWE.

The mission arrangements that required a semiannual meeting was a trying one for me of the Ogowe. But, it was very easy for whoever was occupant of Baraka (where generally the gathering was voted to be held). The arrangement involved for me, a week's exposed boat-journey on the river, and a painful sea-voyage of from three to five days on the slow *Hudson*. Only occasionally did one of the small river trading-steamers' sailing-schedule coincide with my due time for the journey. Also, the

delay at the Coast, though it gave change of scene, was never restful, as I was busy with accounts, purchases, reports and letters.

The month's stay at Baraka came to an end on August 1. My sister, though still weak (and myself not strong) was as anxious as I to get back to our house, though we knew that the dry season voyage would be a trying one. The dog Black had been a nuisance to my Baraka host and hostess. He ran away; was stolen by some natives; on his escape and return, I chained him; but, he was missing at almost the last moment before our embarcation. Dr. Bacheler joined us for the sea trip. He enjoyed the sea. I was pleased to have his company, but I had to request him to refrain from smoking, if he came on board. He was a constant and excessive tobacco smoker. Because of that, he had been refused an appointment of the Free-Will Baptist Society (of which he had been a member) to be associate with his father, in their Orissa, East India Mission. In our Mission, we had no rule against the use of tobacco. All natives smoked it; and most of us used tobacco-leaf as the smallest and most convenient "coin" in barter. But, none of us smoked. Tobacco smoke was especially offensive to me on journeys. It aggravated my invariable seasickness. So it was always understood that, when I was a passenger on the *Hudson,* Captain Menkel would forbid the crew to smoke on the journey. Dr. Bacheler assented to my request, and with apparent willingness promised to refrain. On August 2, against wind, we ran rapidly all day on a long tack out to sea, in an attempt to reach our southern goal. But, when we tacked back at night, wind and current had carried us north, and we had gained no farther south than Kângwe Point!

On Sunday, the 3d, we ran in vain, part of the day; broke our bow-sprit; and anchored. On the 4th, there was just the same long tacking. We ran rapidly. But I observed that the native steersman, who enjoyed the motion, and who had no interest in a short trip, in his vociferous songs and conversation with other members of the crew (a thing utterly forbidden on all vessels) lost progress by failing to keep the vessel up to the wind. Mr. Menkel too never suffered on the sea, and allowed the native assistant to take his own happy way, while himself was reading or dozing. It became agonizing; for, I could see all the disorder as I lay on the deck. I complained. Mr. Menkel took the rudder himself, and we reached Round Hill. On Tuesday, the 5th, we ran well, and reached Sangatanga. My sister, down in the

little cabin, was becoming hysterical with the trials of the journey. Dr. Bacheler's ability to keep his promise failed, after the fifth day's abstinence, and he smoked. I had to protest. Mr. Menkel rebuked him. The doctor felt humiliated. The incident strained our future relations.

On Wednesday, the 6th, a fine run was made parallel with the coast, both wind and tide being favorable, and we anchored near Abun-'awiri in the middle of the afternoon. I sent the small canoe that was always in tow of the *Hudson,* ashore to Ngwanyâni, asking him to send his big canoe for us. He did so. And, just then, the *Pioneer* appeared from the river. I went to it in the canoe, and received a letter from my Kângwe employees saying that all was well and no trouble. The careless crew of the *Hudson* allowed their little canoe to go adrift. As soon as I had taken my sister ashore for the night, in the big canoe, I sent it back to pick up and take to the *Hudson* their little one. On the 7th, sent that large canoe for Messrs. Bacheler and Menkel to come ashore, in order that the latter might help me about the repairs of the *Nelly-Howard,* damaged by Petiye in the previous June. Six of its timbers were broken. Made temporary repairs. Had a hearty meal ashore with the two gentlemen. And, in the afternoon, in the canoe, took them to the *Hudson.* Returning, I put the boat in the water. It leaked very much.

By the next morning, Friday, the 8th, the leaks had swelled shut somewhat; but, I had to bail constantly, all the way up-river. We went alongside the *Hudson,* and loaded into the boat our goods. It was very crowded with them. Unfortunately, the tide was against us; but, we started; and ate our midday meal at the "One Palm-Tree." And, did not reach Angâla until 8 P. M. The French customs officer was at the landing. Mr. Schultze's colored man vacated his comfortable house for us. After buying food, it was too late for any public services; we were all too tired; and my sister was trying to dry the contents of her boxes which had gotten wet in the leaky boat. The next day, Saturday, the 9th, after buying a quantity of food, and engaging a man, Banja, to come to Kângwe to do carpenter work, we started late, and stopped faint with hunger, for the noon meal at Ñombi, where I arranged about the boat Onanga was to make for me. And, then, by sail with dry season wind, reached Ñango; were received kindly by Re-Buka and his wife Mburu. Discharged all the boxes, to dry their contents over Sunday. On which day, my sister was so exhausted, that she remained in bed all

day, and could not admit any of the people who wished to see her.

On Monday, the 11th, stopping for the midday meal near Olende Island, we hasted on, partly by sail, but obstructed by the tortuous channels of the dry season, and stopping for the night, after dark, in the German sub-"factory" at old King Njâgu's former town. The native trader gave up his good new house for our use.

The next day, Tuesday, the 12th, made a good day's run with only oars, to a camp in the forest for the night near Avanga. The following day, stopping at Ashuka, with Ogula's people; and, for a few minutes at Mâmbâ's Igenja's village, to Awora's for the night. I was suffering with a diarrhea, and could conduct no services. But, I took account of Awora's good report of his Scripture-reading work.

The next day, stopping at friend Azâze's Nandipo; and, on to Orânga (where I left letters to be taken into Lake Onanga to Njivo) and on rapidly past old Aromba, and stopped for the night in the forest at a point opposite the small "second entrance" to the lake. Both my sister and I were sick, and neither of us ate anything. The next day, Friday, the 15th, we were enlivened with the feeling that we were nearing our house; and, the crew pulled enthusiastically. We met a kongongo coming from Messrs. Sinclair and Schiff; and its crew gave us news of Kângwe. At Ompomo-nyândâ, took in a new pupil, Mbogo. And, at Zintango's Atangino village, an Ajumba friend Fanginângâ told some evil news of Aveya's wife, and of a stolen canoe. At Ntyĕgĕ's Wombâlya village, heard of the plundering of an Orungu canoe. At Ginigo, was not pleased with the conduct of Aveya's people. At the large "first entrance" to the lake, saw Re-Vĕgĕ and his people. On, past Abando and some Akĕle villages, on the main stream; and, at dark, stopped in the forest, and made a fine camp for ourselves. My sister and I were both tolerably well again, and enjoyed eating ashore, and chatting with the crew; but, we slept in the boat. On Saturday, the 16th, all started in good spirit, for the journey's end was so near. About 10 A. M., stopped at the German Otanga house, to deliver some mail to Mr. Schiff, and also to Mr. Sinclair, who happened to be there. They were discussing a "palaver" of their Goree employees with some Ivili tribe. The crew, desiring to reach our Hill, decided that their eating should be done in the boat, half of them rowing while the other half ate. And, we were at Kângwe before noon. The joy of the young men and

boys I had left in charge was enthusiastic. The premises were well cleared and in good order. There was a busy afternoon of putting away our boxes, etc., before Sunday; and in receiving callers from Atangina.

At night of Sunday, August 17th, came Bayio from Belambla, with the startling news of an attack on the premises, the burning of the boys' hut, and the murder of one of them, Ndĕmbĕlĕmbĕ. The assault had been by an Akĕle, on a tribal quarrel, and was not directed against me or Bayio. Nevertheless, it was an outrage on our mission *premises*. The next day, after settling payments with the twelve, who had guarded Kângwe during my absence, and allowing Abumba and four other Igenjas to go home on a "vacation," and squaring my own accounts, I sent Bayio and his two Bakĕle back to Belambla, with promise to follow them. Then, I was tired.

JOURNEY TO BELAMBLA.

On the 19th, I felt depressed, and dreaded going. The journeys to Belambla had almost always been connected with trouble. Stopping at Aguma, I could get no goods for purchase on the way, as Mr. Sinclair was absent at Mr. Schiff's still discussing that Goree "palaver." I went on, with the small supply I happened to have. Passing Tazie, the people there wished to sell plantains; I promised to stop on my return. Stopped for the night at Anyambe-jena's. His village had improved in quiet and order. The next day, with some caution, passed the village of Akilibonga, where lived the murderer of Ndĕmbĕlĕmbĕ. Stopping to eat at Myangañe's, he talked a great deal about the wrong that had been done me at Belambla. Arriving there in the afternoon, I looked with distress at the ashes of the boys' burned hut, as I stood on the spot where Ndĕmbĕlĕmbĕ fell. I began to think that further effort for the Bakĕle was useless; and determined to make no display of indignation, and to quietly abandon the place. I was weary of protesting for my rights. Some of the head-men, Disingwe, Wâlinja, and Mokumi soon came to see me. I listened to their talk, but reserved my reply for the next day. On the morrow, the 21st, I settled accounts with Bayio and the boys. The three men returned, and also Njamikiloma and Apekwe. They said that the "palaver" was theirs, Akĕle with Akĕle, and not mine; and they denounced the assault on my premises. It was a satisfactory talk. Kasa's old mother put in a suggestion that I should allow a village to be built on two sides of my house as a protection against

future danger. I had little hope but what some one of those very men would some day find it convenient to appropriate the ground without my permission, and that therefore it might be wise to remove all difficulty by an apparently graceful gift. Moreover, I felt sure that, when my successor should take my place at Kângwe, it would be a kindness to him to eliminate the Belambla problem from the problems which would inevitably come to him from the growing Kângwe work. So, I assented to the old woman's irenic plea; and chose the two most apparently friendly of those men, Disingwe and Njamikiloma, and told them to build on the upper and lower sides of the lot on which the house stood. The Bakĕle had already killed a person at Kâbamba's village to atone for Ndĕmbĕlĕmbĕ's death. (With this, of course, I had nothing to do. Under native idea of justice, in their inability to catch the actual murderer, oriental custom justified them in killing any one of his "family.") And, Jongâñe had gone down to Akilibonga's with the intention of burning that village, for my burned hut. The "palaver" was gratifying. I was pleased with (1) the men's interest in my property; (2) their desire that my house and employees should not be removed; (3) their allowing two lads, Kânge and Kimagwe, to go to Kângwe with me; (4) by a Nkâmi trader, Agaia, putting two lads, relatives of his, into the Belambla school; (5) not a single intimation had been made by the dead boy's relatives that I should pay anything for the loss of his life (a claim, for which I felt there was native basis, the lad having been technically under my care on those premises).

As I was leaving next day, Jongâñe came to see the site I had designated for Disingwe. And, I met Agaia coming with his two little boys to school.

At Myangañĕ's, there were no plantains for sale, the women fearing to go to their plantations, because of the tribal war, which Ndĕmbĕlĕmbĕ's death had precipitated. (The "wars" of almost all the tribes were not open attacks, where villagers could defend themselves, but ambushes against unarmed women on their plantations.) So, also, the women of Angambe-jena's were in fear. Passed Akilibonga's with my Winchester ready. Was welcomed at Tazia. Ate heartily, and bought a large quantity of plantains. Saw a very large alligator. At Aguma, was told that the Gorees, unable to settle their quarrel with the Ivili people, had gone to Gaboon, to carry their complaint to the French commandant (they being French citizens of Senegal). After the usual job of landing and discharging at the Hill, and

the belated evening prayers and inquiry class, I went to bed very tired.

On Sunday, the 24th, many people were present at morning services, from villages. A lad, from Adâlinanângâ asked to enter the inquiry class.

On Monday, the 25th, I finally marked the outlines of the site of the church, for which I had been collecting the beams for the frame. In the evening, I was surprised by the appearance of Bayio and his aid Sâmbunaga, with all their and my Belambla goods, and reporting that they were afraid to stay there, as the Bakĕle had deserted them. Even with my slight confidence in the Bakĕle, that was difficult to believe; and, I was displeased with the two young men for deserting their post. The next day, I directed them to return to Belambla.

It was trying, in my Ogowe life, that there was no succession of days of quiet and rest. There was constant change; if for the better, I knew that, in a few days there would be evil. Indeed, a good name for my Africa would be "The Land of Change." Heard that a woman at Adâlinanângâ had been accidentally shot by the Atangina man Ambângila. Word came by canoe from down-river at Angâla that the *Pioneer* was lying there waiting for the river to begin to rise. I had fed myself with a hope that Mr. Menkel would fulfill a promise he made me, and would arrive to do my church-building; and I was disappointed. His duties, as captain of the *Hudson* were not onerous or constant. I was his most frequent passenger; and, some competent native could have been obtained to run the vessel during his absence. He had been by trade a carpenter; in house building, I was only an amateur. I could better spend my time in teaching and translating or itinerating.

Three Fañwe called to see me, to let me know that they were coming again, to resume the place they had deserted six months previously. They knew that, though I had prevented them from locating at Andĕndĕ, I favored their building on some other unoccupied spot on the river. The sills for the church were all ready; and, with Petiye, I began to square the sleepers for the floor.

On the 29th, my Saturday visit was to the old Fañwe village. A long sand-bar extended out into the river, and many of the Fañwe came across it to see me in the boat.

Even at Aguma, all was not quiet; for, Mr. Sinclair gave me an account of a quarrel between two of his Mpongwe traders

Owondo and Angila-Kukulani. Then, almost a fight sprang up between Adâlinanângâ and some passing Fañwe. On return, I stopped at Re-Nkombe's, to speak in the interest of the recently arrived Fañwe, that they should be allowed to remain and build. There was the pleasant news that Celia Dorsey, a former Baraka pupil, and sister to Mrs. Owondo-Lewis, daughter of Mrs. Kirkwood, was to be married to Mr. John Ermy, with whom she had been living.

On Sunday, August 31, I was too sick with fever and headache to conduct any of the services of the day. Celia and two other women and Owondo-Lewis came for meeting and remained all day.

On Tuesday, September 2, went with my sister, on invitation of Mr. Schiff, to "breakfast" at 11 A. M. His cook suddenly ran away; so, his table was unexpectedly scanty. On September 5, there were more letters from Libreville, *per* Mr. Surry, who had come by canoe from the *Pioneer* at Angâla. The Galwas finally allowed the Fañwe to settle, by the latter paying a lot of goods.

My Saturday visit of September 6, was to the Akĕle village; they listened well; and, to the new Fañwe, two of whom had been shot by their Bakĕle enemies of the Ngunye.

On Sunday, news came that the Adâlinanângâ woman who had been shot some ten days previously, had died. And, there was great excitement in Atangina about Ambângila who was threatened with capture. Of course, he was not a murderer, for his shot had been accidental. But, I had not much pity for him; he was a bold, bad, violent, troublesome man.

I reorganized the school classes; they were under my care. My sister's class was under her sole control, as to time, place, and English lesson; her pupils being the few candidates for the ministry; and two of them were teachers in my vernacular school.

On September 10, I made this entry in my diary: "To-day completes nine years since Mary's death. The next anniversary of this will find me in America, if I am living."

On Thursday, the 11th, I sent cook Oyembo and several others to Aguma, to assist Mr. Sinclair in his kind making of a marriage feast for his trader John Ermy. I appreciated his christian interest. Most white traders had their negro common-law wife. I was pleased that he had encouraged his employee to give Celia an honorable marriage. Late in the afternoon, accompanied by my sister, I went to Aguma. And, at sundown, I made an interesting ceremony in the marriage of Mr. Ermy

and Miss Dorsey. (He was an American negro, from New England, who had been an officer's body-servant in the Civil War. She was called a "Mpongwe." But, she was not. Her father, Mr. Dorsey, was an American negro, who had been a teacher in the Baraka school under the A. B. C. F. M., and her mother was of the Kru tribe, a pupil in the Cape Palmas Mission School. After Mr. Dorsey's death, the widow was honorably married to a white man, a Scotch trader, Mr. Kirkwood.) The feast followed the ceremony. I had not, for a long time, so enjoyed a social event as I did Mr. Sinclair's feast. Mr. Neumann, Mr. Schiff's assistant, was present. I felt that the marriage might be a good example in morality to some white men. It was 10 P. M. when we left, to return to our Hill. Even at that late hour, there were groups of people on the river bank, watching for any demonstration in the matter of Ambângila.

The work for the church building went on slowly but surely. I had been preparing the material. Finally, on the 12th, I staked out the places for the foundation posts. But, the work lagged when I was not by to superintend. I had to be away in the afternoon, teaching; for, Mbora said that he was not well. I was pleased to hear that the "palaver" about Ambângila and the dead woman was to be settled, not by blood, but by a fine.

On Monday, the 14th, from the position of the logs, the young men evidently had not worked on Saturday afternoon after I had left them and gone to school. So, I "excused" them all from work, docking their wages for the day. (I was not often severe with my employees; but I was strict; for which cause, I am aware, I earned the dislike of many of them, especially as some of my mission associates were more lax.) But, next day, all were working admirably. I suppose, to compensate for the preceding day's rebuke. The Fañwe, just new from the wild forest, had such exaggerated ideas of my wealth, and of the value of what they brought for sale. Three able-bodied men of them came (on what was a child's errand) to sell one "bush-light" (a torch of the *okume* mahogany tree gum).

My sister's strength varied. Even when sick, she taught her three candidates. On days that she felt better, she visited the women in the villages.

I had to be very strict not simply with boys, but even with men, in the matter of obedience. The traders used violence, sometimes to an extreme degree. As, of course, I never struck my young men, I think that they imposed on what they may

have thought was weakness. I had but few tools, and could replace a broken one not within two months nor nearer than Libreville. I therefore required that a tool should be used for no other than its specific purpose. In the morning of the 17th, Obezyo misused a tool which I had forbidden him even to handle; and, in the afternoon, after consideration, I told him that I would dismiss him. In the evening, he came to seek pardon for his disobedience, and asked to remain. But, I refused.

As my sister's health improved, she took off of my hands the Saturday afternoon village visitation, while I was busy at the church building, having begun to set the foundation posts.

I admitted to school only those who, I thought, were really interested, and on whom our labor and expense (for, at that time, the Mission still spent some money in the support of boarding scholars) would bring us a probable return of service in, at least, civilization. On the 28th, a lad, Nambo, was markedly profuse in his thanks and demonstration of joy, when I consented to enroll him. He came next day, bringing with him another boy, Akaga.

Black was a pleasant companion; but, he was frequently a nuisance by following my sister or myself in our visits. He then made confusion with other dogs, or with the goats. He would persist in swimming after the boat, until we had to yield to his exhaustion, and take him in. I suppose that he remembered how he had gone everywhere with his former master, Count DeBrazza.

On October 2, Mr. Schiff sent us a present of caviare. I appreciated his kind thought; but that delicacy has never appealed to my taste. A large company of chimpanzees passed shouting in the forest, in the afternoon. The females were carrying babies astride of their left hip, and their left arm around the baby's back, exactly as our native women did. On the 4th, another step in the erection of the church. All the posts being in position, the men and boys succeeded in lifting the first of the seven sills; it adjusted itself with considerable fitness to the tops of its six supporting posts. This pleased me for the accuracy of my squaring and the correctness of my measurements as to height. Heard that Magisi, whom the French had exiled to Goree (Cape Verde) for his attempt at food-boycott (in November, 1878) had died there. (The action of the French in that case had had a most salutary effect on the good order of the river.)

On October 5, there were a number of people at service, from

Adâlinanângâ (the town of Magisi). A little lad, Ngâwe, was so desirous to come to school, that, though he was receiving wages, as table-boy with a Mpongwe trader, he was willing to leave his employ, and come to Kângwe, without any wage; and was thankful to me for accepting him! Nambo also, I enrolled as an inquirer. Mwarogasĕ also asked; but, I did not think him ready. (In this matter, I differed from most of my successors. I hesitated even to enroll this lad in the class, where he would remain one year before baptism. Most of my associates would have enrolled him; and, some would have baptized him at once. I think that, in my caution, there was gain; for, there was less subsequent falling away.)

The site of the church, like that of my hill dwelling, was on a decided slope. Entering at the upper side of the building, its floor would be only two feet from the ground. With a width of twenty-five or thirty feet, its lower side was probably ten feet in the air. Looking to permanency, I had chosen very thick foundation posts; and had left the sills unnecessarily large, leveling them on only two sides. I had nothing like block and tackle or crane, with which to lift them into position, only the rude and utterly unskilled arms of the natives. In their lack of skill, inevitable blunders resulted in accidents that might have been fatal. One day, when the carpenter Banja attempted to lift one of those posts to insert it into the hole prepared for it, it fell and sprained his wrist so that he could not work. Another day, while one of the sills was being dragged down the Hill, it slid unexpectedly, and almost crushed Londo. Another day, Agaia almost crushed his leg; and, Angĕkâ severely bruised a finger. He was so angered by it, that he, in spiteful tribal feeling, accused the Nkâmi man Ovĕri of purposely slipping the log! And, another day Ndĕmbi unskillfully got his arm wedged between two logs so severely that it might have been broken. I had opportunity, from time to time, for collecting objects of natural history. Had I been simply a naturalist, that period and the place, Kângwe, would have been very favorable for collection. But my many duties gave me no time for that, except as natural objects came to me unsought. One day, was brought a fine skin of an *ipi* (manis); at that time a somewhat rare animal.

There were signs of the coming rainy season; some rain, but no thunder or lightning. As usual, in the case, the river was rising, from rains in the Interior.

On October 10, some Fañwe, of a second migration from

inland, came to me, and were persistent in their desire to be allowed to settle on the Andĕndĕ premises, notwithstanding the fact that I had an occupied hut there. (I had no thought, at that time, in how few years, it would be occupied by a white missionary's house!) I felt annoyed at their boldness. They returned the next day, and spoiled the thought of my forty-fourth anniversary birthday, by trying to buy my consent with a tusk of ivory. (*That* was better and more honest than Bakĕle stealing.) But, I was most careful never to buy ivory from a native lest I be misunderstood as a trader. Ivory, the tribes of the forest knew, was white men's money. I drove them away. Then, I went in a boat to the already built Fañwe village of Otĕndi, and complained to him of his tribe's rudeness. And, then to Ndutuma's Fañwe village. There Re-Nkombe followed me, to see what I and the Fañwe were talking about. What tribal jealousy!

On Tuesday, the 13th, the rainy season began, with rain, thunder and lightning. I sat on the porch at night, and enjoyed watching the vivid flashes. A gratifying note had come from Bayio at Belambla, saying that all was well there. On the 16th, I held an examination of the school. A few appeared well; but, the majority unsatisfactory to me. Perhaps, I had been expecting too much; or, equally probable, I was not a good examiner; for, I had become conscious that I did not *enjoy* teaching, as my sister did, and thus could not have been a good teacher.

JOURNEY TO BELAMBLA.

On Friday, October 17, in the *Nelly-Howard,* with a crew of nine. On the route, I avoided the Fañwe (or right) bank of the river, and touched at Tazia, whose people protested against my not coming oftener. Of course, I understood that their wish for my coming was that they might sell their provisions. Reached Anyambe-jena's just in time to escape a storm.

An employee of the Mpongwe trader, Ndeg-oma, was there, with his cask of rum. I did not enjoy the night, under the hut's leaky roof. With the sound of drunken voices, I slept very little. I left early the next day, in a slight rain, against the protest of the chief's nephew, who realized that I was indignant at the neglect I had received. Stopped at Akilibonga's, to inquire about compensation for my hut burned at the late Belambla murder. Held a short meeting at Avyake's. His former attitude of respectful friendship was changed by fear (as

a result of the misfortunes of Belambla) into crude attempts at overpoliteness. In the interest of science, I bartered for a gorilla skull. Reached Belambla just in time to escape another storm. When Evangasimba Station on Corisco, was abandoned, many years before, the "Maluku" house, which had been my first home in 1861, was torn down, and its lumber was stored at Benita, and partly used there. Some of it, I, later, brought to the Ogowe. The Maluku front door of 1861 became the Belambla front door of 1875. I valued it. Belambla would never again be occupied by a white missionary. I took away the old treasure, and replaced it with an inferior door. Among the employees of the outstation there had been a young man, Lakitharambyali, whom I had dismissed for very good cause. Bayio was re-employing him, as one of the four workmen. I promptly dismissed the young man again.

The next day, Sunday, the 19th, he and the other three came, on a strike, and said that if one of them was dismissed, all would leave. I would never yield to their conspiracy, and said that I was willing to forgive the three their threat, but that their leader should *never* again serve me under any consideration. He at once began to plead for pardon. The following day, the 20th, I paid off all four, and dismissed them. But, their relatives plead so for them, that I took again the three, but on reduced wages. Belambla was becoming very unsatisfactory. The conduct of the place, from its first teacher Kongolo down to Bayio, was a constant fall. As I made out his accounts, I even began to doubt his honesty. On my down-river way, I stopped at the island, to see Mr. and Mrs. Ermy. He gave me two gorilla heads, two Fañwe daggers, and a small ivory-tusk, as my marriage fee! On the shelves of a museum in the United States, that fee would represent a pretty sum in money.

The placing of the fifth and last long sill for the church, on Tuesday, October 21, was a difficult and dangerous job. In school, I started an English class in geography, consisting of Agaïa, Ntyindiorĕma and Akendenge.

On Saturday, the 25th, the French boat *Marabout*, arrived. And, in the afternoon, the French deputy commandant with French doctor, and Messrs. Schiff and Sinclair came to make a call on my sister. The commandant signed the deed of the Kângwe mission premises. Mr. and Mrs. Ermy also called. Sunday, the 26th, was a clear quiet day. The Galwas stayed

in their villages, being afraid of the French. Owondo and his wife, Sarah, and Mrs. Ermy, and their retinues came to services, and remained to dinner and Sabbath school.

On the 29th, by invitation of Mr. Schiff, I went to 11 A. M. breakfast with him, to meet the commandant. I did not enjoy the occasion. There was much confusion, connected with the quarrels which were brought to the commandant for judgment.

Some Fañwe came to see me on the 30th, four men bringing a present of a "bush-light!" Of course, according to custom, they, as visitors, seeking the establishment of "friendship" (i. e., that I should make a return gift some time in the early future) they were in order in bringing *some* gift. I did not despise small things. And, my returns were always (as expected) larger. Had a child brought me that torch, I would have accepted it with pleasure. *Not* to accept a gift is (the world over) a discourtesy. But, the idea of four stalwart men, and an almost worthless torch! It was almost insulting. On Saturday, November 1, while out on my visitations, I heard the signal-guns of the *Mpongwe*. I hasted to the main stream, to meet the vessel at the German House. A sudden wind-storm came up, and broke the boat's awning. I reached the steamer's side just as she was dropping her anchor. And was delighted to find on board Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler, Mrs. Smith, and a christian Batanga woman, Bekalidi. Rain overtook us as we climbed Kângwe Hill. The ladies were surprised at its height. There was a glad welcome for my guests. On Sunday, the 2d, women came from the villages to see the visitors. Even Fañwe came to Sabbath school. And, in the evening, we enjoyed the singing of Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler. In the evening of Tuesday, the 4th, boys from the Nkâmi Igolino came in haste to tell me that they heard the beat of the *Pioneer's* paddles down our branch of the river. And, soon, boys from the water-side hut said that they saw it in sight. I gave the prayer meeting into Dr. Bacheler's hands; and, in the *Nelly-Howard*, followed the steamer to Aguma, and found Mr. Menkel on board. I hoped that he had come, though late, in fulfillment of his promise to build the church for me.

I had just settled myself for writing letters in the afternoon of the 6th, when Captain Stephens of the *Pioneer*, with Messrs. Sinclair and Surry came with Dr. Bacheler, who had met them at the water-side, where he was getting out the boat to go and call on them. They remained to tea. It was an unprecedented collection of white people at Kâñgwe. With sister and myself

as host and hostess, and the three visitors, and my four guests, there were nine in all! In the evening, I played a flute duet with Dr. Bacheler.

On Saturday, November 8, my ankle, which I had lamed, in helping to house the boat on the night of the 4th, became so painful that I could not walk. I had to cease work, and lie down. Dr. Bacheler went in my place for the village visitation. And Licentiate Kongolo took the Sunday services.

It was very trying that some of the employees took advantage of my inability. Dr. Bacheler was only my guest, and, of course, had no authority to direct; but, he reported to me the slow work of the men. I had myself carried in a hammock down the Hill; lying in it, I was able to give some directions. My sister also was frequently sick in her room.

On the 14th, Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler and Mrs. Smith, on invitation, went to a "breakfast" at Aguma. My sister and I were too sick to accept. Sunday, the 16th, was a beautiful clear day, and a large number, about 70, were present at services.

The next day, my foot was better, and I was able to limp down the Hill, and inspect work on the church. Candidate Petiye was very annoying. He was my sister's pupil, during half of the day. With her teaching, I did not interfere in the slightest manner, leaving to her the enjoyment of full control. But, the other half of the day, her pupils were my workmen, under my pay. I accorded them the respect of not finding fault with them in the presence of the other workmen. Petiye played on this, by doing before me what he knew I would have rebuked in the others. He soon learned also, that in a complaint from me to his teacher, sympathy would be accorded him by her. For, as a result of my sister's long nervous strain, her views had become abnormal, and, wrapped up in her special pupils, she seemed to think that they could do no wrong. This had a bad effect on the discipline of the station. Dr. Bacheler was my guest, and, as such I endeavored to make him comfortable. But, his smoking became so great a discomfort to me, that I had to request him not to smoke in the house, but to take a stroll in the forest with his pipe. He was sent for by the German house, to prescribe for Mr. Neumann, who was sick.

The ten days from November 23 to December 3 were days full of excitement. I do not remember any other seven consecutive days in my African life, up to that time, so crowded with such a series of anxieties and excitements. The schoolboys, led by

Nguva and Mâmbâ, had held, against my advice, a play in mockery of the great Ogowe superstition of Yasi, a society similar to the "Ukuku" of the Benga tribes. As a result, the angry heathen had proclaimed a boycott against me, and had threatened to kill Nguva. The young men guarded the Kângwe premises at night; but, Nguva went away, believing that he would be safer at his own village in Wombâlya. My unusual company of guests, with the three attendants they had brought with them, increased my responsibilities. And, just before the Yasi play, many new pupils had come to school. Mâmbâ's mother came with Ayĕnwĕ, the betrothed wife of Bayio; they and their people, as my guests, for some days, added to my cares. Ayĕnwĕ remained for marriage, and the others returned to Igenja, to call Awora to come to the organization of the church. He arrived on Monday, November 24, with Sâmbunaga's wife and a company of four, making my household still larger. And, he brought word that the Wombâlya people were making threats against Nguva's life, charging him with having revealed to me and to women the secrets of their Yasi Society. I sent a crew of five, in the kongongo, to Belambla, to bring Bayio and Sâmbunaga, for the church organization. That night, Nguva's cousin, Aveya and others asked leave of absence that they might go to inquire about him.

Aveya's company returned at noon of Tuesday, the 25th; reporting that the quarrel about Nguva was very bad, and that his life was really in danger. In the afternoon, I took Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler and Mrs. Smith, on excursion in my boat to Inenga to see King Ra-Noki. He was dressed in a great deal of gaudy trappings. Returning, we stopped at Aguma. Dr. Bacheler and Mr. Sinclair were very much excited about the affair of Nguva, and they decided to go to his rescue, in an offensive attack. I had not the health to go; and, moreover, doubted the wisdom, in that stage of the Mission's life, of resorting to arms, for other than defense. In the evening, at prayer meeting, I yielded so far as to call for volunteers to go with Dr. Bacheler. More than fifteen of the young men offered! I chose ten of them, and gave them arms. It was quite an exciting evening. I was up late at night, putting the boat in readiness, and packing food, medicines, and weapons, for Dr. Bacheler and Mr. Menkel, for their early start next day. Early in the morning of Wednesday, the 26th, Mr. Sinclair arrived in his canoe, and joined Dr. Bacheler in my boat; and they started down-river.

They returned about 1 P. M. of the next day, the 27th, with Nguva (the chains with which his own people had bound him still hanging on him) and another young man, Ntyuwa, having rescued them both. The gentlemen gave a thrilling account of their search for, discovery of, and rescue of Nguva. [In my "In an Elephant Corral," Neale, 1912; I give in detail the story of Nguva's chain.]

The arrival of Bayio and Sâmbunaga from Belambla had made the premises still more crowded. And, all those days, I was bearing an hourly anxiety in regard to my sister. She was sick; unable to leave her room; was in an hysterical state, oppressed with hallucinations; would not take any medicine voluntarily, nor could be forced by any of us to take any. Petiye was the only one who could influence her. Also, we were all under great excitement, expecting that the Galwas would assault Kângwe, in revenge for Dr. Bacheler's attack on their village.

Friday, November 28, was a notable day. Like Nehemiah, I was laying church foundations "in troublous times." As committee, by direction of presbytery, in the afternoon, I held a meeting, and formally organized the First Ogowe Church. The seven charter members were, Mbora, Mâmbâ, Abumba, and Awora, with letters from the Gaboon church; Nguva and Aveya, with letters from the Benita church; and Dr. Bacheler with letter from Summit, N. J., in the United States. The order of exercises was:— 1, A hymn; 2, Prayer; 3, Reading of Scripture, Nehemiah, parts of chapters 6 and 7; 4, Statement of presbyterial action, and calling of the roll of the seven applicants for organization; 5, Prayer of organization; 6, Address to the church, giving to it Licentiate Kongolo, as its stated supply; 7, Benediction. After a short recess, I held a congregational meeting; and Dr. Bacheler was elected, ordained, and installed as ruling elder. The order of exercises was:—1, Hymn; 2, Scripture; 3, Explanation of the office of ruling elder; 4, Election of Dr. Bacheler; 5, Ordination and installation: (1), Reading of 1. Tim. 3; (2), The Form, from the Book of Order; (3), Address to Dr. Bacheler; (4), Prayer; (5), Doxology.

After another recess, Bayio and Ayĕnwĕ, and Sâmbunaga and his wife were married in christian ceremony. Messrs. Sinclair and Surry were present. It was a great day in the history of the Ogowe Mission; and a long step in the civilization of the Ogowe River.

On Saturday evening, a session meeting was held, Licentiate

Kongolo present by invitation. Six applicants for baptism were examined; and three of them, Agaia, Bayio, and Sâmbunaga were accepted.

In the afternoon, I had visited and preached at Adâlinanângâ; and had warned the old men about their threats against the Kângwe schoolboys and young men.

Sunday the 30th, was a glad day. The three young men were baptized. But, we had to refrain from singing, on account of the state of my sister's head. During the following days, the various companies scattered to their usual homes.

On Saturday, December 6, I escorted Mrs. Smith and Mr. Menkel, to Aguma, as passengers on the *Pioneer* (which had arrived from Gaboon on November 29), to be ready for its early start next morning back to Libreville.

In the very early hours of Sunday, December 7, I was awakened by the firing of guns, apparently near the Nkâmi Igolino. Thinking that it was an attack by the Yasi people, I hasted there with my rifle, accompanied by Aveya, Mbora, and Petiye. But, we found that the firing was from the opposite side of the river at a Shekani village near Atangina. My sister's health began to improve, and my anxiety for her was relieved. But, the school still had some fears about the result of the Yasi "palaver."

As the days passed, steady work was resumed on the church, the frames of the walls being up, and the bamboo being rapidly tied on them. And Fañwe became more frequent and friendly in their visits. And, Re-Nkombe resumed his professed friendship, that had been interrupted by the Nguva affair.

By December 10, other distractions lessened the public feeling on that matter. The Yasi people themselves seemed to begin to be afraid. The center of the ill-feeling toward me was not in the Kañgwe region, but down-river in the Wombâlya villages. I saw the canoe of the Yasi delegates from there depart down-river, as if they were retiring from the contest. And, those people had even a quarrel among themselves. Also, the Bakĕle on the Ngunye had attacked and wounded one of Mr. Sinclair's Mpongwe traders, and killed one of his crew.

By the 16th, the church walls were strong enough for me to begin to put on the bamboo *ntĕvĕ* (rafters) of the roof; and, a few days later, the *ngonja* (thatch) were placed on half of it. I wished to have it under cover before my journey for the annual meetings at Libreville. And the inevitable preparatory journey was to be made to Belambla.

JOURNEY TO BELAMBLA.

On Thursday, December 22, as I started from my landing, I saw the *Pioneer* coming slowly up our branch, on its return from Gaboon. It towed me the mile to Eyĕnano; and, as it there turned into the main stream, I cast off, and went on my way, reading a mail which the steamer had brought. Stopped for the night on Kâtyâ Island. And, the next day, at my usual afternoon hour, was at Belambla. I hastily began to take accounts with Bayio. Nothing special happened, except that, the next day, an Akĕle, in pursuing two boys for some offense, followed them on to my premises, where they had taken refuge. I returned to Kângwe that day.

I did not think of "Christmas" on the 25th. All day, I was busy settling accounts with the employees, and arranging for those who were to guard the premises during my absence at Libreville. At night, as Dr. Bacheler was probably to be my successor, he was interested in helping me take the annual stock of goods, etc. This occupied me until 2 A. M. of Friday, the 26th. In the afternoon of which day, Dr. Bacheler held the school final examination for me. Both the *Pioneer* and the *Mpongwe* were in the river; and, though I had expected to make the Gaboon journey in the *Nelly-Howard,* and had made the usual engagement with Mr. Menkel to meet me at the river's mouth on a certain date, it was decided, because of my sister's weak state of health, to go by the *Pioneer,* which was to start Sunday morning, the 28th. Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler, and my sister and I went on board Saturday evening, the 27th, with my crew of seven, and Petiye and another young man, and my boat in tow.

But Sunday travel was so repugnant to my feelings, especially as there was no opportunity for services on board the *Pioneer,* that during the afternoon of the 28th, I cast off the boat with my crew, and went ashore to Ñango, for a meeting. But there were only four people there; the remainder were all away. My friend Re-Buka and his amiable wife Mburu were gone. She was in chains, on a witchcraft charge! I was indignant that that superstition should have touched that kind woman! And went on to Onanga's Ñango, and held a meeting there.

On Monday the 29th, went on to Angâla, and was welcomed by old King Esongi, and carpenter Banja. Was told that the

Pioneer had passed down during the morning. I remained there, writing my annual report.

During the morning of Tuesday, the 30th, to my agreeable surprise, the *Mpongwe* came down. Leaving one of my men in charge of the boat at Angâla, the others and I took passage on the *Mpongwe*. At the river's mouth, met and saluted the *Hudson*, directing it to follow us; and, on the *Mpongwe*, ran all night in a cold rain. By early daylight of Wednesday, the 31st, entered Libreville harbor. The first news was the sight of the *Pioneer* at anchor, and its flag at half-mast. Mr. Surry had died on the journey. And, at Baraka, where I found my sister safe, were also Mrs. Bushnell and a new missionary, Miss Cameron, who had arrived from the United States, on Saturday, December 27. But, Dr. Bushnell had died of pneumonia on the African steamer, on December 2, and had been buried at Sierra Leone. In the afternoon, we buried Mr. Surry.

On Thursday, January 1, 1880, I did not bid any one, "Happy New Year," I was sad for Mrs. Bushnell. She had brought me a letter, almost a year old, from a dear friend, Mrs. Williams, of Detroit, and her lovely daughter, Miss Louise. I said to myself, I shall see her when I go to America!

On Sunday, January 4, I preached for Mr. Murphy, making a memorial of Rev. A. Bushnell, D.D., on the words, "If I will that he tarry till I come . . . follow thou Me." An excellent monthly concert in the afternoon. And a helpful native service in the evening. The subsequent days were busy ones. Presbytery organized on evening of the 5th.

On Tuesday evening, Candidate Petiye was licensed, and sent to Batanga Church. On Wednesday evening, Licentiate Ntâkâ Truman was ordained. So few were our numbers, and changes and removals so frequent, that his ordination seemed necessary simply for the preservation of the presbytery's organic life. And, in mission meeting, my sister and I were given furlough to the United States, and Mrs. Smith was appointed with Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler to Kângwe. Mr. Murphy's term of service was ended; and he decided, as soon as Rev. Wm. Walker should arrive, to return to the United States. It was necessary to have a minister in charge of Gaboon Church.

Though the surprising news had come that Rev. Wm. Walker was returning to Africa (after an absence of nine years) appointed by our Presbyterian Board, for the *sole purpose* of completing the translation of the Mpongwe Scriptures, it was not expected that he would have any other functions in the mission,

and certainly not in the presbytery. As to the church, of course, he would preach; but he could not be given charge of the session. For, he was a hearty Congregationalist, and had refused to even formally join our presbytery (as I had advised him to do, in some correspondence he and I had had on the subject of his return). So, it was deemed proper to place the Rev. Mr. Truman in charge of Gaboon Church.

On Sunday, January 11, Rev. Mr. Ibiya, of Corisco, preached in the morning; and Rev. Mr. Truman held Sabbath school.

JOURNEY TO NAZARETH BAY.

On Thursday evening, January 15, leaving my sister at Baraka, I boarded the *Hudson* with Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler and Mrs. Smith. It was necessary for me to go to Kângwe, to bring away some of our possessions. And, I thought it kind and desirable for me formally to hand over the station affairs to Dr. Bacheler. But, subsequent events at Kângwe made me feel that my going there at that time was unwise.

The voyage, as usual, was a trying one. Though I was not as severely seasick as formerly, Mr. Menkel's rudeness and violence were a great test on my patience. To him, the voyages were pleasure excursions. That they were long did not trouble him. He lost many opportunities of progress by desirable changes in wind and tide, which I keenly saw, as I lay wearily on deck, taking only snatches of sleep at intervals of day and night, but which he did not see in his solid sleep in the berth below.

As the tide was against us, we made only the ten miles across the width of the Gaboon estuary, that night, anchoring on King William's side at 1 A. M. of Friday, the 16th. I lay awake watching signs. When, at 4.30 A. M., I saw that, though the tide was still against us, the wind was favorable, I ventured to waken Mr. Menkel, and asked him to take up anchor. With the wind, aided by oars, we rounded Pongara Point; and then the wind took us out to sea. Then there was the usual succession of days. Friday, the 16th, Saturday, the 17th, Sunday, the 18th, tacking with variations of wind and calm, rough sea and smooth, heat and rain, passing Gângwe Point, Round Hill, and Sangatanga; until, at midnight of Monday, the 19th, we anchored in Nazareth Bay, to await the turn of the tide. Lying restlessly awake on the deck, I saw, by 5 A. M. of the 20th, that although the wind was against us, the tide had turned. Again, I ventured to waken Mr. Menkel, and begged him to take up anchor, and allow the

tide to drift us to the river's mouth. He kept too far from shore, and tacked back and forth over a mud bank where the water was so shallow that occasionally the keel touched. I protested to him that I knew that the deeper channel was near shore. He gave me an insulting reply, because of his "captaincy." However, he consented to throw the lead, and was surprised at the shallowness. Then, he turned the rudder, and, in a short time we were in the safe deep channel of which I had informed him. I sent the large canoe, for Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler and Mrs. Ngwa-nyâni, at Abun-awiri, to ask for his large canoe, in which to take us ashore. After a long while, a canoe came; but, it was not the large one I had wished for the ladies. I went ashore without them; and was detained there by a rain-storm. Then, I sent the large canoe, for Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler and Mrs. Smith. While waiting in the village, I bargained with Ngwa-nyâni for a canoe and crew of seven men and boys, to carry me to Angâla. He saw my necessity, and took advantage of it, to ask big pay. As soon as the other canoe returned with the ladies and Dr. Bacheler from the *Hudson,* leaving them in Ngwa-nyâni's care, I took it, with my own six crew and the other seven hired Orungu, back to the vessel, and loaded part of our goods. Mr. Menkel was in a better frame of mind, and apologized for his rudeness, as I left the vessel's side at dusk, to make the all-night pull up the river. The united crews were fresh, had well eaten, and pulled well until midnight, when the younger ones tired. But, we kept on, and reached Angâla at daylight of Wednesday, the 21st. After the two crews had eaten their breakfast, I paid and dismissed the seven Orungu, and they returned with their canoe down-river. And, then, my own crew got out the *Nelly-Howard* that had been left in King Esongi's care; and I sent them back to Abun-awiri, to bring Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler and Mrs. Smith. While they were away, I rested; and went in a canoe to Ñombi, to see whether the boat Onanga was making for me was finished. As it was not, I returned to Angâla.

On Thursday, the 22d, bargained with Esongi for a native boat of his son Ndambĕnjĕ and crew to Kângwe. He was markedly different from Ngwa-nyâni, in the aid he gave me. At sundown, the *Nelly-Howard* and company arrived safely.

JOURNEY UP THE RIVER.

On Friday, the 23d, was busy putting seats into Ndambĕnjĕ's boat. And began the up-river journey, Dr. Bacheler in charge

of the *Nelly-Howard;* I of the other boat. At Ñango, was glad to hear that friend Re-Buka's wife, though still a captive on the witchcraft charge, was not in danger for her life.

On Saturday, the 24th, reached Esira, where we were well received for the night and over Sunday. On Monday, the 26th, after having given gifts, and made good-bys, we went on. Stopped in the forest for noon meal, near a new village, the head-man of which came to us with his little boy Re-Nkâgu, as a pupil for the school. Passing Ngumbi, we stopped for the night at a village near Avanga.

On Tuesday, January 27, on to Ashuka, in Re-Teno's Ivili village. My friend Njivo's aunt Anyure was there with a brother of Laseni, who was sick with leprosy. I left a note with her for Njivo, to be sent into the lake. Heard word also from Kângwe, that there was scarcity of food there. So, I bought food on the way. Spent the night at Awora's Igenja village. On Wednesday, the 28th, pulled on rapidly, lunching in the forest; and, passing Nandipo, and Orânga, and Aromba, stopped for the night opposite to the lake's second entrance. I slept on the beach, giving up the boat to Mrs. Smith, who was protected from threatened rain, by two old sails I had brought from the *Hudson*. Only a little rain fell. The spot where we camped was on the opposite side of the river from the village of Dr. Bacheler's rescue of Nguva, but, hidden from its view by a projecting point of land. On Thursday, the 29th, we pulled past that village with some caution, remembering threats which had been made by its people against me. (According to native point of view, I was held responsible for the acts of my guest, Dr. Bacheler.) But, nothing unpleasant was said or done; the people saluted us with apparent cordiality, and wished us to stop and buy provisions. But, the ladies desired to haste. After 9 A. M. breakfast in Zintango's Wombâlya village, where a new girl was given Mrs. Bacheler for school, we hasted on, the ladies urging us to finish the journey that day. For that reason, we stopped only at Ginigo, to take on board Aveya's wife. To my surprise, my native boat kept ahead of the other. At dusk, we were in sight of Kângwe Hill, and ate in the forest. I do not know, to this day, why Dr. Bacheler seemed displeased at me. I was willing to defer to him as my successor; and, he seemed to insist that I should still take precedence. But, our lunch was not a happy one. Mrs. Bacheler was admirable in tactful smoothing of difficulties. We pulled on in the dark; and, as we passed Atangina, in full view of Kângwe, rain fell. And, at

9 P. M., we landed, with a trying job of climbing the slippery hill, and tired crews carrying our goods to secure them from farther wetting. Went to bed late. As a final duty, before handing over the station to Dr. Bacheler, I was to go to Belambla, to remove Bayio, and place there some one more reliable. When, at morning prayer of Saturday, the 31st, I asked for volunteers, I was disappointed that there was no prompt response. Mâmbâ finally consented.

JOURNEY TO BELAMBLA.

Starting with only Mâmbâ as volunteer, on February 2, I required Nkangĕ and Ovĕri to go as his associates, for one month, until Awora should arrive from Igenja. Reached Belambla at the usual afternoon hour of the next day. The house and grounds were deserted, the grass over-grown, and white ants in the house; Bayio having gone to live in one of the villages, and teaching the boys there. In the evening, I paid him and the assistants, and dismissed him from Belambla, but allowed him to return to Kângwe. He was disposed to be impertinent.

The next day, leaving Mâmbâ with goods for his support, I returned to Kângwe. It was a sad ending of my hopes for Belambla.

The next day, Thursday, February 5, I paid off all obligations and accounts, preparatory to handing the affairs of the station over to Dr. Bacheler. Which I formally did next day, at morning prayers, in the presence of the entire household. And, at once, I went to my own jobs of packing. In the afternoon, Dr. Bacheler was sent for by Mr. Sinclair, who was sick; and, he asked me to attend to the giving out of the daily rations. And, then began a great sorrow. As long as Dr. Bacheler had been my guest, I held control of all the affairs of the station. Knowing that Africans recognize, between two or more white employers, only one as master, I had retained my authority, only occasionally asking his assistance as a favor, in substitution. But, when I laid down that authority to him as my successor, I did it definitely and unqualifiedly. I was still willing to do anything; but, carefully would not assume to do without request. I willingly gave out the rations; but, as the Doctor had said nothing about evening prayer and inquiry class, I did not attend to them. I thought then, and think still, that I was right. The tables of authority and responsibility had utterly been turned. If he, in failure of courtesy, or in forgetfulness, or for any other

reason, did not request me, I had no right to assume to act. I was a stranger, and only his guest. But, on their return at night, Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler were annoyed that I had not assumed to take charge.

The next Saturday afternoon, Dr. Bacheler was away again; and I gave out the day's rations of plantains, and of salt as usual the amount for one week. Food was scarce; and I had to shorten the ration. And, of salt there was none. So, in kindness (as I thought), I gave out some coarse rock-salt from the bottom of a meat-barrel. It was perfectly good for food. I would have eaten it myself. Only, it was dark; but, its meat odor was not of putrefaction. Even if it had been, that should have been no ground of objection from boys who in their villages, frequently ate decayed meat. And, only ten years before, to those same natives, salt had been such a rarity, that, generally, they had had none.

On the Sunday morning, I preached my good-by sermon. Dr. Bacheler conducted Sabbath school in the afternoon. In the evening, when he gave out the day's rations, I ventured to advise him to shorten them, and substitute farinya (which, though not preferred, was frequently used in all the river, on emergencies) until more plantains could be gotten next day. He did so. The boys took the food derisively; and, an hour or so later, Agaia, followed by Mwarogaso, Pendiningani, and Zintango, came hastily back, and deposited their plantains, farinya and salt on the ground near the kitchen. And, Agaia came to me, and insolently informed me that they refused the food. There was evidently bad blood; of which I had had no suspicion. At evening prayers, none of the Galwas came, only the coast-tribe assistants, Licentiate Kongolo, and Teachers, Mbora, Melumu, and Yâkâ, and the new little Nkâmi lad Re-Nkâgu. After prayers, Dr. Bacheler and I went out to the kitchen, to lock it for the night. Cook Oyembo offered to do it, but the Doctor promptly told him that his work for him was at an end. I felt gratified at his defense of me.

At Monday morning prayers, February 9, Dr. Bacheler took a list of all who had refused the rations. Everyone of the Galwas, young and old, even the church members, admitted that they were in the conspiracy. To prove that it was a conspiracy, Agaia arose, and, in the name of the whole company, insultingly denounced me. I made only a mild reply; for, I thought that it was the part of the new head of the station to defend his guest by punishing some of them. He did not do so. He told me that

he did not wish his administration to begin with the scattering of the school; that it ought to be saved at any cost. He went around among the boys during the day. I never knew what he said or did. But, in the evening, when the boys came for food, he gave it to them, without having required them to first make an apology to me. Before we retired for the night, I made a polite protest to him, against his leaving me thus exposed to insult. To guard a guest, had, with me, been a greater duty than to protect one's self.

The next morning, Tuesday, the 10th, Dr. Bacheler, deciding that the mass of the school were innocent (which probably was true) reinstated them all, excepting Agaia, Bayio, Akendenge, and Oyembo. Presently, he pardoned the latter (which also I requested, Mrs. Bacheler needing him in the kitchen). Then, the other three came and asked my forgiveness. *That* was not according to divine order; they had already been forgiven, without expression of repentance. They said that they were sincere. I believed that their acknowledgment was perfunctory; and it came too late. But, they being professed Christians, I had to accept them, on the "seventy-times-seven" rule. However, Agaia's wound in my heart never healed. Mr. Sinclair kindly sent a canoe for my many pieces of baggage. And, in the afternoon, he sent his boat and special crew for myself. For, after their bitter words to me, in utter disregard of all I had done for them, I did not wish the Kângwe boys to take me. I reflected: — Perhaps their rebellion was inevitable. I had held them long with a consistently firm (but, never severe) hand. (For the reason that the negro, in any company, recognizes but one as master, Livingstone had never allowed another white man to travel with him. Most of Stanley's sorrows arose from his white associates.) In Dr. Bacheler, the boys at once saw a hand that though sometimes more severe than mine, was usually lax. Perhaps also with a few, some old revenge had been lighted as a spark by the incident of the salt. Schoolboy sympathy had allowed it to spread. And, the Doctor's offer of conciliation to them, in advance of any regrets from them to me, had left me defenseless. But, negroes are very mercurial. With equal facility they forget both kindness and unkindness. And, the parting at the Kângwe boat-shed was a tearful one. The tears which I most valued were Mrs. Smith's. In the entire lamentable affair, she, from the first, gave me her pronounced sympathy. Some of the boys wished to accompany me; but, I accepted only little Re-Nkâgu.

At supper at Aguma, were Mr. Ermy, and the German captain, Oesterwold. At night, Dr. Bacheler, in the *Nelly-Howard*, followed me, and took me to the *Pioneer*, which was lying out in the main stream, near the German house. There, I bade good-by to him, to Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Ermy, and to the Kângwe crew which consisted of Ogula, Joktan, Bwelo, Re-Gânjwe, Pendaningani, and little Re-Nkâgu.

After they were gone, I went ashore with the captain, to say good-by to Mr. Schiff at the German house. And, on returning to the *Pioneer*, I found there awaiting me, to assure me of their repentance, Aveya and Sâmbunaga. I believed that they were sincere. Also, the Benita, Yâkâ, had come with his sympathy. I was wearied with my emotions. I had entered the river in 1874, with a prejudice against the Galwa tribe, and therefore had gone to the Bakĕle. Subsequently, while I found that there were real bases for that prejudice, I saw that the Bakĕle were even worse; and had learned to love the Galwas, especially of the Igenja district. The cruel assault of Agaia and his associates was a bitter cup for me. But, I continued to love and serve the tribe, in later years.

LEAVING MY OGOWE.

On Wednesday, February 11, at sunrise, the *Pioneer* started down-stream. With a heavy heart I was leaving the loved river, on the same vessel that, more than five years before, had brought me, in such buoyant hopes, to its shores and its tribes. As we steamed rapidly with the current, I took last sharp looks at each village that we passed. Passing Orânga, I was recognized by Akai and the other boys who were on vacation at their homes there. And, at Igenja, was recognized by Awora, Eliva-ntyâni, and other former employees. By 7 P. M., anchored at Angâla. I hesitated, in my mixed emotions, to go ashore, and remained on the vessel. On the 12th, we emerged at the river's mouth safely, with the tide at half-ebb. And, out to a sea that now was smooth and pleasant. (How much I had suffered from it, in the *Hudson!*) And, anchored, in sight of Gumbe Point before dark.

On Friday, the 13th, entered the Gaboon estuary; and was at anchor in Libreville harbor, by 11 A. M. Went to Mrs. Bushnell at the "upper" Baraka house, and rested. My sister was not there. During my absence at Kângwe, she had gone on the *Hudson*, to see her loved Benita. In the afternoon, I called on Mr. Murphy at his "lower" Baraka house. And, making a

courtesy-call on Mr. Jobet, the agent of H. & C., he kindly furnished me a canoe and crew with which to land my goods from the *Pioneer;* his people faithfully carried them for me to Baraka.

CHAPTER XIX

ON A FURLOUGH — FEBRUARY, 1880–DECEMBER, 1881

PRACTICALLY, my furlough began with my arrival at Libreville. For, though I was detained there a month, waiting for a Liverpool steamer, I was free all that time, without duty or responsibility. But, it was not an idle time. There then began a long suffering from piles, induced by the mental excitement and irregular eating of the previous two weeks that made my voyage to the United States, and for many months after my arrival there, a daily physical agony; that made sitting a distress, and that interfered with the comfort of anything I did in visits, church going, addresses, entertainments, and everything.

While waiting for an expected ocean-steamer, the *Benin,* for the voyage to Liverpool, I occupied myself in Fañwe translations, with Rev. Mr. Truman; and collecting African photographs from the photographer Joaque; and buying leopard skins and many other curios for gifts to friends in the United States.

About 10 P. M. of the 17th, after I had retired, Mr. Menkel knocked at my door, saying that he had just arrived with the *Hudson* from Benita, with my sister; and that, she was "comfortable." That being so, I thought it would be kind not to disturb her at the late hour, and advised that she remain there until the morning. But, after some delay, Mr. Murphy sent to the vessel, and brought her and Mrs. Sneed, Mr. Menkel's mother-in-law, ashore.

By 9 A. M. of the 18th, the *Benin* came in from the north, having on board Rev. Wm. Walker, and Count DeBrazza. That steamer was to go on south, and would not return for several weeks. So, there was ample time for my sister to get everything ready for our voyage to Liverpool. On Sunday, the 29th, after supper, I enjoyed singing with Miss L. B. Walker (no relative of Rev. Wm. Walker). Some one remarked on the fact of that month having had five Sundays; and, then the assertion was made that that would not occur again for 40 years, in 1920. On Wednesday, March 3, two American sailing vessels came in, the *Cardenas,* Captain Yates, and the *Liberia,* Captain Fawcett.

Mr. Walker's goods had been brought by those vessels, and were being landed on the 4th. And, I sent on board the *Liberia,* some of my boxes and a number of parrots. Count DeBrazza called on the ladies at the upper Baraka; and I took him to see my sister at the lower house.

On the evening of Friday, the 12th, I had a particularly pleasant time, singing with my sister, and the Misses Jones and Walker, in Miss Walker's room. Saturday, the 13th, was an anxious day. The two sailing vessels were to leave within a week. Mr. Walker advised us to go by one of them, instead of by steamer. But, both the *Pioneer* and *Mpongwe* were expected in a few days, and they might have mail for us from Benita or Ogowe. And, the *Benin* was expected daily. If we decided to take passage on it should we go on board on a Sunday? After serious consultation, my sister and I decided that, after all our careful regard for the Sabbath, and entire avoidance of Sunday travel, we would not begin our long journey to Liverpool, on the *Benin,* if it should arrive the next day and leave on the same day.

So, on Sunday, the 14th, we had a quiet restful day; we felt that we had done well in our decision. And, the *Benin* did not come. But, in the evening, came the *Mpongwe* from Elobi, with part of a mail from the north. It brought me a letter from my friend Rev. Dr. Kellogg of Pittsburg, urging the advance of our Mission into the Kongo River. I sympathized deeply in his interest for Africa (particularly as his own work had been in India). But, I could do nothing, as I was on the very eve of temporarily leaving the African continent. And, that advance was, for us, too late; it should have been made in 1872 (but, the Mission had refused at that time). It might still have been made by me in 1874 (instead of the Ogowe) if the Mission had consented. In the interim, other christian bodies had entered the Kongo, and were dong work there.

Mrs. Bushnell had sad news: the ocean steamers refused (because of seamen's superstitions) to disinter Dr. Bushnell's body, and bring it from Sierra Leone to Libreville.

Early in the morning of March 17, the *Benin* came in from the south. Hastily, Mr. Murphy took my boxes off to the vessel; and returned with word that it would not leave until the next day.

VOYAGE TO LIVERPOOL.

As I am writing only the story of my Ogowe, I shall make only hasty reference to the places and persons and incidents met

during my absence from it, on the route to, and in the United States. Early in the morning of Thursday, March 18, sister and I went to the beach to embark on the *Benin*, accompanied by Mrs. Bushnell, Mr. Murphy, Misses Jones and Walker, and some of the larger schoolgirls, among them Mrs. Bushnell's trusted native assistants, Mrs. Julia Green and Jane Harrington, elder sister of my friend Njivo. The little schoolboys wished to crowd into the boat to accompany us to the steamer, but Mr. Murphy gave the seats to the Misses Jones and Walker. The master of the *Benin* was Captain Thomas, the purser was Mr. Denny. There were only a few other passengers, Messrs. Findley and Schwartz, and a Swiss of Gaboon, and a Mr. Foster from Ambriz. Captain Jonathan Holt, a Gaboon merchant, was on board, endeavoring to embark some of his produce. I watched with interest our steaming into Corisco Bay, past Corisco Island, around it, and near Mbangwe Point on the north mainland shore, the former home of the native pastor of the Corisco church, Rev. Mr. Ibiya. And, then to anchor at Elobi Island, opposite the mouth of river Muni, where great quantities of ivory were being taken aboard. On Friday, 19, the steamer moved slowly with the low tide out of the bay, around Cape St. John, and out to sea; out of sight of land, so that we got no view of either the Benita or Batanga coasts, and passed Fernando Po Island at night, keeping straight on to Bonny, on the Niger coast, where we anchored in afternoon of the 20th. In the captain's boat, I went ashore, and made a call at the British Established Church Mission, under the charge of Rev. and Mrs. Crowther, son of the distinguished negro Bishop Crowther. The next day, Sunday 21, I again went ashore, accompanied by Mr. Findley, to attend church, at the Mission where I met a Mr. Campbell, of Lagos, and a Rev. Mr. Boyle.

At Bonny, was anchored, as a trading-hulk, the home of white men, rather than on the low marshy grounds ashore, the *Adriatic*, formerly an American trans-Atlantic passenger vessel. On the 22d, I supplied myself with a quantity of the handsomely wrought Bonny grass basket-ware, for gifts to friends in the United States. The steamer left in the afternoon. That day, the wind was so strong, and sea so rough, that the portholes had to be closed. Doctor Bennett gave me a medicine (whose name he would not tell me, but it sounded like *prussic acid*) that relieved my seasickness more than any medicine I had ever taken for that purpose. At night, the steamer stopped, uncertain of its bearings.

And, at daylight of the 24th, proceeded to Lagos, arriving there early in the morning. All day, it was loading palm-kernels, lying several miles from shore in the road-stead; for, Lagos had no harbor. On the 25th, the steamer lay idle half the time; for, the small freighter *Gaiser,* that was assisting us, took away half of its boats, in order to serve a rival steamer. This annoyed the captain very much. And it was trying to me, with nothing to distract me from the constant sickening roll of the vessel under the heavy swell of the sea. And, on the 26th, it being Good Friday, very little work was done. Yet, all those same vessels would have worked all day of a Sunday!

On the 27th, Captain Thomas kindly interested himself to obtain for me passage ashore on the *Gaiser,* himself taking me on board that vessel, that I might have the adventure of crossing the dangerous Lagos bar, and see something of Lagos town; giving me also letters of introduction to merchants ashore, several of whom thereby showed me much hospitality. Made a call on Rev. and Mrs. David, of the American Southern Baptist Mission; and met a negro clergyman, Rev. Mr. Cansby. Called also at the English Wesleyan Mission; and, at Mr. Campbell's. I was entertained at the home of an English merchant, Mr. and Mrs. Hood.

From whose home, on Sunday, the 28th, I went to the Episcopal church. And, from there, was entertained at dinner, at the home of a courtly American gentleman, Mr. Arthur H. Porter. And, in the afternoon, I preached in Rev. Mr. David's church. On the Monday, when I was given passage on the English Government harbor-steamer, *Nellie,* Captain Waite, to return to the *Benin,* the bar was so quiet, that I was sure I could have crossed it myself in safety in our mission-boat. I wrote special letters of thanks to Messrs. Porter and Hood.

On Tuesday, March 30, the two discharge steamers, *Gaiser* and *Furtados,* anchored near us, loading the *Benin* with palm-kernels. The sea was smooth, and the boats worked rapidly; so that by 11 P. M. the vessel started again on her journey. This was a great relief to Captain Thomas and his passengers, after the seven days' delay at Lagos. On Wednesday, March 31, passed Little Popo, Whydah, and some other places. I marked the low line of coast, fringed with palm-trees. Stopped at Quita, near Jella Coffee, for mails and passengers. But, our rival, *Corisco,* which had delayed us at Lagos, was lying at Quita, and had again supplanted our captain, by taking the passengers

A BUNCH OF PALM-NUTS

Facing page 338

who had been awaiting him. In the evening, on deck, with my guitar, I sang some ballads for the passengers.

On April 1, the *Corisco* was seen at anchor behind us at Addah. She pursued, overtook, and passed us, and anchored at Accra, in advance of us. While we were lying there, came in a steamer from the north, carrying the flag of Captain Davis, the commodore of the fleet of the British and African Steam Navigation Co. Captain Davis, a typical seaman, though of rough exterior, was the soul of honor and integrity. Invalid ladies going from England to the Canaries, were often put under his care, in preference to any other captain.

My sister had been brought from Liverpool to Corisco in 1868, under his special care; and, he ever afterward regarded her with a paternal interest. With the engineer and Purser Denny, sister and I went, in one of the steamer's boats, to call on Captain Davis. He received her with a warm welcome; and, I handed to him a letter which Mrs. Bushnell had entrusted with me in reference to the removal of Dr. Bushnell's remains from Sierra Leone. [Which he subsequently accomplished.]

On April 2, we were out of sight of land all day, in the Gulf of Guinea. The water was blue; the first blue sea met with that far on the voyage. About 7 A. M. of Sunday the 4th, anchored at Cape Palmas, to land a crowd of Kru-men passengers. I looked ashore with deep interest, remembering my Sunday ashore in August, 1861, at Hoffman Station of the American Episcopal Mission, when I had gone ashore for the day from the *Ocean Eagle*. Stayed on deck at night, to watch a storm that was following us. The flashes of lightning grew more and more vivid, the line of black cloud extending wider its wings; and finally came the crashes of thunder and gusts of wind. But, the rain did not over-take us. But, on Monday, the 5th, the storm had turned and was in our faces. I had the vessel's carpenter prepare for me a board, onto which with tacks, I fastened the name of Dr. Bushnell, with which to mark his grave, if I should find it without mark. On Tuesday, the 6th, anchored at Sulima, the disputed boundary between Liberia and Sierra Leone. Ill fortune still pursued our captain; the *Volta* had been before us, and had taken what produce the Trading-house ashore had; there was little left for us.

By Wednesday, April 7, Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone, was in sight. The colony-law made pilotage compulsory. The negro pilot was received, but with ill grace; for the harbor is not difficult of entrance, and the captain thought him and his services

an unnecessary expense. I went ashore with sister to the store of Captain M. W. Tobey, acting in place of American consul, J. A. Lewis. Captain Tobey gave me a messenger to guide me to the sexton of the cemetery. This old sexton was polite; he summoned the gravedigger to assist in identifying the spot of Dr. Bushnell's grave. He showed me a recent mound of earth, which he asserted was the grave of a missionary buried some five months previously. (I had narrated to him the circumstances.) I did not doubt that it was Dr. Bushnell's grave. (If there was error, it lay with those two men.) And, I marked it with the board I had prepared, for the aid of Captain Davis, in his later coming. Neither Consul Lewis, nor the clergyman, Rev. Mr. Lamb, who had buried Dr. Bushnell, had taken enough interest to mark the spot. On the way back to Captain Tobey, I called at the late residence of Mr. Lamb. At Captain Tobey's there was a Mr. Buxton, who had formerly been a missionary among the Mendi people, but who with his wife was in charge of the Anna Welsh Memorial Female Seminary in Freetown. He invited us to visit the seminary.

Next day, April 8, went ashore with sister, and leaving our bundles at Captain Tobey's, found, on one of the streets, a perambulator-chair for hire, near Mr. Lamb's house. Sister had become very tired, and was glad of the chair. I sent her on to Mr. Buxton's, while I went on errands to the post-office and elsewhere. And, was at the wharf, by the appointed hour, 11.30 A. M. to await sister's coming. On our return to the *Benin*, the *Lualaba* came in, from the north; and several gentlemen, of her passengers, came to call on Captain Thomas. Among them was a Captain Monroe whom I remembered as second mate, of the sailing vessel *Moultan*, that in 1863, had carried Mrs. Mary C. Nassau, in company with Rev. W. H. Clark, from Gaboon to Liverpool. There was added another passenger, an Englishman, as companion in my cabin, a Mr. Deane, a trader at Sherbro. Friday, April 9th, the steamer out at sea; wind cold; sea rough.

On Saturday the tenth, saw several steamers; one, the *Ambriz* from the north, passed so near that we could read her name. Sister and I calculated on the possibilities as to whether our fellow missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. De Heer were on board, returning from their furlough, or whether we might meet them at Madeira, or at Liverpool. At night, I saw the North Star! The first sight of it in six years! It seemed like nearing home.

Sunday the 11th. In cold winds. I had to put on my thickest clothing. Monday the 12th; entered the land-locked harbor of the town of Dakar, near Goree Island, at Cape Verde, in order to get coals. The opposing winds of the previous two days had so prevented progress, that the captain was sure our supply obtained at Freetown, would not last us to Teneriffe. Went ashore with Dr. Bennett and five other passengers; walked about the town; and lunched at one of the restaurants. I realized that I was approaching a northern latitude; for, with the palm-trees, I saw also pine trees growing. On our return to the steamer, the purser was not in a good humor, because we had gone off in the morning without him. Frenchmen from Cape Verde took passage on our steamer. Tuesday the 13th, on our way to Teneriffe, the sea was so rough, and the head-winds so strong, and progress so slow, that fear was entertained that our coals would not last us even to Teneriffe. Almost all the passengers, and even the captain were sick. I was suffering daily with the piles, and almost every day, more or less, with the ever-present seasickness. Most tobacco smokers, in other ways gentlemen, seem to me to have their perceptions stunted by the weed, and become inconsiderate of the feelings of others. The smoke always aggravated my nausea. On the African steamers, passengers, following the lawlessness of Africa, dared to be more regardless of rules than on trans-atlantic steamers. There were clearly printed notices, forbidding smoking in the saloon. Smokers had liberty of not only the smoking-room, but also the entire deck, and even of their own cabins.

On Sunday, the 18th, I was suffering very much, and came to the saloon for refuge. There, I found Mr. Foster and other passengers smoking. I spoke to him of it. He seemed to take my protest properly, and promised to cease the offense.

There was a splendid very distant view of the snow-clad peak crowned with a rosy hue from the setting sun, as the island was sighted in the evening. It is one of the great memories in my life. Monday, the 19th, as we entered the harbor, we were put in quarantine, because we had come from Dakar (which had a bad reputation for yellow fever). But, though we were not allowed to go ashore, no hindrance was placed on the vessel's coaling or purchasing. I bought, from a boat alongside, a little white Teneriffe dog [which, in the United States, I gave to my niece, Lida Gosman].

By daylight of Wednesday, the 21st, we were at anchor in the Bay of Funchal, Madeira Island. There was some hesi-

tation on the part of the authorities; but, they yielded, and we were permitted communication. Immediately, the deck was crowded by men and boys and women from boats alongside, with articles for sale; ornamental baskets, inlaid boxes, lace, artificial flowers, etc., etc., also, barbers and hair-dressers. The French passengers from Dakar, left, being dissatisfied with the poor attendance on board.

Months before, I had decided with myself, that, even if there was no reason of impaired health for my furlough to the United States, I would have gone, for the sole reason, that, after ten years of widowerhood, I felt the duty of re-marriage. I even had gone over in my mind, the names of several ladies whom I had known, and, I had tried to guess where my best hope for success and happiness might lie. I reduced their number to three. And I bought a basketful of handsome artificial flowers; saying to myself that they should go to the hand which I should find most gracious to my plea.

I went ashore with sister. Hearing from Mr. Reid, the hotel proprietor, that Mrs. Burton of Freetown, was in the house, we called on her. And, with her, we went to the Miles Hotel, to see Mr. and Mrs. White, of the Scotch Calabar Mission.

On our way back to the beach, to return to the steamer in time for its leaving, we met a Miss Thompson, who, as stewardess on the *Sudan*, had been very helpful to sister on one of her voyages. After leaving Madeira, the discomfort and roughness of the sea increased. The steamer, its officers fearing to force its machinery, could go only half-speed. Daily, we met vessels going southward under full sail; and some steamers, going northward, passed us, to our chagrin. The offense of smoking in the saloon increased in frequency. One day, about the 24th or 26th, I saw Messrs. Deane and Foster with the ship's doctor, openly breaking the rule. Unable to endure it, I went to the captain, and complained. He promptly came down, and rebuked the three. After this, Messrs. Deane and Foster ceased to speak to me. But, in various mean ways, for which I could not call them to account, they and Dr. Bennett tried to insult me and even my sister.

About the 29th and 30th, my nausea and headache were extreme. I took various medicines, bromide of potassium, strychnine, pyretic-saline, brandy. But, no relief. Finally, quinine relieved the headache. The weather was very cold; the thermometer down to 57°; very trying, after my living for six years at 85°! One day, there was hail on deck. A leak sprung

in the stern, by the vessel's pitching violently day after day; so that water crept into the saloon, and a fire was kindled in the stove there, to dry the floor. The sea was particularly rough off of Cape Finisterre. So short was the coal supply that there was doubt whether we could reach Havre; and, a question whether we might need to put in, at Plymouth. All these doubts made me anxiously think of change in my own plans of route to the United States.

But, on Saturday, May 1, the Ushant light-house was plainly in sight, and the sea became comfortably smooth. And, on Sunday, a pilot came on board. I felt an exhilaration in watching the French coast toward Havre, and in feeling that I was again approaching civilization. There was a large crowd of people on their Sunday promenade of the pier, as the *Benin* drew into the dock. Purser Denny sighted his wife and two other ladies watching for him (having come for that purpose from Liverpool). Mrs. Denny came on board for supper.

Captain Thomas was at once handed a telegram from London, ordering him to go to Liverpool to take charge of a new vessel in the South African trade. He departed in the evening, with our good wishes for his promotion. But, we were left uncertain how we were to reach Liverpool. In the evening, everybody went ashore except Third Officer Comby, Mr. Schwartz, and my sister. I went, to try to find a Protestant church; but, fearing to lose my way, I did not go far, and returned.

There was great confusion next day; the warehouse people, ready for discharging were on hand, but, the first officer did not appear for their direction; and, many of the crew were drunk. Mr. and Mrs. Denny had invited us to "breakfast." At 9.30 A. M. the cargo-master summoned for me a cab, and we went to the Hotel de l'Europe on the Rue Paris. At the hotel with Mrs. Denny were two other ladies, Mrs. Kent and Mrs. Batty, wives of officers of the steamship company. Mrs. Denny played for me on the piano. I had not heard a piano, for years. Her third selection was from the (then) new opera, "Pinafore"; Little Buttercup's bum-boat song, and Captain Corcoran's song to the moon! Mrs. Denny took us, with other ladies, on a long beautiful drive through the streets and parks and flower-gardens, and back to the *Benin*.

Very late that night, Dr. Bennett and Mr. Foster returned drunk, from the shore. On the 4th, I took sister in a cab again to the hotel, and with the other ladies, she did some shopping. After our return to the hotel, we bade good-by to Mrs. Denny

for her kindness; and sister and I went to a lunch-room, and then walked to the *Benin,* having been notified that the steamer would leave at 5.30 P. M. Dr. Bennett and Mr. Foster again came on board drunk, especially the doctor, who hastily began to pack up his belongings; and, swearing and with drunken shoutings, he deserted the vessel.

The ladies, Mrs. Batty and Mrs. Kent, joined the vessel, as passengers. The first officer, Mr. Houghton, skilfully avoided some dangers in emerging from the dock; and, we started down the Channel for Liverpool. At evening dinner, Foster was still so intoxicated as to reveal it at the table. Wednesday, May 5, almost the last day of the voyage, was the best; sea smooth, wind fair, sun genial. Several of the passengers remarked that "our Jonah," Dr. Bennett, had done well in leaving us. My own persistent nausea seemed to have exhausted itself. Feeling very comfortable, I was able to be of some service to Mesdames Batty and Kent, who, notwithstanding the smooth sea, were afflicted with the usual "channel" sickness. Sighted the two bright electric lights of the lighthouse at Lizard Point. But, before that, had seen the houses themselves (exactly when the sun was setting) precisely in the line of the sun's disk, so that they looked as if they were really in the sun, like "the man in the moon." It was said by the seamen to be a very rare sight.

In the evening, I was reading Jules Verne's, "The Blockade Runners." On May 6, the engines were put at their full speed, in hopes of gaining the in-going tide to the Mersey of next day. Busy gathering together my loose packages. On Friday, the 7th, there were the final packings, and the necessary tippings. When the tender came alongside to land us, and the health officials discovered that there was no doctor aboard, they were very angry, and threatened the vessel with quarantine; but, they passed us, on explanation.

On the dock, awaiting us, was Mr. Fred. Davis [a son of the captain, and who, since then, has succeeded him in captaincy]. He took sister, as his mother's guest, to their home. I went to the Board's agent, Mr. Christie, who kindly and efficiently looked after my baggage, and sent me to a comfortable lodging-house. At his office, I found many letters awaiting.

The next three days, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, were busy days with baggage, purchasing, visiting, church-going, and deciding on the steamer for the United States. The man in whose care I had placed dog "Tenny" on the *Benin,* had left the vessel, taking the dog with him. I followed him to a sailors'

home, and thence to his own home, and recovered the dog. But, the transatlantic steamer refused to allow dogs on board. Finally, $5 was paid, and the puppy was to be kept hidden forward in the butcher's hands.

FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK.

On the afternoon of May 12, with our baggage in order, and with friends to say good-by, Mr. Christie and his clerk Mr. Robertson, and sister with Mrs. Davis and her daughter, Mrs. Thompson, we went on board the White Star *Celtic*. Other friends kindly came to see us, as the steamer cast off, and started down the Mersey. On the 12th, we stopped at Queenstown. Made a few acquaintances on the steamer, a Mr. Dickinson of Philadelphia, in my room; a Mrs. Kendall with two children in sister's room; an old lady, Mrs. Hobson; and a Mr. Stetson from Brazil.

On Friday, the 14th, a babe of one of the Swedish emigrants died, and was buried. The ship's doctor, Isdell, invited me to be present, but, I was not asked to take any part. The purser read the burial service. The poor mother could not understand any English.

On Sunday, the 16th, my sister had another of her nervous attacks, and was not able to be present at the short religious service of the Church of England read by the purser and doctor. I was not asked to take any part. In the afternoon, sister feeling better, with two gentlemen, she and I sang hymns at the piano. But, this so exhausted her, that she was not able to go to her stateroom. I asked the purser permission for her to remain for the night in the ladies' saloon. He refused. But, on application to the doctor, the latter allowed it, as a medical necessity. On the Monday, she was still weak and nervous. I succeeded in getting her on deck, where much sympathy was offered her by the fellow-passengers. I sat in the cold wind, protecting her with her wraps. On Tuesday, the 18th, there were icebergs. In the evening there was music in the saloon. I was asked to sing "Juanita," to piano accompaniment of a Miss Janion. Before the large company, I was seized with stage-fright, and sang out of tune. Nevertheless, I sang it through.

Dr. Isdell told me that there were on board, over 100 children, more than he had ever seen before on ship; and, of them, more than half were infants under eighteen months. On Friday, May 21, at 9 A. M., the *Celtic* docked; and we were welcomed by my sister Letitia and her husband Rev. A. Gosman, D.D., and my

son William. After the usual business with the customs house, and Mission house, we all went on to Lawrenceville, N. J., to the church parsonage (which was to be my home while on furlough) where also was my sister Elizabeth, guardian of my eldest son. To my Aunt Hamill's, at my uncles' high school. And, in the evening, a quiet moonlight visit to the graves of my parents.

SEEKING FOR A WIFE.

Then, on Saturday, the 22d, to Philadelphia, to see my son Charles, at his guardians, my excellent friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Patten. On Sunday, the 23d, to church, where the Latta family attended. And, in afternoon, back to Mrs. Patten's, and to her old Spring Garden church Sabbath school.

I had my credentials of commissioner from Corisco Presbytery to the General Assembly that already had been in session several days at Madison, Ind. I hasted on Monday, the 24th, and reached Madison at 4 A. M. of the 26th. And, had an uncomfortable time; for, until Assembly should open for the day, I could not present my certificate, or claim hospitality. And, when I had been received by the committee, and was handed over to the entertainment committee, the lady, at whose home I had been billeted, said that, as I had come so late, it would not pay her to receive me! At the "Park House," there was no room for me. I sat disconsolate; and lunched there. Rev. John N. Freeman, of Peekskill, N. Y., happening to see me, and learning of my straits, asked a friend of his, a fellow commissioner, Rev. M. Henry Calkins [now, the Rev. Dr. Calkins, of Mifflenberg, Pa.] to share his room with me. He was quite willing; and requested permission of his host, General Herndon (of the Federal troops who had captured Jefferson Davis, in our Civil War), who kindly consented. And, I rested then during the afternoon, preparing an address, as I was told that had been announced in the Assembly, for the Foreign Mission program. In the evening, I spoke from the platform, with Forman of India, Mateer of China, Bassett of Persia, and Blyden of Liberia.

During the day, the man Schorsch, who had returned from Africa to the United States, was seen acting in an insane way, in the audience and speaking threateningly of me. A plain-clothes policeman had been directed to watch him. But, in the evening, he insinuated himself on to the platform, but did not attempt to speak.

I will not delay this story of my Ogowe, with accounts of visits and incidents in the United States, however agreeable most of

them were to me. There were many pleasant greetings at Madison, but, they did not wipe out the painful impression of the first day. I learned never again to go as a member of a great convention in its later hours; one is unable to keep up with the flood.

I will simply mention the names of places, persons, my host or hostess, and times of visits to churches, relatives, friends, Sabbath schools, societies, receptions, anniversaries, etc. All these journeys and visits were on invitation; and all my addresses, sermons and talks were on mission topics. To them all I carried my daily pain and physical distress, no one knowing that I was suffering. And, at all these entertainments, I held constantly the hope of meeting some lady who would become my wife. I had thought of two; and, I said I would go first to them.

At the gateway of the mansion, I met the mother, out for a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society meeting. On inquiring of her where was her daughter, she replied that she had gone with her husband to California. I had not known that she was married!

With the other lady, I took a delightful stroll. She was beautiful and gracious; I do not suppose that she was aware of my sentiments. We returned to lunch at her mother's. My constant talk was of Africa. Perhaps I dwelt too much on its dark side. I have never thought that the mother intended her words as a bar to me when she exclaimed: "I don't see how any man who loves a woman would take her to such a country!" If I had been braver, the words should not have deterred me.

I was at sea. Everywhere thinking of a wife. But, how could one know, on acquaintance of only a few days, the tastes and fitnesses necessary for a life companionship? In that most important event of life, clergymen are in a very trying situation. Any other young man may pay attentions to a lady for months. And, if, finally, he withdraws them, there is no censure. But, if a clergyman, known to be seeking a wife, shall make three special visits, and then not declare himself, Mrs. Grundy has much to say. Everywhere, the knowledge of the special object of my coming to the United States was known. Busy relatives and ministers and other friends were anxious to assist me. They mentioned names of active church workers, and invited me to meetings where those ladies would be present, and to whom I was to be introduced.

It was all too bold, for my sentiments. I resented their plans. I quietly decided on an unreasonable plan: — I would make no

advances; I would wait for Providence, without any human planning, to lead me to some one whose face, voice, manner, and life should at once impress me. *Then,* I would seek to know her more intimately. I may have been unreasonable. I was expecting to reap without using plans or means, other than constant expectancy for the Voice to speak.

From Madison, went to Milton, to visit relatives of Rev. Wm. Walker of Africa. Thence, to Burlington, Iowa, to my brother, W. W. Nassau, M.D., and his wife and daughter; and pastor of the Presbyterian church, Rev. Mr. McClintock. Thence, on June 7, to Chicago; to Fort Wayne; and to Detroit. Thence, on June 11, to Pittsburg, to Rev. Dr. Kellogg, formerly of India. Met Miss Davis, going to Japan. Also, Rev. Dr. Vedder. On the 16th, back to Philadelphia, to Mrs. Patten's. To Frenchtown, N. J., to my friend, Mr. J. H. Reading, who wished to return to Africa. To Trenton, to my cousin, Mr. H. H. Hamill. And, to Lawrenceville.

On Sunday evening, the 20th, preached for Dr. Gosman. At my father's former Female Seminary, then under charge of my cousin, Rev. R. H. Davis, Ph.D. And, at the high school of my uncles, Rev. Drs. H. and S. M. Hamill. On June 23, at Princeton University commencement. At the Lawrenceville Seminary and High School commencements. June 25, placed my son, William, in Princeton University. In Trenton, Sunday, the 27th, Second Presbyterian Church, Rev. Mr. Kennedy; and Sabbath school of First church, Rev. Dr. Hall; and, in evening, at church of Rev. Walter A. Brooks, D.D.

To New York, for consultation at the Mission House; and on to Peekskill, to my sister Hannah, and her husband, Edward Wells, Esq.

Desirous as I was for marriage, there were very few with whom I was willing to consult. Mrs. Wells was one. She suggested the names of several ladies; but, I was unable to bring myself to fall in with her "plans." On July 1, returned to New York. In interest of science, had a long consultation at the Central Park American Museum, with Dr. A. S. Bickmore. Bought a communion set for the First Ogowe Church. At the Bible House, consulting with Secretary Gilman about printing my revision of the Benga New Testament. To Summit, N. J., to visit Mr. and Mrs. Dean, parents of Mrs. Bacheler of Africa. At the Presbyterian Church, Rev. Mr. McIlvaine. To Camden, N. J., Rev. L. C. Baker, a university classmate; remaining with him over Sunday, and with Judge and Mrs. Woodhull.

To Tacony, Pa., where were Mrs. Patten and Charles; and Mr. R. J. Wright; and Rev. Mr. Hotchkin, of Bustleton.

To Trenton; and found my African boxes arrived from the customs house. To Lawrenceville. To Tacony; to Philadelphia. On the 16th, at Old Pine Street Church, Rev. Dr. Allen.

To Frenchtown, N. J.: Mr. Reading. To Woodbury, N. J., on Sunday, the 18th, church of Rev. E. Dillon. To Binghamton, N. Y., and on to Warsaw, the home of my brother, Rev. J. E. Nassau, D.D., where also my sister Elizabeth and son William were visiting. On Sunday, the 25th, addressed my brother's and the Congregational churches. To Niagara, and return.

To Perry, on Silver Lake, for Sunday, Aug. 1, Rev. C. Dibble. To Warsaw, on Sunday, August 8, in my brother's pulpit, told a story of an African girl, which, a year later I enlarged into a mission novelette, "Mawedo." Met the Rev. Dr. Z. Sheffield, of China. On Saturday, the 21st, to Batavia, to visit my sister Emma, and her husband, Rev. Wm. Swan, of the Presbyterian church.

On Saturday, September 4th, to Leroy, Rev. Mr. Parsons. And, on the 6th, returned to Batavia. There, I was promised a little boat which would suit for short journeys better than the *Nelly-Howard*. It was to be named *Swan*. And returned to Warsaw.

To Rochester: Rev. Mr. Riggs. Made a call on the parents of Mrs. Smith of Kângwe, Mr. and Mrs. Lush. On Sunday, the 12th, in churches of Rev. Drs. Riggs and Campbell. In church of the latter, gifts were made for a boat for Mrs. Smith, to be called *Christine*. Tuesday, the 14th, to Wolcott, guest of B. Wilson, M.D. At the Presbytery of Lyons, with its Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Returned to Batavia. Monday, the 20th, returned to New York; and to Trenton, at a Wickliffe celebration; and to Lawrenceville.

On 22nd, with Dr. Gosman to Princeton; and back in Lawrenceville for a festival on the 23d. At the high school on the 24th. On Sunday, the 26th, to Pennington: Rev. D. R. Foster. Back to Lawrenceville; and to Philadelphia. On 28th, to attend the council of the Presbyterian Alliance.

On Thursday, the 30th, to Honeybrook, Chester County, Pa.; Rev. W. Totheroh. Back to Philadelphia, and to Tacony, and Philadelphia again. On Sunday, Oct. 3, in the South Church, Rev. Dr. R. M. Patterson, a theological seminary classmate; and Rev. J. S. Malone. Monday, October 4, to New York, at Mission House and Bible Society. On the 5th, to Elmira; and to

Penn Yan on the 6th, to meeting of Synod of New York; guest of Mrs. E. W. Mills. Returned to Philadelphia; and in afternoon of the 7th, went to Salem, N. J. I went there on invitation of Mrs. Ware, president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society; guest of Mr. Thomas Craven; Rev. Dr. Bannard. There I met Miss Mary Brunette Foster, a teacher at Barnegat, N. J. I believed I had found the lady for whom I had been searching.

Returned to Philadelphia. On Saturday, the 9th, went to Troy, N. Y.: Rev. Teunis Hamlin. On Tuesday, the 12th, to Glenn's Falls, meeting of synod. On the 14th, to Albany, guest of Mrs. James H. Pratt: church of Rev. Dr. Dowling. On Saturday, the 16th, with Mr. Pratt, rode to Nassau, to visit the Broughton family, relatives of Mrs. Bushnell of Africa. At Mrs. Pratt's again; she was one of the few in whom I confided. She urged me to visit two sisters in a certain town. But, I was thinking of Miss Foster. (One of those ladies subsequently went alone to a foreign field.) To Peekskill on the 19th. And, then to New York, to arrange about the boat *Christine*. And, thence to Camden, N. J., and to Bridgeton, for meeting of my synod of New Jersey. There I met Rev. E. J. Pierce, formerly of Africa; and Elder Julius Foster, brother of Miss Foster. And my friend and university classmate, Rev. Dr. F. Chandler (of whom I made a confidant). Arranged with Rev. Allen H. Brown, for an appointment to preach at Barnegat. Returned to Philadelphia on 22d. On 23d, to Peekskill; and was busy correcting proofs of the Benga Gospel of John. On the 29th, back to Trenton and Lawrenceville. On November 2, voted for President; and returned to Philadelphia.

In all those six months of wandering, I had carried with me the daily physical pain. And, to its source, had been added an anal fissure, whose distress was at times excruciating. On Wednesday, November 4th, I went to the office of my friend, Thomas G. Morton, M.D., who examined the ulcer, and arranged for an operation, which, he said would not require a knife, and which he believed would not prevent my traveling. The next day, at a dentist's, I was given nitrous oxide gas, which only partly made me unconscious; and Dr. Morton performed his operation. I rode in a cab, in great pain, to Mrs. Patten's. The doctor's diagnosis and choice of operation was doubtless correct. But, in my low state of health, my blood did not respond to his expectation of "healing by the first intention." For some ten days, I was confined to the house, and walked with difficulty. As Mr. and Mrs. Patten were to be absent on a long journey, I removed, on

November 18, to the home on Girard Avenue of Rev. J. S. Malone, (whose wife was a cousin of Mrs. Mary C. Nassau). Though not entirely recovered from the wound of the operation, I went on November 26, to visit my uncle Rev. Dr. H. Hamill, at Newark, Del.: Rev. Mr. Porter, pastor of the church. On Sunday, the 28th, at White Clay Creek Church: Rev. W. D. Mackey, a theological seminary classmate; and back to Newark.

But, these activities aggravated the local irritation; and, when I left Newark on Thursday, December 2, for Philadelphia, I went at once to Dr. Morton. He said that a more radical operation would be necessary. We both were disappointed. And, his professional pride was aroused. He very decidedly asserted that "this time" there would be no doubt about success. At once, I had to give up engagements in Pennsylvania, at Huntingdon, Warriorsmark, and Pittsburg. On Friday, December 3, Dr. Morton, accompanied by Drs. Hunt and Wetherill, came to Mr. Malone's. I was chloroformed. The doctor dissected away the ulcerated surfaces of the wound he had made four weeks before, and ligated several hemorrhoidal tumors. For a week, I was confined to bed, suffering much pain; but, was attended most kindly by Mr. Malone. By the 11th, I was able to sit up; and gradually grew stronger. On the 18th, a newspaper reporter called; and I gave him an interview about gorillas, etc.

Went to church on the 19th, and visited Dr. Morton on the 20th. His operation was a perfect success. On the 23d, he invited me to dinner, to meet, Drs. Leidy, Fricke, Hunt, Allen, and others, and Editor Wells of the *Bulletin*. On the 24th, went, with son Charles for Christmas, to Lawrenceville. And, on the 27th, with both my sons, went to Peekskill, N. Y.

On Wednesday, the 29th, a letter from Rev. Allen H. Brown, gave me the dates for my services at Barnegat. December 30, was a bitterly cold day, to take my boys to Philadelphia and Mr. Malone. And, on Friday, the 31st, I returned to New York, to take a train on the N. J. Central R. R. On Saturday, January 1, 1881, to Forked River. It was a bitterly cold ride in a baggage-car. On the morning of the 2d, I preached at Forked River. And, in the afternoon, was driven in a sleigh to Barnegat, to the home of Mrs. Mary C. Brown. I held my afternoon service in the Presbyterian Church for only ten people. It was without an ruling elder, and consisted of eleven women, whose prayer meeting was led by Miss Foster; and Rev. A. H. Brown came once a month to encourage the weak organization. Miss Foster

was absent, having gone for the holidays to her brother's home in the Lakewood Pines at Holmanville. (I was not aware, at that time, that she was purposely lengthening her absence from Barnegat.) I attended faithfully to the prayer meeting and monthly concert evenings, being encouraged by Mrs. Gulick. And, made myself agreeable to the little boys and girls with sleds on the ice and snow. Having time on my hands, began to write the story, which later was published as "Mawedo." I was careful not to mention Miss Foster's name. But, everybody else was constantly praising her, her teaching, her music, and her goodness in the church. Saturday, January 8, went by railway to Forked River, to Captain Holmes, for the morning service of next day; at which was an audience of forty. While at dinner on Sunday, a wagon came for me from Barnegat. At first, because of the cold, the Barnegat people had hesitated to send for me. So, the wagon was late. And, it was an open wagon! But fortunately, the temperature rose, and rain began to fall. Reached Barnegat in time for Sabbath school, and a sermon after school; and followed it with a congregational meeting, with reference to calling a pastor.

Baffled in my effort to see Miss Foster, I returned on the 10th to Philadelphia to Mr. Malone's. On the 12th, bought my first spectacles. I had injured my eyes in proofreading the Benga Gospels, and Fañwe vocabulary, by flickering gaslight, the while I was in a poor state of health. On the 13th, began to learn to play on a cornet. On the 17th, by arrangement with Dr. Morton, addressed the "Pennsylvania Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children"; the other speakers were Judge M. R. Thayer, of Philadelphia, Rev. Samuel Ames of Boston (Unitarian), Rev. Dr. Currie of Philadelphia (Episcopalian), and Editor Wells (of the *Bulletin*). On January 19, went to St. Georges, Del., to the funeral of a cousin, Mr. J. B. How. And returned to Philadelphia. On Saturday, the 22d, to Woodbury, N. J., guest of Mrs. Rogers, sister of Mrs. Reading. On Sunday, at church of Rev. E. Dillon. Returning to Philadelphia on the 24th, I joined a class in French, under Madame Cuthbert; for use in Africa. On February 1, again visited Woodbury, for the day.

On Sunday, the 6th, in the evening, at church of Rev. F. L. Robbins, D.D. On Tuesday, the 8th, to Trenton; my cousin, H. H. Hamill; and to Lawrenceville; and returned on the 10th. And, on the 11th, again to Woodbury, for the day. Evening of Sunday, the 13th, at Columbia Avenue Church, Rev. W. H.

Hodge. On the 16th, to Newark, Del., to my uncle, Rev. H. Hamill, D.D., for the day.

On Saturday, the 19th, to Woodbury, returning to Philadelphia on the 21st. On Friday, the 25th, in another effort to see Miss Foster, went to Barnegat, to the little hotel. I sent a note to her school, asking permission to call on her. In the meanwhile, I sat in the cold hotel parlor, where was a child sick with measles, and spent the afternoon writing on my "Mawedo." And, was received by Miss Foster in the evening at her boarding-house. Returned to Philadelphia on Saturday.

On Sunday, the 27th, at the Kensington Immanuel Reformed Episcopal Church Sabbath School anniversary. Thursday, March 3, went to Peekskill, to consult with my sister, Mrs. Wills. I knew that she would give me sympathy and not jokes. She had never seen either Miss Foster or another lady whom I named to her. She advised me to seek the other lady. But, I could not do it: and returned to Philadelphia.

On Thursday, the 10th, to Greencastle, Pa., to the anniversary meeting of the Presbyterial Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. And, back to Philadelphia, on the 12th. Sunday evening, February 13th, at anniversary meeting of Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of Princeton Church, West Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. Addison Henry. On the 14th, again to Woodbury. On Wednesday, the 23d, went to Lawrenceville; and, after evening prayer meeting, walked with my cousin, Miss Maude Hamill, and asked her advice; for I did not know what to do, so hopeless were my matrimonial prospects, after nine months' search. On the 24th, to New York, on business at the Bible House, and returned to Philadelphia. And, next day, to Woodbury, for the day.

At the request of Mrs. Allen, wife of Rev. Dr. Allen, on the 30th of March, went to her at the Colonnade Hotel, and at her urgent request promised to write a sketch of our African mission, and to outline a map, for the Philadelphia Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. [That "sketch" is the basis of all subsequent histories that have appeared of the Mission].

And, went to Newark, Del. Returning to Philadelphia on the 31st, I went to Barnegat, by way of Camden and Whitings. Called at Miss Foster's; but she was not well, and could not receive me. I called again the next day, April 1, and made my plea; and requested her to give me no answer until it could be an assent. And, returned to Philadelphia. On April 2, to Pittsburg, guest of Rev. Dr. Kellogg. On Sunday, at churches

of Rev. Drs. Scovel and Thompson. And, on Monday, the 4th, attended to the special object for which I had gone to Pittsburg, viz: — Secretary Lowrie, of our Foreign Mission Board, had asked me to give advice to four young men in the Allegheny Theological Seminary, who were thinking of coming to Africa. In the afternoon, they came to me, Messrs. Gault, Robinson, Peeples, and Good. [They subsequently, came to Africa, except Mr. Peeples, who went to Siam.] In the evening, in Rev. Dr. Thompson's church parlor, took part with a few prominent gentlemen in a meeting to start a subscription of $10,000 of $39,000 needed for Biddle University, N. C. On Tuesday morning, at a meeting of the theological students. And, then to Mr. Peeples' room, for further consultation desired by Messrs. Gault and Robinson. On the 6th, left Pittsburg for Tyrone, and to my sister, Matilda's, Mrs. J. R. Lowrie, Warriorsmark, Pa.

On the 7th, returned to Philadelphia, and to New York, to the Bible House. On Friday, the 8th, after errands at the Mission House; down to Barnegat; and spent the evening with Miss Foster. And, on the 9th, back to Philadelphia. On Sunday, the 10th, at church of Rev. Dr. Robbins, with four other clergymen, assisted at the Communion, where my son Charles made his profession of faith. It was a glad day for me! On the 11th, removed from Mr. Patten's to Mr. Malone's as the Pattens were expecting to go on a European tour.

On the 23d, to Freehold, N. J., Rev. F. Chandler, D.D., a university classmate. Miss Foster had been visiting there, and was leaving on the train just as I arrived. On Sunday, the 24th, made two addresses. On Monday, at Mr. Richardson's Female Seminary (of which Miss Foster was a graduate), addressed the pupils. On the 26th, to Princeton Theological Seminary commencement, and returned to Philadelphia. On the 27th, to Lawrenceville. And, on the 28th, to Stockton, N. J., to visit Mrs. Hendricks, formerly of Africa. And, back to Philadelphia. On Saturday, the 30th, to New York and Mission House; and printer. And, to Jersey City, to my university classmate, S. R. Forman, M.D., a ruling elder in church of Rev. Dr. French; whose church I addressed the next day. They had been the movers in the donation of my *Nelly-Howard* boat. Returned to Philadelphia and on the 3d of May, addressed a Y. M. C. A. on "Liquor Traffic Hindrances to Foreign Missions."

On Wednesday, May 4, to Barnegat. As I was expected, Mr. Gulick met me at the station, and invited me to his parlor where Miss Foster was awaiting me, as more convenient than her board-

ing-house. Saturday, the 7th, in Philadelphia, at the First Presbyterian Church; Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, children's missionary meeting. On the 10th, with Rev. Mr. Malone's, gave an address, "Voices of a West African Tropic Night." May 10, to Barnegat, for the evening. And, back to Lawrenceville. On the 18th, to Buffalo, N. Y., for the 19th, at General Assembly: guest of Mr. M. L. Crittenden.

On Wednesday, the 25th, Foreign Missionary evening, addressed the Assembly. With me on the program were Dr. Nevins and Mr. Fitch, of China, Mr. Polhemus of Mexico, Holcombe of India, Green of Japan, and Bassett of Persia. And, on the 26th, at the Sabbath school class of Miss Lucy Crittenden. After the adjournment of Assembly, went to Batavia; and, on June 1, at Mr. Swan's monthly concert. On Saturday, June 4th, to Bergen, Rev. D. D. McCall, and a lovely company of twenty little girls, the missionary "Busy Bees." And in his church on Sunday. And, returned to Batavia. On Tuesday, the 7th, to Wyoming, to installation of Rev. Mr. Congdon. On the 8th, returned to Batavia, and visited the public school. To Warsaw on June 11, feeling much depressed at no answer from Miss Foster. On Sunday, the 12th, at Perry, Rev. C. H. Dibble.

On Monday, the 13th, came back to Warsaw. On arrival at my brother's house, he handed me a letter from Barnegat, from Miss Foster. A letter of consent! On Wednesday, the 15th, to Rochester, Rev. Dr. Riggs. And back to Warsaw. On the 17th, returned to Philadelphia and to Lawrenceville. On Sunday, the 19th, with the pupils of the high school; and at the church. On the 20th, to Princeton, guest of my cousin, Mrs. Mary Wood. On the 21st, the various exercises of the university commencement. At night, with ten other members of the university class of 1854, held a supper, and remained until 5.30 A. M. of the next day in class reminiscences. Back to Lawrenceville.

On Friday, the 24th, to New York, at Mission House. On Saturday, the 25th, to Jamesburg, N. J., guest of my theological seminary classmate, Rev. B. S. Everett, D.D., and at his church on the 26th. And he drove me to Hightstown for the evening, in church of Rev. J. B. Davis, D.D. On Monday, the 27th, to Lakewood, where (by appointment) Miss Foster, coming from Barnegat, met me; and we rode the four miles out through the Lakewood Pines, to her brother's house, "Cosy Nook," at Holmanville. On the 29th, to Lawrenceville, the commencement ex-

ercises of the Female Seminary, and 30th, at the high school. Friday, July 1, to Philadelphia, to Mr. Malone's.

Saturday, July 2, with my two sons, to Warriorsmark, Pa. On the 3d, with the Birmingham and Warriorsmark congregations, Rev. Mr. Francis. And, on Sunday, the 10th, again at Birmingham; and at Warriorsmark, in the Methodist church of Rev. Mr. Geyer. Saturday, the 16th, to Penna. Furnace, guest of Rev. J. C. Kelly; in his church on the 17th, A. M., and in evening, at Penna. Furnace. On the 18th, returning to Warriorsmark, found a letter awaiting me from Miss Foster, wishing me to come and consult about our plans for the summer. Leaving that evening, and traveling all night, was at Philadelphia, next day. And, by various changes of train and wagon, was at Mr. Foster's by noon of that day.

On the 20th, at Holmanville prayer meeting. On the 21st, back to Philadelphia and Warriorsmark by the 22d. On the 27th, with my two sons, to visit my uncle Rev. Robert Hamill, D.D., of Oak Hall, Pa. And, on Sunday, the 31st, at his Lamont church and country schoolhouse. On Monday, August 1, to Lamont; and, at Mr. Wm. Thompson's, to a large Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of forty ladies. News came of the death of my uncle, Rev. Dr. H. Hamill, at Newark, Del. Returned to Warriorsmark on the 2d. On the 3d, to Tyrone, at prayer meeting of Rev. Dr. Moore. And, at night, on to Philadelphia and Newark, for the funeral of Dr. Hamill on the 4th. And, back to Philadelphia to Mr. Malone's.

On the 5th, to Lakewood, Holmanville, and Miss Foster, at the church outdoor festival. On Sunday, the 8th, to Lakewood church, Rev. Dr. Dashiell; and back to Holmanville Sabbath school.

On leaving Warriorsmark, I had placed some apples in the pocket of my overcoat. And, at my arrival, for the night, at "Willow Grange," the home of Rev. Isaac Todd, I hung the coat in the hall. Next morning, the pocket was empty. The usually reserved Miss Foster revealed a humorous side of her nature, in a great deal of laughter with her cousin, Miss Harriet Todd, about the missing apples, for which I wrote her an acrostic on her name:—

Many a time I've mourned all sadly
  Adam's fate for Eva's sin,—
Regretted for him such a failure,—
  Yearning for what might have been.

But, the hand that plucked that old fruit,
Rosy on forbidden bough,
Unto following ages stretching,
Nerves new hands to venture now.
Even gossip, late, authentic,
Tells of maid, who, 'neath a stair,
Through coat-pockets wildly searching,
Emptied them of fruit hid there.

Fair dear culprit! whose name's twisted
Occult in this rhyme of mine,
Sinful Eden's fate seems lightened,
Transformed, by a love like thine.
Eden's gate should outward bar me,
Rather than divide me from thee.

On the 8th, rode with Miss Foster to Lakewood, to Dr. Dashiell; and thence with him, we went to Asbury Park, to a meeting at Educational Hall. On the 9th, with Miss Foster, at the ladies' meeting. And, at the children's meeting. On the 12th, left Asbury Park, and with Miss Foster, returned to her brother's home. On the 13th, back to Philadelphia to Mr. Malone's. And, in his pulpit on the 14th. On the 15th, at the office of the American line of steamers, with arrangements to sail for Liverpool in October. On the 16th, to Lawrenceville. On the 21st in pulpit of Rev. Dr. Gosman, on Psalm, 42, 3. In afternoon, my uncle, Rev. S. M. Hamill, D.D., drove me to the New Jersey Lunatic Asylum, where I addressed the inmates. The matron, Mrs. Hill, told me that my text, "At the Name of Jesus Every Knee, etc.," was the same as the last one my father had spoken from at the home, several years before. And back to Lawrenceville.

Saturday, the 27th, Rev. Dr. Gosman went to Albany, N. Y., and left me in charge of his pulpit. On the 28th, in the morning at the church; and in the afternoon, at the little Clarksville station, with an audience of sixteen persons. On Tuesday, the 30th, my two sons returned to Philadelphia, and, I went to New York, to consult with Secretary Lowrie; and with him to Orange, N. J., his guest for the night. On Wednesday, the 31st, in New York, buying furniture for Africa; and back to Philadelphia.

On Thursday, September 1, to St. Georges, Del., visiting my cousins, Mrs. Garman and Mrs. Stewart. Saturday, September 3, busy making out lists of invitations for my marriage!

Rode to Port Penn, and called on the families of former Philadelphia friends, Gallaher, Boyd, and Cleaver. On Sunday, September 4, at the St. Georges church, all day. During the following week, completed my "Mawedo." When I returned to Philadelphia on Saturday, the 10th, I happened to meet my beloved brother, William, from Burlington, Iowa, at Dr. Morton's office. I never saw him again.

On Tuesday, September 13, by appointment, met Miss Foster and her cousin, Miss Scott, of India, and escorted them on a shopping tour. And, on Friday, the 16th, escorted Miss Foster to Lakewood, arriving late at her brother's home at Holmanville. On the 17th, to New York, purchasing for my return to Africa. And, back to Holmanville, with a heavy cold. On Sunday, the 18th, at the Holmanville church and Sabbath school, Rev. Isaac Todd, Miss Foster's uncle. On the 19th, to Trenton, guest of my cousin, Mr. Hamill. And, the next day to Lawrenceville. Where, on Sunday, the 25th, in company with Rev. Drs. Worden and Hinsdale, I addressed the Sabbath school anniversary. In the evening, at the parsonage, there was tender hymn-singing, as it was my last Sunday there before my sailing.

On Monday, the 26th, in Trenton, the stores were closed for the funeral ceremonies of murdered President Garfield; and, I had difficulty in getting from the jeweler my ring for Miss Foster, which had been returned for change in size. And on to Philadelphia. On the 28th, to Woodbury; and, by appointment with Miss Foster, met her on a passing train, and returned to her the ring. By a later train, I followed her to her Woman's Foreign Missionary Society meeting at Clayton, N. J. At night in the church; and guest of Dr. Buckingham.

On the 29th, escorted Miss Foster to Philadelphia. As she and her cousin, Miss Scott, preferred to do their shopping alone, I left, and went to Newark, Del., for the day; and returned to Mr. Malone's. The next morning, I was agreeably surprised to find Miss Foster in the house. After she had bidden Miss Scott good-by on the previous day, she had missed her train to Lakewood; and availing herself of the generous courtesies that Mrs. Malone had shown her, she had come there for refuge. And Mrs. Malone joined her in her shopping.

On Saturday, October 1, to Bustleton, Trenton, and Princeton, guest of my cousin, Mrs. Mary Wood. On Sunday, in the First Church at Princeton. On the 3d, to Lawrenceville, for my final packings. On the 5th, closed all by boxes, and went

to New York. There heard of the death of Miss Susan Dewsnap. When I left Kângwe, she was at Benita, but, had been transferred to Kângwe. The first missionary death in the Ogowe. In evening at church of Rev. Dr. Marling. On October 7, with good-bys at the Mission House, went to Freehold, Rev. Dr. Chandler, and with Miss Foster dined with Mrs. Ex-Governor Parker, president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, of which Miss Foster was secretary. And in the afternoon, with her at a reception at Mr. Richardson's female seminary, where was the presentation of a parlor organ, as a marriage-gift, by Miss Foster's friends of the Monmouth Presbytery Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. And, I returned to Philadelphia.

On Sunday, the 9th, in the morning, to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of church of Rev. Dr. Johnstone, Kensington. And, in the evening, with Rev. Drs. Johnstone, and R. M. Patterson, my farewell, at Mr. Malone's church. In the audience were my sister, and Misses Jones and Walker, recently arrived from Africa, the latter on furlough. That farewell address rounded out a list of almost 200 addresses that I made in the United States during my less than eighteen months furlough in the United States.

On October 10, I left, for Lakewood. In its admiration for Miss Foster, Lakewood had taken the marriage arrangements out of the hands of the Foster family, and she was to be married from the home of Rev. Dr. Dashiell. The ceremony was held in the Presbyterian Church in the evening, at the hands of Rev. Isaac Todd, assisted by Rev. Dr. Dashiell and Rev. A. H. Brown.

I made a public acknowledgment of thanks, through the Lakewood paper.

CHAPTER XX

A HONEYMOON, OCTOBER–DECEMBER, 1881

ON Tuesday, October 11, I was forty-six years of age. After signing of some documents before a notary public, Mrs. Nassau and I, in company with Mrs. Ex-Governor Parker went to Jersey City, where was a meeting of her New Jersey Synodical Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. And, thence on to Philadelphia, guests of Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Malone.

TRANS-ATLANTIC VOYAGE TO LIVERPOOL.

On Wednesday, October 12, with some final errands, and much difficulty about baggage, Mrs. Nassau and I were at the pier, of the American liner *Ohio,* where more than seventy of our friends were awaiting us. Among our fellow passengers for Africa were Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Gault, and Rev. W. H. Robinson. Of the days on the steamer, I kept little distinct memory. It was a stormy, seasick passage. One day was clear; and, covered with coats and shawls, Mrs. Nassau and I sat on deck studying French. The captain, Morrison, was a Roman Catholic, and showed us little attention.

On the first Sunday, the 16th, the purser, Williams, proposed having a religious service; which, at his request (as Messrs. Gault and Robinson were not feeling well) I conducted. But, during the rest of the way, I also was too nauseated to either read or write. We passed days, shut in, sitting at the top of the companion-way, to escape from the close saloon. There was a succession of storms and gales. One day, three sails were torn away, and two boats were slightly damaged. For several hours, one day, we "lay to," and, part of the time, we went southeast, out of our route, to escape the direction of the waves. On the second Sunday, the 23d, there was no opportunity given for a religious service. This was so unsatisfactory to Mrs. Nassau, that, in the evening, she and I, with the other three missionaries, and four other ladies, gathered around the saloon piano, and sang to Mrs. Nassau's playing of hymns.

The next day, we reached Queenstown, and were told that we had escaped the worst storm that the British coasts had known for years. On Tuesday, the 25th, we landed at Liverpool.

IN LIVERPOOL.

The very efficient agent of our board, Mr. Christie, had thoughtfully sent his clerk, Mr. Robertson, to await the steamer's arrival at the dock, to assist us with our baggage, and to direct us to the boarding-house chosen for us. I had promised Mrs. Nassau that she should see London. But, we were disappointed when told that there would be no time, with our many shoppings in Liverpool, as our African steamer, *Corisco,* was to sail on the following Saturday. In the evening, I took our entire party to a philharmonic concert. The music was very fine, and the audience fashionable. In leaving Philadelphia, a photograph was desired of Mrs. Nassau in her wedding-dress; but, the dress had been left at Lakewood. I promised her brother that, if he would send it by a fast New York line, it would reach Liverpool before us, and I would have the photograph taken there. The dress was awaiting us. But, we had to go to Photographer Vandyke twice before he could find weather clear enough in Liverpool's fog. Then, it was a success. On Thursday, the 27th, my associates took Mrs. Nassau and myself on a day's outing to Old Chester.

VOYAGE FROM LIVERPOOL TO LIBREVILLE.

On Saturday, the 29th, there were still incompleted errands; and, we hurried to the dock, for the tender to the steamer *Corisco.* Among the passengers, there was the pleasure of having seven other clergymen besides myself and my two associates. From the British Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, Rev. W. T. Pullen, for Gambia; Rev. G. Lowe, for Bathurst; Rev. H. Williams, for Sierra Leone; Rev. M. J. Elliott, for the Niger; and Rev. G. W. Baxter, for Lagos. From the U. P. Church of Scotland, Rev. Messrs. David Williams and David Marshall of Edinburgh. These two gentlemen were going on a visit of inspection of their Calabar Mission.

On Sunday, October 30, at the morning service, I preached, assisted by Messrs. Elliott and Marshall. Captain Hamilton was a kind fatherly man. He gave Mrs. Nassau the seat of honor. The voyage across the Bay of Biscay was stormy. On Saturday, November 5, anchored in the Bay of Funchal, Madeira

Island. We all went ashore, and breakfasted at a hotel; and saw the sights of the streets of the town.

On Sunday, the 6th, at the morning service, Rev. Mr. Lowe preached. Splendid watching of the Peak of Teneriffe. Anchored in the afternoon; but, Mrs. Nassau and I did not go ashore. On Monday, the 7th, reached Las Palmas, Grand Canary, and wished to go ashore; but, the captain said that his stay would be too short. On Friday, the 11th, entered the Gambia River, anchoring after dark. The pleasant sounds of church-bells ringing.

November 12, Saturday, we all went ashore, on invitation of Mr. Pullen. Mrs. Nassau was exceedingly interested in the strange and varied sights of people, customs, animals, trees, flowers, etc.; especially the new experience of being carried ashore from the boat, like a baby, in the arms of one of the native boatmen. While we were at the "breakfast" of the Wesleyan Mission House, Mandingo ponies (for which I had inquired of Mr. Pullen) came for sale. I bought one for $70, for Mrs. Nassau. (That was part of a marriage-present of $100 from Mr. Wm. Patten, which I had tried to divide with her. But, she had refused to accept it before marriage.) While Mrs. Nassau and the others returned to the steamer, I remained to buy fodder for the horse, and to make arrangements for the animal's being sent on board. An English trader consented to do it, as a favor; and, I expected it to be done that day.

November 13, was not like Sunday. The decks in confusion, and goods being received from shore. In a lighter alongside was lying my horse, dead. The sling, which the English trader used around the animal's body, when the crane at the pier lifted it, to deposit it in the lighter, was old and rotten. It tore; and, the horse fell, breaking its neck. Nobody's fault! Not the captain's: he was not responsible; for, *it had not reached his deck*. Nor the trader's; for, he had been doing the job, *only as a favor*. Mr. Pullen's native church-member was on board, holding me to my promise, *to pay him on the steamer*. It was unpleasant Sunday work "paying for a dead horse"; but, I relieved Mrs. Nassau's anxiety by promptly paying it. Captain Hamilton gave permission for services in the afternoon. Rev. Mr. Williams preached, assisted by Messrs. Gault and Baxter.

November 15, Tuesday, in the harbor of Freetown, Sierra Leone. American consul, Mr. J. A. Lewis, came off to us, and took ashore Mrs. Nassau, Mrs. Gault, Mr. Robinson and myself; and we visited Mr. May's Wesleyan high school; ex-

amined classes; listened to boys' speeches and singing; and made speeches ourselves. Consul Lewis took Mrs. Nassau and myself to Mr. and Mrs. Burton's Annie Walsh Memorial Female Seminary, where we were most courteously received as guests for the night. Returned to the steamer next day.

On Thursday, the 17th, reached Cape Mesurado, of the city of Monrovia, Liberia. I went ashore with Mr. Elliott: made a number of visits on prominent individuals; and we brought back with us as a visitor, a Methodist missionary lady, Miss Sharpe, to meet our missionary company.

Friday, the 18th, the steamer stopped for a little while at Bassa on the Liberian coast. There was lying there the *Senegal* from the south. It brought news of the death of Miss Sutherland of Scotch U. P. Calabar Mission. And, I sent letters, with some orders from Mrs. Nassau, to America. That evening, as we sat on deck, we saw the North Star low down near the horizon. Perhaps we would never see it again! (She did not.) We thought of the distant friends, in another hemisphere, for whom it never sank. By Saturday, the 19th, we were near Grand Cess; and, while there, the steamer slowed, fired, and whistled; and, a crowd of Kru-men came off, to be hired. But, not enough of them. So, we anchored off Cape Palmas; and another crowd came. Mrs. Nassau was exceedingly interested in watching the excited paddling of canoes, the shouts of the half-naked men, and the purser's enrolling of 40 of them, who were to do all the ship's work of loading, discharging, and stoking while on the hot west coast, the white crew being given but little labor there. Off again, at 6 P. M., into the Gulf of Guinea.

Sunday, November 20, at morning service, Rev. Mr. Elliott preached, assisted by Messrs. Robinson and Baxter. The steamer stopped for a little while in afternoon, at Cape Lahu; and, in the evening, at Half-Jack. I sang hymns during the day with Mrs. Nassau. And, at night, until late in the night, our entire ministerial company continued the singing. Monday, the 21st, for a little while, at both Grand Bassam and Assinee. An awning was fixed over the quarter-deck where we could sit in shawls and coats, even in cold rains. The homeward bound *Benguela* took letters for us.

On Tuesday, the 22d, at Axim, and at Elmina. On Wednesday, November 23, in the morning at Cape Coast Castle, with its old Fort Nassau, so named when possessed by the Dutch; now a British possession. There, Mr. Elliott left, to go to his station. In the evening at Winnebah.

Thursday, the 24th. The partings from America were frequently in Mrs. Nassau's memory. There is no Thanksgiving Day on the ocean; but, I wrote a little special letter for her that pleased her. In the afternoon, with Mr. Robinson, Mrs. Nassau and I went ashore at Accra (the location of Bishop Heber's "Where Afric's Sunny Fountains Roll Down Their Golden Sands"); to the trading-house of the German Basel Mission, of a Mr. Rottmann, who entertained us, until at night we went back in a boat that was most skilfully handled through the surf.

On Friday, November 25, at Addah, near the mouth of the Volta. And, in the afternoon, to Quitta, just beyond Jellah Coffee, where the steamer bought large quantities of fowls, eggs, and vegetables. And, at night, on toward Lagos. Saturday, the 26th, at Lagos. Mr. Baxter went ashore to his mission. Remembering my pleasant experiences at Lagos in 1880, I wished to take Mrs. Nassau ashore. But, our captain was sick, and no arrangements could be made.

Sunday, the 27th: The farther that we went on our way from civilization, the good manners of the steamer lessened. Our christian company had diminished. But, though work of loading and discharging was going on, we nevertheless held morning service. Rev. Mr. Marshall preached, and I assisted. A passenger, Dr. O'Reilly and the ship's doctor were drinking to excess. In the afternoon, rapidly toward Bonny.

Monday, the 28th, passed the Nun mouth of the Niger; and rapidly entered another mouth of the Delta, the Bonny, and anchored just at dark. On deck in the evening, with my guitar, singing for Mrs. Nassau. It was the seventh weekly return of our marriage day. Next day, a small steamer, the *Mpongwe*, was seen at anchor. It belonged to Gaboon. I went to it, and heard news of our mission; and, of Mrs. Bacheler's safe confinement at Libreville. Returning to the *Corisco*, Captain Hamilton gave his own gig, with a special crew of six, and two extra bearers, and sent me and Mrs. Nassau with Messrs. Robinson and Marshall ashore to the English Episcopal Mission of Rev. and Mrs. Crowther, taking our ways through streets and paths that gave Mrs. Nassau a wonderful revelation of native scenes. On the 30th, started in afternoon, slowly toward the old Calabar River.

Thursday, the 31st, up the Calabar River. On anchoring at Duketown, Rev. Mr. Ross came promptly on board, and invited us all to go ashore to his house. (He was the missionary, whose doings the Scotch delegation had come to investigate.) Pres-

ently, a great sight was seen, King Eyo's boat (a christian king), a six-oared gig, with his large 68-foot war canoe with drums, flags, cannon, rattles, songs, etc., containing himself and Rev. Mr. Edgerly, from Creektown. They were coming to welcome the delegation. Mr. Edgerly, finding Mrs. Nassau, accorded her the courtesy which she had been receiving on the entire journey, as a bride. He placed the delegation in the canoe with the King, and took Mrs. Nassau and myself in the gig with himself. And, the two crafts sped their triumphant way over the two miles to Creektown, and to the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Edgerly, and Miss Edgerly, and Mr. and Mrs. Goldie, and Miss Johnston. We were overwhelmed with christian and missionary hospitality. A walk through the premises, with its trees and flowers, and gardens was intensely gratifying to Mrs. Nassau.

The next day, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Edgerly's generous home, we visited the old King, who, with marked politeness, provided the boat for our return to the *Corisco,* first making a short call at Mr. Ross', before embarking again on the steamer.

Calabar is a most unhealthy river. Even foreign animals suffered from its heat. An English trader there, a Mr. Gillis, brought on board a handsome English dog, to be taken away from the trying climate. We missed the companionship of Messrs. Williams and Marshall. As we left the hot river, and reached the sea, its cool breeze was fine.

Saturday, December 3, reached the Santa Isabel harbor of the Spanish island of Fernando Po. The homeward bound steamer, *Mayumba,* was lying there; and we wrote hasty notes for America. Continuing the southward journey, out of sight of land, in the Bight of Biafra, I noted the points of time when we would be passing the stations in our mission regions of Batanga and Benita. On Sunday, December 4th, we were entering Corisco Bay towards Elobi Island, places whose waters and shores were full of memories for me, as I pointed them out to Mrs. Nassau. As our original christian company of eleven was reduced to less than half, the remaining five held a private Bible-reading study, instead of any attempt at preaching service. Leaving Elobi in the afternoon, we rounded to seaward of Corisco Island, and down to the Gaboon mouth for the night.

On Monday, December 5, our two months' voyage ended in the Libreville harbor. A new missionary, Rev. G. C. Campbell, in the mission boat, accompanied by Dr. Bacheler, came off to take us all ashore. Stopping at the lower Baraka house to salute Mrs. Bacheler and baby Otis, we were finally rested, with

Mrs. Bushnell and Mrs. Ogden, in the upper house. (The latter was a fellow New Jersey-woman, from Mrs. Nassau's own Monmouth Presbytery.) In the evening, was held a pleasant prayer-meeting, of welcome.

AT ANNUAL MEETINGS.

On evening of the 6th, another prayer meeting was held at Mr. Campbell's; led by Rev. Wm. Walker. In evening of Wednesday, the 7th, the usual church prayer meeting was led by Rev. W. H. Robinson. After which Dr. Bacheler and I had flute duets. On Thursday, the 8th, nine of our mission company went to the Plateau, to make the official call of the new arrivals on the French commandant. (As a very rare thing on the African coast, he had with him his wife and children from France.) On the 10th, we had an amusing time at Mr. Campbell's. He wished to weigh and measure the entire mission. The entire twelve men and women weighed 1500 pounds, of which, mine were 144, and Mrs. Nassau's 130.

Sunday, the 11th, Rev. W. C. Gault preached in the morning, and I in the evening. At night, I recognized again the low wailing cry of the night animal that had so distressed me when I first went to Benita in October, 1865. I was never able to discover what it was. There was a native legend about it, for which I called it "the transformed matricide."

All those days, we were waiting for Rev. Messrs. De Heer and Ibiya to arrive, for annual meetings of Mission and Presbytery. The latter arrived on the 12th. While waiting for them, I had painted the *Swan*, the little four-oared boat, a wedding-present to Mrs. Nassau from friends in Batavia and other parts of Western New York. Mr. De Heer arrived next day; and meetings began. During the following several days' sessions, there were some discussions that were not entirely harmonious. These grated on Mrs. Nassau's feelings, and pained her. From her high point of christian consecration, she had assumed that, of all people, missionaries would be at peace. The disillusion was a painful one, and it contributed, together with the reaction of excitement of arrival, in the African climate, to a feverish attack that sent her to bed. We were waiting for transportation to the Ogowe by some river-steamer.

THE RETURN TO THE OGOWE.

On Thursday, December 22, at noon, we were surprised by a sudden word from Mr. Schultze, agent of the German house,

that the *Mpongwe* would take us at 4 P. M. Although Mrs. Nassau was still in bed, her case was not at all dangerous; and, I felt that she would be happier, away from the confusions of Baraka, and in the Ogowe home where she was looking toward her own work. Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Gault, and Mrs. Ogden efficiently assisted in packing her trunks. And, we were on board at the appointed hour. Mrs. Bacheler with her babe joined us, going to remove her household effects from Kângwe. On Friday, the 23d, we entered the Ogowe; traveled all day, and reached Angâla at night. Continuing next day, I pointed out to Mrs. Nassau familiar places on the river. The weather was very hot; and the insects at night exceedingly distressing. The only sleeping-place for the two ladies and the babe was a mattress placed after supper on the table in the little dining-room. Reached the German house at Lembarene, in the afternoon of the 25th. So unlike a home-land Christmas! Mr. Schiff gave his boat and crew for Mrs. Bacheler and babe, and Mrs. Nassau and myself, I towing the *Swan* for the mile row around the island to Kângwe.

On the way, I transferred Mrs. Nassau to the *Swan,* and rowed it myself. The church bell was rung as a christian welcome. And, we landed at Andĕndĕ, guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Reading. The next day, Mr. Reading summoned a crowd of natives with loud firing of guns for a social welcome; and, at night a native torch-light procession as a reception.

CHAPTER XXI

PROSPECTING AGAIN, JANUARY, 1882

THE changes at Kângwe, during my absence of nineteen months, had been many. Mrs. Smith had returned to the United States, in the first stages of consumption (from which she never recovered). Miss Dewsnap died, and was buried at Baraka. Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler had left, and were living at Gaboon. Mr. and Mrs. Reading with their infant daughter, had returned from America, and had taken the doctor's place, but had chosen to locate at Andĕndĕ, where they had built a large comfortable bamboo house. The abandoned buildings on the Hill looked dilapidated. But, Mrs. Nassau took up her temporary home there. She assisted Mrs. Bacheler in getting together her goods to be transported to Libreville. Mrs. Bacheler's little babe, though not *born* in the Ogowe, was the first white boy in it: just as Mr. Reading's infant, though not born in the Ogowe, was the first white girl in it. Mr. Robinson was to come to Kângwe, to take charge of the church. As to myself, I was only a guest; had been bidden by the mission, to make a new station up-river, " not within fifty miles of Kângwe." And, the English house, Mr. Sinclair's, had been removed from Aguma to a site in the main stream near the French post Lembarene.

On Sunday, January 1, 1882, I conducted public service in the church (which had been completed during my absence in the United States), to an audience of some seventy people. Also Sabbath school in the afternoon; and monthly concert in the evening. Mrs. Nassau was longing to acquire the language, so that she could teach. There seemed a gratifying interest in the church: the monthly concert, collection was $3. From the very first, I had told our converts that they must take the work from our hands, and help themselves. On Monday, the 2d, I went to King Ra-Noki, to ask him for men and a canoe, to make a journey of inspection of the river, in order to select a site for my new station. He was exorbitant. Really, I think that he did not wish trade-monopoly to be injured by allowing a white man to build in the Interior. Returned: and at Atangina,

ENGLISH TRADING STEAMER AT AGUMA, LAMBARENE

Re-Nkombe was pleased to be honored with the commission which the "king" had declined, especially as the former was going anyhow on a trade-errand of his own. And, I was pleased that Akendenge came voluntarily, and asked to accompany me as cook and general assistant, as I was to go with my own canoe and crew, under Re-Nkombe's escort and protection. During all those days, Mrs. Bacheler and Mrs. Nassau were busy packing for the former, both of them at times sick from anxiety, and waiting for the return of the *Mpongwe* from the Ngunye.

When it was known on the 5th, that that vessel was fast aground in that river, Mrs. Bacheler accepted Mr. Sinclair's offer of passage by the *Pioneer*, for Saturday, the 7th. And that almost worn out vessel safely carried away her, her babe, and household possessions on Sunday, the 8th. It was a relief to her to have an end to her trying delays. And, then, on Monday, January 9, Mrs. Nassau was to be left alone on the Hill; for, Re-Nkombe came with the crew he had engaged for me; and, I was packing my boxes at Andĕndĕ.

A custom of all tribes in Africa, of giving to a river a different name in different portions of its course, has proved confusing to many travelers. At Benita, the native name of whose river was Eyo, its upper course was known as the Lolo. The upper portion of the Gaboon (Makwĕngĕ) was called Nkâmi (mis-pronounced by foreigners, "Komo"). The Ogowe, above its junction with the Ngunye, was called by the Galwas, "Okanda," because of the tribe of that name, dwelling on its upper portion. I was told much about the Cataracts of the Ogowe on its way to the Akanda people. The object of my journey was not only to find a proper site for my new station ("not less than fifty miles distant from Kângwe") but, to see "the lay of the land" with reference to future extension into the Interior. Also, I had not forgotten about the Okota tribe, their dialect closely simulating the Benga, whom I had hoped to meet on my original entrance into the Ogowe in 1874. I was told that they had retired interior-ward. There was a possibility of my being able to utilize my fluency in Benga with them.

JOURNEY TO OKOTA AND OKANDA.

On Tuesday, January 10, with good-bys to Mrs. Nassau, went to Andĕndĕ, and with my crew of nine paddles, in a canoe borrowed of Mr. Reading (laden with salt and other goods for purchase of provisions on the way) I started up-river. Lunched in the forest near the Ngunye mouth. While there, Re-Nkombe

and his two canoes over-took me. Spent the night at Mr. Ermy's island house. And Re-Nkombe delayed me there, all of next day.

On Thursday, the 12th, continued our way; and passed Belambla without stopping. Heard that two of the adjacent villages, those of Apekwe and Wâlinja, were having "a war." Stopped for the night at Ntambi's old town. There, found a Mpongwe man going down-river; by whom I sent a note to Mrs. Nassau. Friday, the 13th: As the journey of that day would bring me to places I had never visited, I carefully made record of their names. There was the large town, Ngwilaka, of a Fañwe chief, Njâgudemba, on the right bank. At meal time, stopped to eat at Isosa Point, among Bakĕle, who recognized my name as "the friend of Kasa." Passed, on the right bank, the mouth of a river, Abange; and was told that its source was near to that of the Rĕmbwe. (At once, I thought of the possibility of overland connection with Gaboon; and, even of a line of stations toward Angom and Baraka.) And, the mouth of a lagoon, Nkogo, on the left bank, which, I was told, came from a lake.

A half-hour later, passed, on the right bank, a high point, somewhat like Kângwe Hill, called Erere-volo (big tree) with Fañwe villages on it. Opposite to it, on the left bank, was a little creek, Ijĕ. Stopped for the night in the forest at a camp, Emani-jembo (the ended song) within sound of Fañwe villages.

Saturday the 14th; passed a small creek on the right bank Banganye. A mile beyond was a second mouth, indicating a lagoon. After dark, came to a point, Yeña, on the left bank, with an Akĕle town, friends of Kasa. They welcomed me as his friend. The land on the opposite bank was high. Just beyond Yeña was the point Evenganomi, where, in the rainy season, the water rushes with violence. Just beyond the point was a small creek, on the left bank, coming from a lake or lagoon.

The river soon narrowed to about 600 yards, with high ground on both sides. On the left bank, passed a creek; the stretch of land near it was called Opokonjonga. The people of Yeña formerly lived there. A mile farther, was the beginning of the Hills, which I had seen in the distance, looking up in Belambla days. Those hills were constantly coming out in fine outline, with steep red and yellow clay sides; and the river deepening, and narrowing to 500 yards. Stopped to eat at the end of the Opokonjonga district, in an Akĕle village Sanjâla, of a man Njwivinjânda, where was living a Galwa trader, Olimbo.

ANDENDE BOAT-LANDING

Facing page 47

I admired the three fine hills of Ikoke on the right bank. I was more than "fifty miles from Kângwe," and was giving special scrutiny of all desirable-looking places.

Re-Nkombe delayed there the remainder of that day. And, in accordance with my bargain with him, there was no traveling the next day, Sunday, the 15th. On the Saturday night, I awoke with extreme pain in my right ear, and recognized that an insect was struggling there. I hastily lit my candle, melted a little butter, (having no oil) and poured it into my ear. The struggles of the insect, for a few moments, were aggravated, and then ceased. (Ever after that, I put cotton into my ears at night, on journeys. A month later, a ball of wax, in which was embalmed a large ant, fell out of my ear.) During the day, I talked with the Bakĕle about God; planned for my work; and sang hymns. Saw a dead slave thrown into the river. (Slaves were not worthy of burial!)

On Monday, the 16th, left letters with Olimbo, to be sent to Kângwe. Fine rows of hills. There was a little sand-bar, on the left bank, at the mouth of a small creek, Okume. And, a little cove and rivulet, Olende, on the left bank, which gave its name to that district. A fine site, on the opposite (right) bank, where was trading a Nkâmi man, Animba, a sub to a Goree man, Isamba. This man, Animba, with some Fañwe, seeing a white man in the canoe, crossed to us; and objected to my proceeding. Re-Nkombe assured them that I was not a trader. But, I felt, from this, that I might have some difficulty in attempting to settle much farther beyond them. Really, their action made me look more closely for a possible site near them. Passed a very large rock, in the river, near the right bank, which was called Talaguga (sight of woe). (This was a contraction of Italajaiguga.) My people said that the name was given because of the difficulty that the swift current beyond caused all travelers. Then, on the right bank, was a small creek Lebo. In the middle of the morning, we came to an island, Njoli, on whose lower end was a hut, remains of a camp occupied by DeBrazza, on his expeditions. We ate at the island's upper end; and had some very hard pulling beyond. No villages above Njoli, on either side. The current became swifter, and river narrower.

Three miles beyond Njoli was Asange Island, where a white man, Smith, had attempted to locate; but, the lower tribes compelled him to leave. There was a little creek of the same name, and the district also was called Asange. [It is now the site of the "Njoli Post" of the French Government.] Fañwe were

living on the right bank. There was a small island, Adĕke, the farthest point reached by Mr. Bruce Walker in his little steam tug, *Delta*, in his attempt to open the Ogowe, on his second entrance into it. We passed the night on a sand-bar, a short distance above Adĕke.

Tuesday, the 17th, we passed a series of islands, with rough water, where progress was made, not by paddling but by poling. Near them, were Bakĕle fishing-huts. After lunching at Elivanyĕngĕ, opposite to a lagoon on the right bank, we passed more islands. The Okota hills, seen the day before, were nearer. Passed only one Fânwe village. Passed some Bakota villages near small sandy islands, Ikâkâsâña. There was an island, Okamba, having on it young oil palm-trees, the first I had seen, in all that region. Stopped, for the night, on the beach of the Okota town, Isangaladi. Its old head-man, Mbângâ (Taker) and a man, Afanga (Fear not) each presented me with a fowl. There was a Hill, Idomba-njâku (elephant-height), probably 800 feet high, just in the rear of the villages. (I thought of Isangaladi, as *the* station of the future. The Okota names were so very much like Benga!)

On Wednesday, the 18th, had not gone far, when we entered the rapids, where progress was made, only by the crews towing the canoes along the shore. On the left bank was a ridge like a back-bone, running from a hill-top to the water-side, in which was said to be a large cavern.

A hill, thrice as high as Kângwe, and of the same name, on the right bank, opposite to Alĕmbe Island, where were trading two Mpongwes, one of them, Dowe, husband of my friend Njivo. The river was cut up into many channels. Stopped to eat on the left bank, opposite to the mouth of the Okono River. A most beautiful picture of mountains, hills, river, lake-like enclosures, islands, blue sky, fleecy clouds, fine northeast breeze, varied colors of green. The rapids had become so pronounced, that Re-Nkombe said that it was not safe for any to sit in the canoes, while the crews waded and dragged them up. He ordered, "All the women, children, and useless persons! Get out, and walk around the falls!" The two women, one child, and all the crews, except one steersman in each canoe, got out. I sat still. He looked at me inquiringly, and said, "Did you not hear what I said?" "Yes: but, am not I useful?" (I knew what he had meant by "useless," i. e., those who were not to work at dragging on the rope.) He, with great courtesy replied, "Yes! So useful, that your life is too precious to be risked over these

falls." (Miss Kingsley has described those falls, in a most graphic manner.) The Inenga tribe are said to have come from the Okono River.

There were a series of mountings of the cataracts, by the passengers landing, and walking around them. Some of the hillsides were bare of forest, showing the beginnings of elevated prairie-lands. At one of the falls, my canoe filled, and some goods were spoiled. Stopped for the night at the head of the Alĕmbe Cataracts, on a strip of sand in the Olângi channel. I was wet, and with no bed on which to sleep.

Thursday, the 19th, none of us started in good spirits. And, shortly after starting, came to falls so steep, that I was not willing to risk the canoe and its goods; and, I had it dragged flatly overland around the falls. The Osĕnge Rapids were strong. Then, we came to the open Ipatye prairie-hillside, on the right bank. All afternoon, we stopped at a village on Mbumba Island, to dry the goods of the day before. While there, came a Frenchman from the Interior, sick, on his way to the Coast. I gave him medicine and tins of milk, and sent a letter by him to Mrs. Nassau. Passed a miserable night in the rain.

On Friday, the 20th, started late. And, soon came to a very bad place, Agâsi-nganga, near the Mbumba Island. Passed an island, Ngozyo (Parrot) opposite to the dangerous Ikobe rocks in the channel. The Okota prairie hillsides increased in number and size. The crew became enthusiastic in saluting new points as they opened to view. A series of rapids and small islands called Elanga.

I was attracted by what I thought would be a fine building-site, on the open prairie-side, in front of Elanga. The right bank had formerly been occupied by Bakota, but they were driven away by the Osheba clan of Fañwe. Came to an Okota village of a young man Elânde, where a Galwa, Awuronjâgu, was trading. My canoe was too heavily laden, and I left some of my provisions with him. There were two other villages near by, all three called by the same name. The men and women of the town were friendly; and, in the evening, I had prayer with them.

Saturday, the 21st: I was delighted with the place; and, with thought of a possible location there, ascended a hill. I thought it the finest view I had had in Africa. I noted (a most important matter for any station) where the spring of water was. Passed a spot on the left bank, Isonge, where was a good-sized creek, with fine fresh water. After going on some distance, I

waited for Re-Nkombe, who had delayed to collect a trade-debt. Finally, he sent me word, that he would wait at Isonge, over Sunday, for his debt. So, late in the afternoon, I returned to him, as Isonge was the last Okota village on the river: all beyond were Osheba and Apinji. At Isonge were huts finer than I had expected to see. But, the people were not as polite as those of Elanga.

On Sunday, the 22d, there was a great deal of trading going on; but, I held a little meeting; and walked among the huts and conversed. From the top of the hill, I had a fine view of Mt. Otombo, a few miles eastward. Was told that, on its top was a lake. Usually, there was a bank of clouds resting on it. By Monday, the 23d, I determined to return to Kângwe; because, (1) I was wearied with Re-Nkombe's delays; (2) The water was falling so rapidly, that, if I went on to Okanda, immediate return would become more difficult, and perhaps impossible; and I might be detained at Okanda for a month; (3) My stage of water was unfortunate. I should have started earlier (December) before it fell so low; or, later (February) when it would be beginning to rise; (4) My stock of goods ($150) was too great for a canoe the size of mine. The canoe itself was right; but, one-third of the quantity of goods I had would have been sufficient; (5) The real object of the journey (the seeking of a site) was already accomplished by what I had seen at Njoli, and in Okota; (6) To go on to Okanda would be only for the gratification of curiosity and adventure; and, I would not do that while Mrs. Nassau was so alone at Kângwe; from which place, I calculated that I was distant at least 150 miles. Got rid of my unnecessary weight of goods, for safer descent of the Rapids, by loaning them to Re-Nkombe. He was glad to get them, for his trade, and he was to repay me in building materials or food.

I took a parting view of Mt. Otombo; and started down-river. Stopped at Elânde's village; and, went, with some of his people, to examine a hill near by, for a possible station. It was a fine site, between an excellent rivulet of water, Abekâ, on the west, and Nyare on the east. Stopped at Awuronjâgu's to get my farinya. Remaining in the canoe, I descended in safety the rapids of Agâsi-nganga, where the crew said, that, in the dry season, there was a hollow in the river-bed, from which, if stones were thrown into it, there would come a sound like beating of a copper kettle, and the water would boil up. Stopped to eat at the lower end of Mbumba Island. And, there, the crew crossed very carefully to the Fañwe side (the right bank) to find a safe

descent. Going down those rapids was like bumping down a flight of stairs; but, it was successfully accomplished.

At the spot, at Alĕmbe, where, on coming up, the canoe had swamped, I took two of the men, and leaving the remainder of the crew to find their dangerous descent by one of the many channels, I walked around the falls, as far as the trading-house of Dowe and Iveke. They were absent; but, one of their people opened a hut for me. I had a cold, and the walk had thrown me into a profuse perspiration; and, I needed a safe bed. Fine view of Kângwe Mountain.

On Wednesday, the 25th, on rising, was surprised to find Dowe returned. I gave him part of my farinya supply. Came on to Isangaladi. And stopped to eat at the sandy beach of Ikâkâsâña. Met Laseni, in a half-dozen heavily-laden canoes, at the head of Asange Island. He handed me a letter, of date, January 14, from Mrs. Nassau. I came on my way rejoicing! Laseni warned us not to stop at the Fañwe villages near Italaguga Rock. Slept on Njoli Island. January 26; the crew, alarmed by Laseni, were afraid; and, I therefore could not stop at points I wished to inspect. Stopped at a village of an old man, Mamyaga, where was trading the man Animba. The latter was not afraid; he said that Laseni's reported assault by Fañwe on a Frenchman was true; but, not of those Fañwe. Mamyaga's people wished me to settle among them; but, I did not like their site. With Animba, I returned up-river, stopping at a number of places. I liked particularly, one on the left bank, above Njoli. [Later it was occupied by the Roman Catholic mission.] And another, two miles below Njoli, with a large rock in the river opposite the mouth of a little creek, a short distance below big Italaguga Rock. [This, I finally selected, as my Talaguga.] I felt sick from my cold; and slept again on Njoli. During the interval of my absence up the river, De Brazza's camp hut had been plundered of its flag and part of its thatch, by Njâgu-demba's people. Friday, the 27th, continued my examination of sites. Stopped at Nyare's village.

At Mamyaga's (where I made medicine for his sore toe) had a long talk about sites. Held evening prayers. But, as the crew professed to have some fear of remaining in the town (their real reason was a desire to reach Olimbo's) I left, and spent the night in the forest. Rain came, but, with my overcoat, I managed to keep my breast dry.

Saturday, the 28th. Rose stiff and wet. Went on to Olimbo's and engaged him to have thatch made ready for me, when I

should come to build a hut. From my supply of goods, paid him (river custom) in advance. My goods, so unnecessarily great for the journey, came, at once, of use, for buying building material. Came on down, and ate on the sand-bank opposite to Erere-volo. And, thence the crew, fearing both the Akĕle and Fañwe sides of the river, kept to midstream (though, in passing the Goree Island, we were told that there was no reason for fearing the Bakĕle) and stopped for the night at Mr. Ermy's, who assured me that there was no real reason for my crew having feared the Fañwe side. I would have done well to have stopped and made friends with Njâgu-demba.

Had a good rest, and held a meeting at Mr. Ermy's on Sunday, the 29th. On Monday, the 30th, down-river to Andĕndĕ, where Mrs. Nassau was awaiting at the landing, and Mrs. Reading on the veranda, and bells were ringing, and boys were shouting. Mr. Robinson had arrived from Gaboon, with my *Nelly-Howard*. And, I went to my former house on the Hill; where, also, Mr. Robinson was located. That night, the canoe was stolen. Then, for several days I rested, and arranged for Mrs. Nassau.

JOURNEY TO NJOLI.

After I had explained to my associates at Kângwe, about the several sites I had inspected in the vicinity of Njoli Island, and how I had reduced my choice to three, Mr. Reading kindly offered to go with me and help to select. With a crew of six, in a boat, we started up-river on Friday, February 10th, and spent the night at Mr. Ermy's. On the 11th, stopped at Belambla, and was very much pleased to see that the grounds were cared for by two Bakĕle, Azune and Kange. Stopped for the night at Mbomi. A meeting was held on Sunday, the 12th, and, afterward, plans were discussed whether we should attempt to run by the large Fañwe town Ngwilaka, of Njâgu-demba (in sight, up-river, on the other side) or, whether we should stop there, and try to make friends.

On Monday, the 13th, stopped at Ngwilaka; and, with the assistance of a friendly Mpongwe trader there, Njalĕle, Njâgu-demba's demand that we should not pass his place, was so changed, that he consented to go as passenger and guide with us, and help us against any demands of other chiefs, until we should reach our desired point, Njoli. Slept on the sand-bar at Erere-volo. Went on up-river, on the 14th, inspecting many places; and slept at Olimbo's.

On Wednesday, the 15th, continued our inspection; and slept on Njoli. Mr. Reading was exceedingly displeased with me, because I did not consent to the site he selected. Of the three, which, by a process of exclusion, I had fixed on, he promptly rejected one (the site on which, later, was built the Roman Catholic station, near Asange); and I agreed with him. He wished me to take Njoli Island. I would have done so, but for the reason that I considered that De Brazza, a French Government official, had pre-empted it. The remains of his hut still stood there; and, only a short time before it was covered by a French flag. The taking of it was, to me, impossible.

The only remaining desirable site was at "little-rock" Talaguga. But, my decision offended Mr. Reading profoundly. It is true also, that he and I differed radically as to the *object* of a station at that point. While we agreed that some station in that vicinity was desirable, it being sixty-five miles from Kângwe ("not less than fifty miles") he thought that it should be a large thoroughly equipped station, with schools, etc., and therefore it would need a wide open area, such as Njoli afforded. I thought of the station as only a way-house, on the road to some larger one in the Interior at Isangaladi or Okota. (*That* was the idea of the government, from their Post at Lembarene to their interior Post at Lasteurville.) My definite reasons were: — (1) Talaguga was at the head of comfortable *boat* navigation. Beyond it, travel would be by canoes. (2) In my desire for penetration into the Interior, I did not expect that the occupant of Talaguga would have a school of any size, and therefore needed no large space for buildings. His chief duty would be to receive, at Talaguga's excellent landing, the boats from down-river, and carefully transfer their cargoes to proper canoes, and forward them to the real station beyond. I thought (and still think) that my idea was a good one, *if haste into the Interior was the main object.*

Apparently, my successors, the French Protestant mission, has not thought *that* desirable. For, in addition to transferring Talaguga to Njoli Island (adopting Mr. Reading's idea) they have deemed the sixty-five miles between Kângwe and Talaguga too great, and have made a new station half-way; not therefore approving of the old mission's order of "a minimum of fifty miles."

We rapidly descended the river, next day, the 16th. And, in passing a Fañwe village below Ngwilaka, suddenly recognized Mr. Reading's stolen canoe. He stopped, claimed it, and en-

tered it, taking two of my six men. I went on with the other four to Belambla, for the night.

On Friday, the 17th, reached Kângwe, in good time to rest, and attend church preparatory service, and session meeting; at which, one of the school young men, Agonjo-amwenge was received, Nguva being elder.

Session meetings were continued on Saturday, the 18th, and Ndâmbe and Akambie were received.

Sunday, the 19th, was a beautiful day, and a pleasant communion service.

Wednesday, the 22d. There were disputed station accounts, in Mr. Reading's paying, as treasurer, bills created by Dr. Bacheler. With Mr. Reading and Mr. Robinson, I went to Mr. Schiff of the German house, and to Mr. Sinclair of the English, to prove that my accounts of 1879, and up to the time of my leaving in 1880, were correct.

While ascending the rapids in February, I saw a beautiful blue flower among the rocks. I thought of my wife. And, in March, I penned her the following lines:

The stream flows swift; the currents swirl;
The river surges madly down,
O'er rocks, where breaks, in turbid whirl,
Each angry wave its foamy crown.

Above those waves, so dark below,
In niche and ledge of rifted walls,
Alone, where nothing else can grow,
And scarce the hopeful sun-ray falls,

There blooms a flow'r, whose petals wide
Seem, with their cheerful hopeful blue,
To say to traveler at its side,
"You've sought me, and, I bloom for you!"

And then, I think how, in this life,
When roughest darkest seems the day,
There grows for each, beyond the strife,
Some gentle hope to cheer the way.

E'en thus, for me, there lives a flow'r,
Blue-eyed and helpful, fair to see.
And every day I bless the hour
I sought her. Dearest, bloom for me!

I had been busy collecting goods, and hiring crew and workmen, to begin my work on the Talaguga ground. After some annoying bargainings, I secured a company. But, the unpleasant Galwa habit was repeated of my former experiences with them. They struck. Of course, I dropped them; and went down-river to find new men.

JOURNEY TO ORÂNGA.

On Friday, March 3, with two loyal men of my own, and two loaned me by Mr. Reading, I went down-river, stopping at several places, and finally reaching Orânga, for the night.

Next day, with three obtained at Orânga, I started back, obtaining two more on the way (one of them a deaf-mute). And stopped for the night, and Sunday, at Ntyuwa-guma. On Monday, the 6th, reached Kângwe, surprising my friends by my rapid and successful trip.

JOURNEY TO TALAGUGA.

In the kongongo, with a crew of eight, and accompanied by a goods canoe of eight Fañwe under command of a Galwa, Re-Mondo, I started at noon of Tuesday, March 7, and moving slowly, stopped at night on Walker's Island, opposite the Ngunye mouth.

The whole day of the 8th, was one of anxiety; my Fañwe were afraid of almost every Akĕle village that we passed. Spent the night at Belambla.

On the 9th, the Fañwe crew was a constant source of trouble; their fears, their slowness, their talkativeness, their frequent desire to stop and eat, and their complaints of the food. Stopped before dark at Nkogo Creek. Sighted some elephants near the bank, and made a hasty but unsuccessful hunt of them. A night of alarms; as I slept in the kongongo, and heard the bellowing of hippopotami and barking of alligators in the water near us, and trumpeting of the elephants in the forest.

On the 10th, Re-Mondo found a floating dead alligator; and, when we stopped to eat at an Akĕle village, the crews had a great feast over it. Met Re-Nkombe returning from his Interior trip, and sent a note by him to Mrs. Nassau. Stopped for the night at Olimbo's, where I found that he had ready for me the thatch which I had engaged of him. Was grateful that, though that was a rainy season, no rain had fallen any night on the way; and I slept safely in the kongongo.

On Saturday, the 11th, on the way, stopped to pay respects to

old Mamyaga. His toe was almost well, due to the medicine I had given him. Passed Nyare's. And, was at Talaguga landing by 10 A. M. My very first act, on stepping ashore, and before any goods were discharged, was to call the crews around me, and, kneeling on the ground, I prayed for a blessing on the new station. I had brought with me, from the United States, gift of a Chestnut Hill, Pa., Sabbath school, a regular army canvas tent. It was put up at once, on the narrow level at the right bank of the little mountain stream that there emptied itself into the Ogowe. My goods were stored in it; and my crew set to clearing a near-by spot, on which should be erected a shelter hut for themselves, with Olimbo's thatch. Fañwe visitors came, watching us curiously; some brought for sale sweet-potatoes, pepper, fruits, kuda nuts, and a wild rat. Rain fell heavily that night.

On Sunday, the 12th, Fañwe were passing and repassing on foot, along the path (that evidently was a public one) on the top of the river-bank. Old Mamyaga stopped, on his way up-river, going on a rubber-trade. I felt depressed and anxious as to what would be the success of my effort at the new station. Held a short service with my own people, no others being present, using the Mpongwe language. Afterwards, some Fañwe came, and I communicated with them, through a little Fañwe lad, Ndongo, of Mr. Reading's household. The Fañwe crew were afraid of the Talaguga clan, and became anxious to depart. But, with my high standard of Sabbath observance, I required them to remain until Sunday was past.

On Monday, the 13th, before daylight, Re-Mondo and his Fañwe crew were far down-river. I held morning-prayers with my eight people. (That custom, and also evening-prayers, I maintained, during my whole life in Africa.) And, then I had them complete their own shelter-shed. (Fortunately, I had brought Olimbo's thatch with me on the Saturday.)

Nyare brought a woman, who, though she was a prisoner (her feet in stocks) he allowed to come, so desirous was she to see a white man. Began to clear the hillside, for the site of my future house. Fañwe stood looking on; and they seemed amused when I invited them to come and join in the work. Next day, two Fañwe came for work. They had enormous ideas of the value of their labor. I sat down with Fañwe visitors, and at once began to gather a Fañwe vocabulary. Numbers of young women and girls came visiting.

On Wednesday, the 15th, the two Fañwe workmen, who had engaged for one "dollar" (four yards of calico print) came to

FANWE WOMAN

Facing page 380

demand that "dollar" for their one day's work! After much talking, one accepted "20 cents" (a red woolen cap); the other stood for all or nothing; he got nothing; and both left. Mamyaga came, and we talked about the site. After much talking, he assented that I should build there, and not at his place. Some boundary points were mentioned, and two pointed out. I gave him a hatchet, and promised him a gun and other things when the deed should be signed. The two men of the morning returned, and agreed to work six days for a "dollar." Began to set up saplings for the walls of a temporary hut for myself near the tent. On Thursday, the 16th, Nyare's head-wife, Nyamba, came to see me, with a gift of sugar-cane and plantain. But, she made the error of immediately asking for a return. In the cupidity of the natives, it was difficult for them to trust that they would be given something "next time." But, I always taught them the severe lesson of "handing back" a gift for which a return was requested at the time it was given. Nyamba learned the lesson; she and I became great friends; I had great respect for her. Leaving some of the men at work, I went to Olimbo's for more thatch.

My location was a very convenient one for the hailing of passing canoes. They liked to stop at my splendid mountain brook to take their lunch. On Saturday, the 18th, Joseph Xavier, the former customs officer at Angâla, going down-river, stopped at my hail, and took letters for me.

While at morning service with my people on Sunday, the 19th, several lads came from Nyare's village to sell potatoes. (Of course, they knew nothing about Sunday.) They remained, and I taught them the Lord's Prayer. In the afternoon, they came again, and I read to them from an Infant Catechism. They returned again with a woman, and I sang hymns to them.

The two Fañwe came on Monday, the 20th, to their work, bringing a third, Nyĕñĕ, at the rate of a "dollar" for six days. Already, the old trouble of trespassing had to be met. I had twice to go into the woods to stop men from cutting trees. Two men came with most disgusting ulcers for treatment. My "waterside" hut was being built.

In the afternoon of Wednesday, the 27th, went with two of my men, to look over and mark the boundary of the premises I proposed to claim. On the way, was seized with most distressing symptoms of what I suppose was poisoning from a tin of canned cranberries. I was so weakened that I was barely able to get back to my tent and my cot.

On Thursday, the 23d, began to clear ground on a little plateau on a ledge of the hill, about 200 feet above the river, for the permanent bamboo dwelling I intended to build, the "upper" house. During the morning of Friday, the 24th, came Mamyaga, with Animba and Ndongo, two coast-men, as interpreter and witness. Nyare also came, and interjected himself. I was surprised; for, I had recognized Old Mamyaga as the authoritative chief. We had our talk about the purchase of the premises. I paid Mamyaga $9 (trade); and privately promised Nyare (who was dissatisfied with what I gave him) something more for another day. (It was unfortunate, for my future, that I recognized him at all.) And, both men made "marks" to the deed, giving me sole right to the ground, its trees, fruits and animals. I especially explained to them against trespassing of all kinds. The next day, I sent for Nyare, who came with a retinue of people; and I formally gave him a gun; and he was satisfied.

Tuesday, the 28th, a letter came from Mrs. Nassau! With half of my men, I went with Nyare, over the outline of the boundary of the premises, marking prominent trees, and carefully running the line wherever there were gardens of his women. By Thursday, the 30th, the "water-side" hut was finished; and I moved into it from the tent. In clearing the grounds, I frequently came on scorpions of the large black variety, whose sting is supposed to be fatal. For the first, slept in the finished hut.

About that time, I had dealings in buying thatch from a young man, Agonjo, a Galwa trader, whose name in after years, as "Paul Agonjo," became prominent in my service and in the church.

On April 1, a frightful report of native surgery:— Two Fañwe went hunting together; they became separated, and, in the density of the thicket, the one, catching sight of what he thought was a wild animal, fired and the slugs entered the breast of his friend. Native "doctors" considered it essential that all bullets and slugs be removed at any cost. So, the doctor made a vertical incision over the sternum, and a long lateral incision below the ribs. Then, forcibly throwing aside the two points of the chest, like an opened book, he exposed the cavity over the heart and lungs, and searched for the slugs. Then word was sent for me to come and sew up the incisions. I did not go; it would have been useless.

A little boy came to me for his sore leg to be bandaged. And, soon followed a father, his child having a sore foot. The clear-

FANWE MAN AND WIFE

Facing page 382

ing on the hillside I called "for the *halfway house*," i.e., the dwelling would be on the little plateau at the lower half of that portion of the Talaguga Hill.

The days were very busy ones. But, the evenings were lonely. The workmen would be at their own evening meal, and with their own discussions around their fire. I sat often alone; planning; and longing: and finding in the beauty of the forest, on moonlight nights, much that carried me away in thought to other times and other places and loved ones, from whom I was separated. Under such circumstances I wrote for Mrs. Nassau:

I am singing in the shadows.
  They have lengthened into night.
Through the high, locked, forest leaf-arms,
  From the moon, so round, so bright,
Fall the wind-chased rays that flicker,
  Like my own life's vista-view.
So, I'm singing in the shadows,
  While I'm thinking, Wife, of you.

I am singing in the shadows.
  There's no life, however bright
With the love that God has given,
  But it has its day and night.
Even lips that love can only
  Bid to Higher Rock to flee,
So, I sing while in the shadows;
  For, I'm praying, Christ, to Thee.

We'll go singing in the shadows,—
  Thanks for dark, and thanks for light,—
Till our path shall reach the city
  Where no day e'er turns to night.
There the Light that blessed Lamb is
  Whose pure glory none can dim,
In the valley of the shadows
  We can sing, dear Wife, of Him.

[My words were almost prophetic of the tragic shadow that came to me a little over two years later in the very house I was then preparing to build.] One of the trying conditions, during the month at Talaguga was, that I heard or received so little from Kângwe. Canoes were passing down-river every few days. They stopped at my landing, even if I did not hail them. I could send constantly by them letters to Mrs. Nassau, and orders to Mr. Reading. But, I got few returns; for, Kângwe was

no longer on the trade-line. The houses had been removed out on the main stream. And, the gentlemen in charge of those houses, did not appreciate my need, and failed to promptly inquire of passing canoes, by which to forward letters, etc., which had been committed to their care. But, one day, everything came to me in mass:—On Wednesday, April 5, came Re-Nkombe with boxes of food, tools, newspapers and letters, of dates March 15 to 23. And, next day, came another canoe with letters of March 25. And, soon another with letters of March 28. And shortly after, with letters of March 28, and a load of boards, and provisions. I was so glad and thankful! But, the letters brought word that made it necessary for me to return to Kângwe for a few days.

JOURNEY TO KÂNGWE.

On Friday, April 7, with six of my people, having notified Nyare, so as to have him take some interest in guarding my hut, I started. And, stopping for friendly salutations at many places, stayed for the night at Belambla.

Continuing on the 8th, I was in company of one of Re-Nkombe's people, the man Ambângila, on his return from an Interior trade-journey, having with him two new slave-women. He was received with gun-firing and great shouting at Atangina, the while that I was being welcomed at Kângwe by Mrs. Nassau. On the next day, Sunday, I preached to an attentive audience. Two of the river steamers, *Batanga* and *Mpongwe* had arrived, bringing our furniture.

On Monday, the 10th, I went to the German house, and brought Mrs. Nassau's precious organ. It was a great task carrying it up the Hill; and a glad reception it had from her; its opening she specially celebrated in her letters to the United States. Some of my employees were tired of service; and, I had to spend two days down-river, engaging new men. It was a very busy week at Kângwe.

JOURNEY UP TO TALAGUGA.

On Saturday, April 15th, the usual Galwa unfaithfulness appeared. My crew did not strike for higher wages; they simply deserted, leaving me only three faithful ones. I put on the best face, though I was feeling deeply distressed, and began to load the canoe, just as if I was determined to go with only those three. (Among other things, I took young mango trees, for planting at Talaguga.) Mr. Reading kindly deprived himself of

two of his Kru-men, contract workmen of the splendid Liberia tribe (who never thought of striking or rebelling), and ordered four of his schoolboys to join the crew, simply to take me to Talaguga. Spent the night at Mr. Ermy's comfortable home. Where, the next day, Sunday, I conducted services.

On the way, Monday, the 17th, I stopped at Belambla. The avocado trees I had planted were in full bloom. My trees bloomed; but, my teachings had not! Slept at Mbomi, where also was Owondo's canoe. The people were so noisy, that I got little attention to my evening preaching. The Akĕle soil was very hard!

On Tuesday, the 18th, there was a long, wet pull; and I would have stopped at an *ulako* at 6 P. M. But, both crews very loyally preferred, tired as they were, to pull on to the safe from rain town of Yeña, as late as 9 P. M.

And, on the 19th, by 1 P. M., both crews safely landed, and were welcomed by the two young men whom I had left in charge. I was grateful for the success of the journey. Nyare and his people came to welcome us.

AT TALAGUGA.

Following a habit, which I maintained during all my African life, I planted fruit-trees, orange, mango, avocado pear, bread-fruit, etc. Vigorously I continued the building I had begun during March. The two Kru-men, in their vigor, skill, steadiness and obedience, were worth half-a-dozen Galwas. In the afternoon of Saturday, the 22d, came the French explorer, Mons. Alliot. He stayed over-night, and gave me much information about the interior Ogowe, and new expeditions. All this fired my desire to push our stations forward into that Interior.

He left early the next morning. I held a morning service with my people on Psalms 29, 9. Fañwe were busy passing all day on their businesses. They were so indifferent to anything but the commercial value of my presence. It was difficult to make them believe that I had not come to buy ivory. I was very much depressed; and, in the evening went alone for prayer on the hill-top. I wrote my feelings in the lines of "Teneo et teneor."

I sit beside Ogowe's stream.
The night is dark. The crescent moon
Gives but a phantom ray to gleam
On shadows here so densely strewn.

Beyond these shades, the farther bank
  Uprises,—a majestic hill,—
That, forest-crowned, with verdure rank,
  Stands somber, solemn, weirdly still.

Above, in azure fields of space,
  The lonely southern sky outspreads.
There rests my eye. With strength and grace,
  The starry Cross its radiance sheds.

That Cross meant toil, meant shame, meant death.
  In following it, I follow those —
Ah! heart, sink not with bated breath,
  At thought of care, of pain, of foes!

Hail, Cross of Jesus! Thence I draw,
  By faith, the strength that must be mine;
And see, as once a Warrior saw,
  The promise, "Conquer, in this sign!"

O! joyful Cross! O! Mystery dear!
  Up in my soul fresh hope has welled!
The toil grows light, clouds disappear.
  Savior! I hold Thee and am held!

Some lonely evenings, I sat by the water-side, and played on my cornet. Its echoes among the hills sounded well. The Akĕle head-man, Njwivinjândâ, came to ask me to "trust" him goods in trade! He and others either did not understand or would not believe my repeated explanations of the Gospel message as my sole work. There was a leprous Fañwe who often came to my camp. I was not afraid of him; for, I do not believe that leprosy is communicable otherwise than by inoculation. So, I constantly shook hands with lepers whose disease had not reached the stage of ulceration. But, this man had some ugly ulcers, and annoyed me by watching me eating my dinner. So desirous was I to have people come to me, that I never ordered him away.

In the evening of the 25th, began my usual custom of a weekly prayer-meeting, with only my own few people, or any visitors who happened along, in the evenings after their day's work was done.

On the 29th, myself and employees being housed, I began to build a boat-shed on the little island that was made by my mountain-stream dividing, a few hundred feet before it entered the

Ogowe by its two mouths. That shed became a great convenience to the traveling public. They already liked the quiet mouth of my little stream, and the safe companionship of my people. But, that boat-shed became a refuge for them from many a stormy night.

On Sunday, the 30th, I was awakened before 6 A. M., by shouts of men and boys hunting with dogs, in the forest between my place and Nyare's. I went to his village, with one of my men. He was absent, professedly trying to stop the trespass. I waited until he came; and then waited until the offenders came. We had an angry discussion, in which Nyare spoke apparently well. But, I remembered my experiences with Kasa under similar circumstances. And, I looked with dread to a possible repetition of Belambla difficulties. The trespassers had killed four antelopes and other animals. I was offered a small piece of one, as compensation! I indignantly left. The remainder of the day was quiet. My most reliable assistant, Akendenge, was sick. In the evening, a Fañwe canoe passed, its crew wailing the news of some death.

On May 1, only women and children came from Nyare's; no men, except one, who spoke well against the trespass by the hunters. The other men were away, at a raid on a village across the river; from which they returned with a woman as captive. I kept on at study of Fañwe, whenever I could get some passer-by to tell me anything. Another of my reliable Galwas was sick. My topic for the weekly prayer meeting was, the seeking of suggestions how to reach the apparently unimpressionable Fañwe.

Wednesday, the 3d, was a clear bright day; but, I rose with more of a depressed feeling than at any previous time. I felt almost like deserting the place. Akendenge and Joktan were still very sick; my medicines did not help them; they wished for "native" medicine. Remembering that I had helped Mamyaga with his sore toe, I sent a messenger to him with a gift, asking for "medicines." In the afternoon, a woman came promptly, and treated the two young men. I marked out the exact site of the house on posts which I was to build for Mrs. Nassau. Being short of help, I cooked my own meals that day; and, did not feel so low-spirited in the evening, as I had felt in the morning.

On Thursday, the 4th, in the morning, while I was trying to study Fañwe, came Nyare and Mamyaga; and, I had a talk about the trespass, on Sunday. The talk was not satisfactory. There were many people hanging around; and, about the time that Mamyaga was leaving, I missed a file, and believed that it was

stolen. It was the first stealing that I had suspected at Talaguga. I had difficulty in preventing such things from hardening me toward the tribe to whom I had come so cordially. My two sick men were no better on Friday, the 5th.

My efforts to pick up Fañwe were slow; for, I had no regular interpreter. As some Fañwe men were passing, I could get them to tell me the name of things, by pointing to the object, and saying the Fañwe words, "What, this?" But, when I tried to get the plural forms, they could not understand what I wanted. The only aid I had was a small Fañwe vocabulary and phrases collected by a former Gaboon missionary, Rev. H. M. Adams, which I had printed while in the United States, and a child's catechism. The Rev. Mr. Marling, at Libreville, was a Fañwe scholar; but, he had put nothing into writing which I could use.

On Saturday, the 6th, in the afternoon, Nyare came to speak of a report he had heard that Mamyaga had advised me to leave Talaguga. I told him that transgressions, such as his people had made, *could* influence me in that way. Later, I went on the weekly visitation to his village. He wanted to talk of the "palaver," but, I refused to mix it up with my religious service. He and his people came on Sunday, the 7th, to give me a fowl, as a compensation for the previous Sunday's four antelopes. They did not understand that I objected to the *trespass,* not to the loss of the *animals.* And, I declined even to talk on the subject in the presence of a so insultingly small reparation. They wished to loose the fowl on my premises; but, I would not allow it.

On Monday, the 8th, hailing a passing canoe, I sent one of my sick men, Akendenge, away. I was afraid that his case might become serious. Nyare seemed to think that the "palaver" was settled, and came to ask the favor of the use of my grindstone, on which to sharpen his dagger! I allowed it. [A year later, that dagger almost took my life.] A little girl, whose arms were sore with the abrasion of her brass rings, was not afraid, and played with me, mimicking my actions. The Fañwe noticed how many strangers' canoes stopped at my place; and I overheard them remark, "Kal Nasâ e nĕ kuma" (Nassau's town has a reputation). I was pleased that Nyare's children came to play with me almost every day, Ngara, Mvĕli, Bakara, and others. Wrote an article on "Fañwe Cannibalism," to send to the *Philadelphia Press.* Always, I had a note to Mrs. Nassau, ready to be taken by any passing canoe. My building plans went distressingly slowly; for, I had only two workmen.

On Thursday, the 11th, Ntula and Bilâñ, two of Nyare's people, the chief two trespassers, came with a fowl as a *fine* for their offense. As it was the first acknowledgment of wrong-doing, I accepted it from Ntula; and, he at once began to work on wages. Bilâñ was still under my displeasure. A man from a distance brought his wife who wished to see that strange being, a white man. They wondered at the power of my "one-man" cross-cut saw. They said that, "it ate logs too fast."

On Saturday, the 13th, some children from across the river came to sell sweet potatoes. One little boy had only a few; but, I could not resist his eyes as he plead for one yard of calico as pay. They were not worth it (at the river market rates). But, I gave him the cloth. It would cover his nakedness; he did not need it for warmth; but, for civilization. My fowl, paid as a fine, was missing. It was found at Nyare's, whither it had wandered for company. The people begged me to kill and eat it, lest they be suspected of stealing it. When I asked little Mvĕli, on Sunday, the 14th, a catechism question, "What is a spirit?" he gave the reply, "A spirit is something which lives always," and he added, "and never dies." Then, he voluntarily inquired, when I was speaking about *kon* (spirit), "Has God a wife?"

"No." "Then, he lives alone?"

Some signs of the change from rainy to dry season. Two more Fañwe came to work. They were unskilled; but, I was relieved of the duty of feeding them. The food question was a most difficult one during all the years of my Talaguga life. My other sick man, Joktan, was better.

I thought that I was a pretty good shot with a rifle; but, when, on the 17th, I fired at close range at the head of one of my chickens, for dinner, I was amazed that the bird did not fall, but stood erect, looking at me. I was more surprised when I found it bleeding. The bullet had made a clean round hole through its wattles, under its jaw, and all so suddenly that the bird had not been startled. Of some Fañwe visitors from the Abange Creek, I made inquiries about a route to Gaboon via that stream and the Rĕmbwe. They gave me names of places and distances, which I hoped to use in the future, on a path which (though I never had the opportunity to use it), I fully believe, would be a useful communication between Libreville and the Ogowe. One of them asked me for rum! When I told him I did not have it, he did not believe me, thinking that I was only unwilling to give. So, he asked one of my Galwas, Akambiĕ. But, just

then, another one told the first one, that, "When a missionary said that a thing was not, that was the end of it."

On the 18th, Akanda people, employees as crew of a Goree trader, pleased me by their fine appearance. When I told them of my intention of permanent residence, and my hope of some day reaching their tribe, they said they would work for me if I would come. So different from the Bakĕle and Fañwe! At night, when I was ready to prepare for bed, I observed my hut invaded by an army of driver ants. From that hour, on to 2 A. M. of the 19th, I was kept moving from place to place, an hour at a time, finding spots where it was safe for me to sit; part of the time on my carpenter's bench. When I finally went to sleep, I did not dare to disrobe.

Sunday, the 22d, was not a happy day. The fishing canoes were busy. Mamyaga came, not for my service, but for medicine (which he wasted by spilling it in his hunting-bag). Then, he asked me for a gun, with which to re-capture a run-away wife! And, I was disappointed that the canoes of the preceding days had brought me no word from Kângwe.

Next day, Nyare's chief wife, Nyamba, who had been sick for weeks with an abscess, came to present me with some plantains. At dusk, I heard boat-songs down-river, such as were usually sung as a warning of arrival. And, soon came Mr. Reading's *Blue-bird*, in charge of good Mr. Robinson, with a crew of eight, six of them Kru-men, and a supply of goods, and precious letters. I was grateful for their help and comfort; and sat up late, chatting with Mr. Robinson.

On Thursday, the 25th, leaving the six Kru-men with me, Mr. Robinson went away with only his two Galwa crew. Going down, with the river's four-knot current, would not be difficult. I sent also as passenger, my other sick Galwa, Joktan. Kru-men had their own tribal names. But, when they engage on the ocean-steamers, the pursers can not understand them, and they give them any sort of ridiculous names. Theirs were, James, Jacob, Kavala, Brass-pan, and Baby.

My boat-shed I was quite willing should be used by visitors over-night. I always took the chance to talk to them. It was almost the same as if I had visited their village. But, there were sometimes those who repaid hospitality by attempts at theft. To them the crime seemed small, when the white man had so much of (what they called) wealth! On Sunday, the 28th, my newly-arrived Kru-men found some Fañwe visitors, who had come on Saturday night, attempting to rob their boxes. One of the

Kru-men made a very musical instrument, a *marimba,* a kind of xylophone.

On Wednesday, the 31st, had quite a talk with some visitors, about the locality and numbers of dwarfs, of the clan called Akao. Some years later, I came in contact with them. It was a surprise to me, a dozen years later, to see a good deal written about them, in the Batanga Interior; as if it was something new or untried in the mission.

My place became more and more a stopping-resort, for passing canoes. I approved; for, I always held up my Gospel work before them. On Saturday, June 3, there came continuously from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M., Mpongwe traders with their crews, on their way up-river, twenty canoes or other crafts. At one time, there were as many as twelve canoes at my landing, averaging twelve each for a crew. I did not lack for company that day! The Fañwe looked, with wide-eyed curiosity, on what they called my "importance," wondering what drew all those people to me. But of all, one of the canoes brought letters, and milk, sugar, and medicines from Mrs. Nassau.

I had not felt well; but, was aroused to interest, just before sundown of May 4th, by the arrival from the Interior, of eighteen canoes under command of Lieutenant Louis Mizon, commandant of the Upper Ogowe and Kongo. He remained to tea (tea was about the only thing I had, with which to entertain him). I offered him my hut for the night; but, he preferred the open outside. We sat talking till midnight. His accounts of the interior Aduma tribe greatly spurred my desire to push the making of new stations on the way to them. [And, yet, thirty years later, nothing had been done by Protestants, to reach them.] Among the many canoes that stopped on Monday, the 5th, was one from Okanda, with slaves. They were about to stop; but, seeing my French flag, and fearing it, they passed on.

On June 6, Nyare himself was a transgressor. One of his people having seen a few fish in the brook near my waterside, he sent his women to fish there. As the brook was mine, I ordered the women away.

Sunday, the 11th, was a quiet pleasant day. Nyare, with his little boy, Bakara, actually came to see me about noon. And, in the later afternoon, his wife Nyamba came, bringing a little gift. I had to decline it until another day. Not at all, that a *gift* may not be received on Sunday; but, because, to almost all the natives, "a gift" was (at that time) a commercial transaction. I drew a strict line against all pecuniary dealings on the Sunday.

Very early, in the dark of the morning of the 12th, I heard footsteps and voices passing the hut. To my demand who they were, I got no answer. Rushing out with gun and torch, I found my two Galwas on the path where they had gone, they also having heard the footsteps of Fañwe, and were following them. But, the latter had fled, when they saw me coming.

I was accumulating material of bamboo and thatch, for the future building. I "trusted" to young men, Galwa traders, whom I knew, and whom I thought friendly to me, sums of goods in advance; for which, they were either to make, or buy, at better terms than I could get, those materials. (Of course, they were to retain their "commission" from the goods I advanced them.) But, I found that, then, they expected me to pay them also a wage, the wages of the crew and the hire of the canoe in which they brought the materials. I ceased to deal further with them. One of them was the man known later as "Paul" Agonjo. Saturday, the 17th. At the afternoon meeting in Nyare's town. I found that one of his women, who twice had run away, was in stocks.

Sunday, the 18th. While I respected the old man Mamyaga, I found his people thievish, on their visits. A few of Nyare's people, including the mothers of little Mvĕli and Bakara, were at meeting; but, Mamyaga's were disorderly.

On the 20th, Joktan, recovered in health, returned, with two Shĕkyani. But, not until three hours later, did he tell me that in a box he had brought, were letters from Kângwe! On a hasty opening of the box, I found Mrs. Nassau's letters; but, had time, just as a canoe was passing, to make only a short reply. I was so grateful to get the letters! Each evening at prayers, I had sung from "Gospel Hymns," a hymn in regular course through the book. That evening, the one for the day, "The Lord's My Shepherd, I'll not Want," to the tune of "Evans," was very appropriate. On the next evening, Joktan came to say that he wished to live a christian life! This was the first profession of its kind, from any one, of any tribe, since I began my work at Talaguga, almost four months before. I trusted that it was only the beginning of good things!

June 24. The tools, with which my men were working, were a daily curiosity to men, women, and children. The women were actually afraid of some of them. There were three who would not even touch the big "one-man" cross-cut saw, as if they thought its teeth were human. Three of my men went across the river to shoot a gavial-crocodile which was asleep on

a log. But, it woke too soon for them. At the afternoon meeting in Nyare's, I was pleased that the little children no longer feared me. (All native children had feared white men; who, they had been told, ate their negro slaves.)

On Sunday, June 25, the trader, Joseph Xavier (or Chavis), who had formerly been at Angâla, came down-river with his three canoes. I preached to his crews. But, afterward, they induced the Fañwe to come and trade and buy and sell. I welcomed all visitors at my landing; but, I could not allow the Sunday trading; and, I ordered the Fañwe away. It seemed impossible to make the natives understand the right of property in land and its products of trees, animals, etc. When they stole goods and other personal property, they *knew* they were doing wrong. But, they did not seem to think it wrong to hunt on my premises. I found some fishing, on the 26th, and ordered them off; and then complained to Nyare. I was going through the former Belambla troubles! (I have thought less, since then, of the offenses of those heathen, when I see how hunters annually trespass on private property, in the United States.)

By the 28th, the time had fully come of dry season; the river had fallen; my work was progressing; I had, besides my own hut, and the men's hut, the boat-shed with a room in it. I had marked the places for foundation-posts of the proposed dwelling on the hill-side, and had prepared some of the joists and sleepers, and door and window frames. It would be safe for Mrs. Nassau to join me in the tent. I decided to go to Kângwe for her. I gave to my two Galwas, Akambiĕ and Joktan, goods for their support, while I should be away; and, formally gave to Nyare and his wife Nyamba, gifts, putting them in charge of my grounds and young men.

JOURNEY TO KÂNGWE.

On Thursday, June 29, while I was loading my canoe, Nyare came, with a report that Mamyaga's people would steal, while I was away. I could quite believe that they would if they could. The story of Belambla had been heard; and, it might be repeated. I could only put him on his pride, as "Chief," that he should prevent the report coming true.

On the way down, I stopped at various places. At Isosa, the Bakĕle women were afraid of the Kru-men, thinking them some strange Fañwe. At Ngwilaka, Njâgu-demba's town, the Mpongwe trader, Njâlĕle was excited about two Fañwe of the Abange River, having been killed by the Ngwilaka people. Spent

the night at Belambla. My Avocado-pear trees were in abundant fruitage. (Natives had not yet learned how to eat them.)

It seemed singular that, the while I was living at Belambla, I had such a constant warfare to keep the Bakĕle from settling there. Now, that it was abandoned, and not even any one in charge of the house and grounds, there was no longer attempt to build there; and, the house, though empty, was not abused or used. In leaving, on Friday morning, after cutting away a few trees, I hired two men to clean up the premises. On the way down, shot an alligator; but, it sank before I could catch it. Reached Kângwe just as the last bell was ringing for church preparatory service; and was gladly welcomed by my wife at the landing. In the evening session-meeting, moderated by Mr. Robinson, three women, Mâmbâ's mother, Boyo, Aveya's wife, and Mwenanga, were received on examination.

The next day, Saturday, July 1, went with Mr. Reading to Re-Nkombe's for him to accompany us on an official call on Dr. Ballay, De Brazza's associate, who was camping at Mr. Sinclair's old Aguma house. Re-Nkombe was not at his village; and we went without him. Dr. Ballay attested the Kângwe deed of property, that failed to be attested on a Sunday several years before. In afternoon, I preached; and, in evening was present at session meeting.

On Sunday, the 2d, I preached at the communion service, and Mr. Robinson baptized the five additions. It was a delightful realization of my hopes for the First Ogowe church. And, great joy to listen to its bell, given by my friend, Mrs. J. H. Pratt of Albany, N. Y., and the communion set, given by my friend, Rev. Dr. Riggs of Rochester, N. Y. There was monthly concert in the afternoon. It was a deep satisfaction to be with fellow-christians, after living alone in a heathen forest.

Next day, Mr. Schiff came to say good-by on his furlough, and to introduce his relief. On Tuesday, the 4th, Dr. Ballay returned our call. And, on Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Reading made a fine dinner for Dr. Ballay, which we (Mr. Robinson, Mrs. Nassau and I) attended. It was a rare bit of civilization and refined hospitality in the Ogowe wilds.

On Thursday, the 6th, packed for return to Talaguga. In the evening, I gave exhibition of fire-works I had been saving for a great occasion.

RETURN TO TALAGUGA.

It was a glad day, on Friday, the 7th, that I was taking my wife from Kângwe (though the uncertainties of the life there had been relieved by the unfailing kindness of Mrs. Reading) to what was to be her home at Talaguga; though, as yet, I had only a camp in the forest, at which to entertain her.

In the *Nelly-Howard,* with the six Kru-men as crew, and the kongongo also with a crew of six, and both boats laden with goods and supplies, we left Andĕndĕ late in the morning. With a stoppage in the forest for lunch, reached Mr. Ermy's after dark. Though we were not expected, Mr. and Mrs. Ermy entertained us hospitably.

While gathering some flowers in the forest, where we ate our noon meal on Saturday, the 8th, I found among the rocks of the water-side, the blue flower which I had dedicated to Mrs. Nassau in the preceding March. On the way, in passing my former Bakĕle villages, the man Mokume and others of Kasa's people made quite a thrilling scene, in pleading with us to stop and remain with them. At Belambla by middle of afternoon; cleaned up the rooms of the house, and arranged curtains, as partitions for Mrs. Nassau.

On Sunday, the 9th, a severe headache prevented comfortable services, even if the Bakĕle had been less noisy in their boisterous curiosity to see the white woman. Continuing the journey on Monday, the 10th, Mrs. Nassau was the cynosure of all eyes, as we passed the villages. No white woman had ever been in that part of the river. Nkogo was a good place at which to stop; but, there were yet two hours of daylight; and, we went on. At Erere-volo beach, our boat grounded, and was swung by the swift current into some bushes; and the Kru-men lost some of their goods. And, I was suffering with a violent headache.

As the people of Erere-volo were suspected of being unfriendly, we pushed on to a camp in the forest after dark. Mrs. Nassau had borne the journey better than I. It was something new for me to have a woman's thoughtful attentions.

On the way, next day, stopping to salute the Yeña people, the head-man gave us elephant meat. Then, the usual forest meal. And the crews were excited as we entered on the last stretch of the journey. The Fañwe villages looked with astonishment on the rapidly-moving handsome boat with its white awning. As we approached Talaguga, the Kru-men sang their usual boat-songs, warning my two Galwas at the hut, of our coming. I

fired my rifle (usual with the river white men) in salute. We had taken the two young men by surprise, at our arrival two days in advance of my promised time, and so early in the afternoon. The two boats were promptly discharged; the tent was put up for Mrs. Nassau, and cots arranged for the night. That evening, we held a glad prayer-meeting of thanks.

CHAPTER XXII

IN CAMP AT TALAGUGA, JULY, 1882–DECEMBER, 1882

THE very next day, July 12, I set the Kru-men at digging the holes for the foundation-posts of the hillside house; while I put in position the kitchen appliances, for Mrs. Nassau's superintendence.

During the following days, Nyare and his wife, and Mamyaga came, with gifts to Mrs. Nassau; and many Fañwe coming to see the white woman. In the afternoon of Saturday, the 15th, I took Mrs. Nassau on a little excursion by boat to Nyare's. There, I was told an astonishing report that the down-river Fañwe had said that my coming to Talaguga would kill Nyare and his people; and that the latter were making witchcraft to ward off any injury from me! It is quite probable that Kasa's death, so soon after my breaking with him and leaving Belambla, may have been looked upon by the people as my vengeance on him for the robbery. Returning, I continued up-river, to show Mrs. Nassau *the* Itaiaguga Rock. The small one, at the mouth of my little mountain-stream, was only "Little Talaguga."

The most tasty mode, to me, of cooking meat, is on a bed of coals, the meat tied in a bundle of plantain leaves, called *igĕvu*. I had killed a goat, and had some of its meat prepared in that way for Mrs. Nassau. It was the first she had tasted.

At night of the 20th, appeared an army of driver ants. Mrs. Nassau tried to get some amusement out of our plight, at having to flee "from *pillow* to post." Lest the ants should get at our leg of mutton, I hung it out in the forest. Our good attendant, Akendenge, with a flaming torch, tried to bar the approaches of the line of ants to us. Fire is the only thing that can stop that wonderful army! The ants returned at evening during several following days.

On the 25th, I took Mrs. Nassau on an excursion to Yeña. Amused several of the Bakĕle with a few torpedoes and fire-crackers. Stopped at a number of villages on our return in the afternoon.

I sent three of the young men, on the 26th, to fish with my net. Mrs. Nassau followed me up the hill, with Nyare's wife,

interested in the growth of the building that was expected to be her home. The foundation-posts had been planted, and sills and sleepers were being placed on them. The young men returned from their fishing with only three fishes. I was about to give them all to the workmen; but, polite Akendenge said that a fair share should go to Mrs. Nassau.

On the 28th, a canoe of the French from the Interior, going down-river, hailed us, and told us that Mons. Alliot was drowned, probably by a canoe over-turned in the Cataracts. In the evening, took Mrs. Nassau on excursion in the boat to Njoli, and enjoyed the moon, a bright planet, the dark forest shades, the singing of Fañwe villagers, and a stroll on the Njoli sands; and returned under a clear moon-light.

Sunday, the 30th, was a quiet pleasant day. The Fañwe were unusually quiet. Not as much cutting of forests as on other days. A little boy, Angâm, stayed around for some time; and, I had Mvĕli recite part of the Fañwe Catechism; and, I told him the story of Eden. Sang with Mrs. Nassau under the beautiful moonlight.

Was busy during August days, gathering thatch and other material for the new house, from the town of Yeña. On August 3, heard from a passing canoe that the corpse of Mons. Alliot was found at Okota. For the Saturday visitation, went with Mrs. Nassau in the boat, to the village of Ndoña-ma-vuña. The people were very attentive. After the prayers, we went into a hut to see his sick wife. For a native, he seemed unusually careful of her. Mrs. Nassau happened to observe and admire a certain spear. With oriental etiquette, he offered it to her, saying that he was ashamed to have nothing better to give her. It was an unusual demonstration of courtesy.

Mr. Reading had loaned me the Kru-men only for the need of their strength in handling *logs*. *That* was finished by August 7; all of the heavy foundation frame of the house being in position. I was sorry to have them go; for, their work was so much more efficient and obedient than that of the Galwas, whom, at the best, it was difficult to induce to come to my pioneer privations. I used the Kru-men that evening for a last service of their strong arms at the oars, to give Mrs. Nassau another boat-ride, to the head of Njoli Island, where there was some rapid water. [Now the site of the French Protestant "Talaguga" station.] And, the next day, started them on their journey back to Kângwe.

In the afternoon of Thursday, the 10th, came Dr. Ballay and

FRENCH FLEET OF CANOES

Facing page 399

Lieutenant Mizon, and a fleet of thirty-six canoes, on their way to the Interior. They brought a mail, twenty-five of whose letters were for Mrs. Nassau and myself. They brought also a deed of the land. In their canoe, they held Agonjo, a prisoner. I did not know for what offense. He looked appealingly to me; but, I did not speak for him, to the officers. Even if I had appealed, I could not deny whatever charge they had against him.

My feet were lame with sores from bites of chigoes, which were becoming numerous. At the afternoon meeting at Nyare's, on the 12th; the people were unusually quiet. They had ceased to laugh at the closed eyes of prayer as something amusing.

By the 14th, the neighboring villages were beginning to learn that, though I did not "trade" in ivory; I had needs, for which I would buy various things, in an informal daily market. One man brought some little fish; a woman, some charcoal (for our laundry-irons); another, the carcass of a gazelle. Nyare came for medicine, and to ask permission for his people to cross my premises, in dragging from the forest, a new-made canoe. Of course, I assented willingly. But, I was distressed that he had not understood that my protests against "trespass" on my property were based on his people *taking* something *from* me. I was glad of his industry for a canoe. A woman came for a gift of soap; and, for medicine to help her pregnancy!

Mrs. Nassau had soon learned to like the fish cooked in *igĕvu*. Akendenge succeeded in baking some very good bread.

On the 17th, just before retiring time at night, I observed a light on the river-bank. With one of my men, Elder Nguva, I went stealthily toward the spot; and, to my surprise, found our polite friend Ndoña-ma-vuña, another man, and two women fishing. I was indignant, after all the explanations I had made about my rights; and ordered them off. They fled; and Nguva captured their fishing baskets. Early the next day, the two men came to claim their baskets. I ordered the one off; and, in presence of the other, cut the baskets to pieces. And, to other men and women who were passing, I told them the reason for what I had done. Some Fañwe men came to work, I took them; but, they were a poor substitute for the Kru-men.

Njâgu-demba came in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 23d. He sold me part of a plantain-bunch, and gave me the remainder. I aroused his wonder with some torpedoes and fire-crackers. The house on the hillside, elevated on posts, and with its frame already set up, he was astonished at, and asked whether "God made it?" He said that Fañwe could not build such a house.

I showed him my watch. He thought that the ticking was witchcraft; and, when I opened its case, and he saw the spring, he and his women shuddered, and asked me to close it, lest they should "die by it." In the evening, I had music with Mrs. Nassau. My cornet sounded well, with its echoes among the hills. Next day, several of Njâgu-demba's women came up the hillside, to watch the building of the house. One of them quite aroused Mrs. Nassau's pity. The woman was nursing an infant whose mother had been left up-river as a pawn for an ivory tusk! Nyare's wife was attentive to Mrs. Nassau with little gifts of food. Our flour was almost exhausted; and we began to eke it out by baking rolls of native farinya.

On the 25th, Laseni's men stopped, and asked for food. During the previous week, they had brought down Agonjo, whom the French had released. And, now they were returning up-river. I felt obligated to Laseni; and, little food as I had, I shared with them.

By Thursday, the 31st, my feet were so sore that I could not walk to the villages; and could do little of supervision of the building; and was nauseated and feverish. Two of Ndoña-mavuña's women were admiring Mrs. Nassau's long hair. I saw that one of them had a broken finger, which had united with a false joint. She said that he had done it, in anger. How we had been deceived by his politeness the day we had visited his village! Quite a number of Fañwe men came and said that they would like to work for me in order to get goods; but, that they feared the witchcraft which they were told I had! Mrs. Nassau enjoyed sketching. I helped her with one picture, in which she showed the enormous trunk, buttresses, and roots of a big tree. At its foot I sketched some wild animals, and at the bottom added a rhyme. Mrs. Nassau sent the whole to her two little Foster nephews:

> The parrots and monkey and elephant, all,
> With the wild pig that grunts at the foot of the tree,
> Say, "Come, little boys, list to our call.
> Come over to Africa, these big roots to see."

The only constant female companion, whom Mrs. Nassau had, was a young Galwa schoolgirl, Onivi, betrothed to Elder Nguva. I sometimes had to leave her alone with that young girl, when I went away with the workmen as my crew. It was slow awaiting for natives to go into the lagoon and cut bamboo-palm fronds,

and then have to haggle about a price. So, one day, September 2, I went myself and my young men, down as far as Yeña. I remained in the canoe, and all the crew went off into the forest. They returned for their mid-day meal; and then went back to work. At sun-down, they returned with seventy fronds. With this load we started slowly, the crew already tired with their day's work. The night journey was picturesque, with torch-lights of fishers on the banks. Near Talaguga, I fired my Winchester; Mrs. Nassau would recognize its report (so different from that of the trade-guns) and would know that I was coming. She came to the beach with a torch. She was very brave. We landed in rain. The floor of the tent was wet. This, and distant reports of thunder on the next night, made me anxious about her longer stay at Talaguga with only tent protection. The rainy season was coming, and she would need to return to Kângwe.

On Monday, the 4th, though my feet were so sore, I went up the hill, to sit there and see that the workmen did not idle. While there, in the afternoon, I heard reports of guns and Fañwe canoe-songs. The reports were of a white man's gun (percussion guns were not sold to the natives); and, Mrs. Nassau responded with my rifle. Mr. Reading's canoe, with Njâgu-demba's, were at my landing. Mr. Reading was kindly bringing us needed supplies. He had sent them a week before; and his crew had fled back to Kângwe, saying that they had been assaulted by the Fañwe below the Sanjâla village. Then, knowing our necessity, he had determined to bring the canoe-load himself. (For, only in a great crises, would the natives attack a white man.) The company of Njâgu-demba had been a great protection to him. And, I was glad to buy a quantity of plantains and potatoes from the chief.

On Tuesday, September 5, Mr. Reading returned to Kângwe. And, we had again a good food supply. Mrs. Nassau was interested in collecting the flora of the place. And, I, from time to time, collected bugs, small animals, and butterflies. There was a rare butterfly, known in that part of Africa, the Antimachus. That day, I saw one resting on the edge of the brook, and I flung a net over it; thought I had it. But, only the edge of the net touched it; and it escaped. It is the largest butterfly of the world. At that time, scientists were offering $25 for a single specimen.

Among the books and papers that I read to Mrs. Nassau dur-

ing our rest-hours, was the story of De Long's death (of the "Jeannette") in Siberia. We were in the opposite extreme, only 12 miles south of the equator!

Nyare returned, on the 8th, from a journey, with a new wife whom he had bought; and, the woman came to see Mrs. Nassau.

But, we reserved our interest for the good Nyamba, who had first been introduced to me as Nyare's "wife." She always remained a true friend. Under civilization, I would have called her queenly. The next time that he asked me for a gift of cloth, I more than half-seriously advised him to send back the new woman to her family from whom he had bought her; and, then, with his returned goods, he would not need to ask me for gifts.

On Sunday, the 10th, my diary records: "How much happiness God has given me this year, after my loneliness in the eleven preceding years."

On Tuesday, the 12th, had to stop work that could not go on without my superintendence, in order to civilly receive my visitors Nyare and Mamyaga and a number of his own Interior visitors, whom he had brought to see "his white man." There was a long talk, very unsatisfactory to me, the gist of which was that the two men wished me to give them gifts oftener, in order that they might accumulate goods, with which to buy more wives!

I do not know what caused my men often to sicken. That I, as a foreigner, should often be feverish was to be expected. I am sure that was not the cause with them. Nor, could it be work; for, though I was exacting as to diligence, I was never severe as to a difficult task. Perhaps, they missed the society and amusements of their own homes. As to food; while they were rarely short, it is true that there was not obtainable among the Fañwe the same kind and variety to which they were used at their own tribes. Sometimes, it was true that that "sickness" was a pretense. But, it was not so in the case of Elder Nguva. I had been willing for him to leave, as he could not work; my medicines seemed to do him no good; and the sight of his weakness distressed me. So, I was pleased to see him go, in a passing canoe.

Albinism is not rare among the negro tribes. But, I had not before seen an albino among the Fañwe, until on the 14th, I saw one in a canoe going up-river.

At the Saturday afternoon service, on the 16th, in Nyare's where Njâgu-demba was still visiting, I had a remarkable talk with the latter on religion. He was a very intelligent man. But, next day, at my Sunday services, his people were rude and

noisy. Our act of prayer, always, at first, aroused native laughter. They were not ignorant of prayer in their own fetish ceremonies; but, they were not accustomed to closed eyes. A Fañwe passed by, with a large specimen of the very poisonous snake, the *pe* (Echidna Gabonica) a horned viper.

The ethics of many things with the natives differed from mine. I hired a Fañwe to cut down one of my trees. For that purpose he borrowed an axe of another Fañwe; he broke the axe. I expected that he would demand that I should pay for the axe, on the basis that it was broken in my service. But, he did not. So, when I paid him his wage, I gave him a gift besides.

As I was to leave temporarily, to take Mrs. Nassau to Kângwe, safe from the expected rainy season, I decided to close my contention with Ndoña-ma-vuña, about his fishing trespass.

JOURNEY TO KÂNGWE.

By Tuesday, September 26, the house was safely under its thatch roof; and a portion of the walls was enclosed.

Leaving Akendenge and Nyândâ in charge, we started in the *Nelly-Howard*, with only two men, Galwas. I did not think it safe to take any of the Fañwe clan; and, anyhow, they knew nothing about oars. But, going with the current, and resting often by stopping to salute the villages, we made good progress; and, after dark, stopped for the night at Isosa.

Next day, onward, stopping at other villages. At Njâgudemba's Ngwilaka, a crowd of women were wondering at the white woman.

Taking the mid-day meal at Belambla, by sunset we were at the Island "Factory," Mr. Ermy's. Hospitably received by him and his Sierra Leone assistant, Mr. Francis. The next day, Thursday, on our way; and, after the mid-day lunch on Fetish Point, at the mouth of the Ngunye, we sighted the journey's end. Mrs. Nassau entered into the enthusiasm of the occasion, by firing my Winchester as a salute to Mrs. Reading at Andĕndĕ, and then we went to the house on the Hill.

On Friday, the 29th, in afternoon, Rev. W. H. Robinson, in charge of the church quarterly communion, preached at the preparatory service.

On the 30th, a mail was awaiting us; and Mrs. Nassau and I read our glad remembrances. In the afternoon, at another service, I preached. At the session meeting, two Galwas, Njambi and Bigman were received; Mrs. Ermy brought her letter from the Gaboon church; and Mr. and Mrs. Reading brought theirs,

from their Frenchtown church, New Jersey. And, he was elected as ruling elder.

On Sunday, October 1, at communion, Mr. Reading was ordained and installed; and Mrs. Ermy's two children, and the two Galwas were baptized. Monthly concert in the afternoon. Mrs. Nassau's enjoyment was great of this "church in the wilderness."

The next day, we were busy opening some of Mrs. Nassau's boxes. In the afternoon, there was a Fañwe war-cloud that sent me to Andĕndĕ with my rifle. And, in the evening, music with my flute and Mrs. Nassau's organ.

On Wednesday, the 4th, there was more opening of some of our treasures. From one of the boxes, we brought out a handsome parlor-lamp, a wedding-gift, of just a year before, from my cousin, Miss Maude Hamill. In the morning of Sunday, the 8th, I preached for Mr. Robinson. And, on Monday, went to the trading-houses, to get a supply of goods for return to Talaguga. On Tuesday, the 10th, I killed a goat, and made a feast for the schoolboys, on the first anniversary of my marriage. At our anniversary dinner, were present, Rev. W. H. Robinson, and Mr. and Mrs. Reading and their little daughter Elizabeth. Our American wedding cake, which had been reserved for that occasion, was cut, and shared. Sent some to Mr. Gibson (successor to Mr. Sinclair), and to Mr. Romahn (successor to Mr. Schiff).

Former Galwa employees (of the rebellious school-company of 1880) returned to me, willing to re-enter my service. They were a sufficient crew for my native boat. But, I needed also, others for the two canoes of Mr. Reading's which were to be loaded with our goods and supplies. He favored Fañwe, and suggested employing them, rather than Galwas. Mrs. Nassau was to remain at the Kângwe school for three months, until her house at Talaguga should be completed. On Wednesday, the 11th, went to Andĕndĕ landing, to load the three crafts. But, the promised Fañwe failed to appear; and, I had to defer the journey for two days.

JOURNEY TO TALAGUGA WITH FAÑWE.

On Friday, the 13th, everything was unfavorable. (If I had had a particle of absurd superstition, I would not have gone.) I was feverish; my neck stiff with a cold; the season was the rainy, and storms were certain to be met; and, the Fañwe crews which Mr. Reading had finally with difficulty obtained, were rebellious,

from the very start; and, I knew that I should have difficulty with them. We were late in starting. A storm met us at the Ngunye mouth. The Fañwe proved themselves incapable, even as paddlers. And, I stopped, wet and weary, at an Akĕle village for the night. I would rather have gone into the forest, for sake of the order of the crews; but, it was not safe for me in the rain. As I had feared, next morning, there was a quarrel between my Fañwe and the Bakĕle, over a charge of the former that the latter had stolen from them. Doubtless, the charge was true. But, the Bakĕle were defiant, and dared me to remain and submit to a witchcraft test of their truth. *That* was absurd; with delay the quarrel would have grown to a fight. And, I forced my people to start away. They were very disobedient on the way, laying down their paddles to argue with each other; and, some actually bringing out food and knife to begin to eat long before meal-time. As I ordered one to lay down his knife, and he did not obey me, I reached to take it away. He snatched it from me; and, in doing so, cut my hand. I knew that it was an accident, and said nothing. But, the sight of the white man's blood frightened them for a while. So slow was our progress that we did not reach Belambla until 11 o'clock at night. (I dreaded for the Fañwe stopping at another Akĕle village.) Fortunately, the threatening rain held off. Rested at Belambla over Sunday the 15th.

Made better progress on Monday, the 16th, eating our midday meal in the forest opposite Ngwilaka. Then went to Njâgudemba, to ask him for his people to help me. But, his demand for pay was so exorbitant, that I left, determining to struggle on as I was. Passed on, in rain, stopping after dark, in the forest near Nkogo. I risked the rain, rather than another Akĕle quarrel.

On Tuesday, the 17th, I was very wet and cold. Time was lost, all along the journey, by the three crafts not keeping together. My presence was a necessary protection for all; and, I dared not go ahead with my crew (as they desired to do) and leave the others behind. So, from time to time, I made re-arrangement of the crews, putting stronger hands in place of weaker ones. Thus I got along pretty well, until after dark; when, after passing a desirable camping-place, I refused to stop anywhere than at Talaguga. The Fañwe then were on the point of mutiny, and would do nothing without violent urging. In passing Yeña, their insubordination became so great, that, in my determination to reach home that night, I took all of Elder

Nguva's crew, leaving him and his canoe-load at Yeña (for, it was boards, and could not be hurt by rain). His crew I distributed into the other two crafts. Finally, at 10 P. M., Talaguga was reached. And, the two crafts were discharged. I had two kittens, whose lives, at once (before attending to myself), I tried to save, with warmth and milk. They were dying of the cold and exposure of the journey. In putting away my other wet treasures, and writing to Mrs. Nassau, for the Fañwe's departure next day (for, I wished to get rid of them as soon as possible, and not have them on my hands to feed from my limited stock), it was long after midnight, and on to 4 A. M. of next morning, before I went to bed. I wondered at my endurance.

AT TALAGUGA.

On Wednesday, 18th, I awoke cold and stiff; for, I had no dry coverings. I sent five of the Galwas down to Yeña, to bring Elder Nguva and his canoe-load of boards. And, spent the day sleepily, in efforts to dry my clothing. Nguva and his company arrived in the evening. Next day, despatched Mr. Reading's Fañwe in his two crafts. And, put the Galwas at washing and ironing the calico trade-prints, all of which, with all my other belongings of provisions and goods, had been soaked by the rains of the journey. It was the worst journey I had ever made in the river. The impression that those slow insubordinate Fañwe made on me was indelible. Though I had, sometimes subsequently, to use Fañwe as a crew, I never *wished* to use them. [My last memory of that part of the Ogowe is a ride in January, 1906, with a Fañwe crew, which a French missionary friend had sent to carry me from Belambla to Andĕndĕ.]

On Friday, the 20th, the accumulation of exposures had their inevitable effect. I was taken down with fever-chills. But, I sat in the hut, and directed Akendenge where he should put away the various articles on shelves and in boxes.

By Saturday, the fever was broken; but, I was too weak to go to the service in the villages. I sent Elder Nguva in my place. The days had been very rainy. The mountain-brook was a torrent, and "Little Talaguga Rock" was almost covered.

I had brought grenadilla vines, and citron and other plants from Kângwe. Having saved my goods and provisions, and having started Nguva and Ompwenge at planing boards, I found time for planting. On the 27th, I felt so depressed about the prospect of accomplishing anything with the Fañwe, that I was willing to abandon Talaguga, and go to some other tribe, any

THE MOUNTAIN BROOK

Facing page 406

one of whom (excepting the Akĕle) seemed more hopeful in their receptivity. The only consideration that made me willing to remain was the original one, which had governed my selection of Talaguga, i. e., that it would be only a way-station to the more important Interior. In that light, it was worth retaining, simply as a depot for exchange of crews, independent of any christian work among the adjoining people. White ants I found doing their secret work of destruction among my boxes, in the dampness and darkness of the hut.

I think that my nerves were awry, and probably my liver out of order, on the 28th. Part of the fault must have been in myself, and not all of it in the workmen, who seemed to me (most of them) doing their work in the wrong way. After sending one of them from his work, to sit in his hut and do nothing, I sat down myself. The evening was oppressively quiet.

Besides my own people, there was only one outsider, a Fañwe, at morning service of the 29th; the same at the afternoon Sabbath school. Only one, of the many in the villages! Had a conversation with Joktan about strange actions which had led to my rebuke of him. He seemed to have some hidden distress in his heart. Quite a number of visitors on Monday, the 30th. Nyare's wife came, wishing to exchange for another a cloth which one of her people had bought of me with plantains. Mamyaga came also. And Nyare himself. I gave him a talk about his assumptions of authority. The white ants were still at their destructive work. But, I enlivened the evening with some notes on the cornet.

By the 31st, the work on the house was going on well. Nyare and his young man Ntula came to watch its growth. It made my hut look slightly home-like that one of my hens had hatched four little chicks. They stayed near the tent where they were born. Actually, they were company to me, as I watched their antics.

The rats and mice were bad in the hut. On November 1, Ndoña-ma-vuña came and presented me with a wild-rat, as a final peace-offering for his fishing transgression of the previous dry season. I accepted it; and, my people ate it. They worked with zeal and obedience at the building; and, all seemed very happy. The next day, an unusual number of visitors to my much-resorted-to landing-place. About 11.30 A. M., Ogwimpânâ (Galwa) and his crew, on his way up-river; about noon, Ndambĕnje (Orungu) and five canoes, on their way down; about 1.30 P. M. came Sâmbunaga. And, at 2 P. M., Orondo and Asi-

mbo, with letters from Mrs. Nassau. At the evening prayers, sixty of those crews were present. On Saturday, the 4th, I was too weak and wearied with the week's tasks; I did not go to the town-visiting, but sent Elder Nguva.

On the Monday, Nyare came with a hen and her seven chicks, to leave them in my care, as he thought my camp safer from hawks than was his village. The new family was company for mine.

I felt very ill and restless, and weary of the house-building. On November 8, Okota people stopped for the night, on their way down-river. They were housed under my safe boat-shed on the little island, the access to which was by a tree-trunk which I had felled across the little mountain-stream. The log had been leveled on its upper side; but, one needed to step carefully on that narrow bridge.

By November 11th, the work on the house had progressed, so that it was enclosed. Much of that the young men had done without my supervision. But, the laying of the floor I did myself. The few imported pine boards were too valuable for even a foot of them to be wasted with careless sawings. I had seen the reckless waste of boards by carpenters in the United States. I had to be painfully economical. Mamyaga with two of his people came; and impolitely remained when I sat down to my noon meal, staring at my eating, in an annoying way. Perhaps he expected to be invited to join. But, that was impracticable. To do it for one, I should do it for all native visitors. They were too many; and my larder was too limited. (I did it sometimes at the older stations.) I found, later, that he had come to beg for some coal-tar. (I used it to protect my foundations from white-ants.) Of course, the natives wished for every new thing of the white man, even if it did not fit into their civilization. I gave up the entire afternoon to the villiage meetings, sending Elder Nguva with two others down-river a mile or so; Akendenge and Awora to Ndoña-ma-vuña's; and, I went to Nyare's.

On Sunday, the 12th, I over-slept, and was awakened by Nyare's voice. He and his wife were in a hurry to fulfill a promise to come to service!

On Monday, November 13, in the morning, came a Mr. Renè of the German house, on his way up-river with three canoes. I was disappointed that he brought me no mail from Kângwe. True, Kângwe was a mile, by river, from the trading-houses, and Mrs. Nassau was dependant on Mr. Reading for all canoe-service.

MOUTH OF TALAGUGA BROOK, AND LOG-BRIDGE

Facing page 408

And, of course, I did not expect those houses to notify Mr. Reading. I finished laying the floor of the house. In the evening, a tornado came down-river. I enjoyed listening to the roaring wind, and the crashing thunder, and in watching the swaying trees and the flashing lightning.

On Tuesday, the 14th, again I was disappointed. A Mr. Bohn, of the German house stopped; he was sick; and I gave up my room to him. But, his crew outrageously began to make use of my precious bamboo, which I had to use force to save. To them, bamboo was worth nothing; any one could get all one wished by going to the forest swamp. And, at their houses, abundance was kept on hand. But, mine had been obtained only after delay, and at a heavy price, from unwilling Bakĕle. I spent an uncomfortable night, trying to sleep in a chair.

Next morning, Mr. Bohn was better, and I entertained him as my guest. But, I had no food to spare to either give or sell to his crews. So he and they removed to Nyare's; and he established himself there. Nyare had no difficulty in finding food to sell to Mr. Bohn, for rum. He had not been able often to sell to me for other goods! I pondered much on what would be the effect of trade establishing itself so near me. How affairs had developed! Only eight months before, I had come to Talaguga, the advance (resident) white man, the first on the verge. And, now, two were settled beyond me, and one near me!

On Friday, the 17th, leaving Elder Nguva alone, I went with all the others down-river, for building materials, stopping at several villages to ask them to have plantains ready to sell when I should return the next day. At Yeña, the whole village was intensely interested in making witchcraft enchantments, for success in elephant-hunting. These, they intermitted in the evening long enough for me to hold a meeting in the street. I read and sang in their Dikĕle; but, they did not understand my address in Mpongwe. In the evening, I had a talk with a few of the little boys, teaching them the name of Jesus.

Next day, I had to wait, in order to buy the thatch I wanted, until the completion of the witchcraft ceremonies with a grotesque procession around the village. While waiting there, Oguma (Galwa) with five large canoes, came up-river; and, seeing me at the landing, handed me letters from Mrs. Nassau! Her letters were of date November 10 and 12, in which she said that a mail had been sent on the 8th to the German house, for forwarding. And had evidently been forgotten; for Messrs. Renè and Bohn had come from there! Reached home that

night; and found two of Mr. Bohn's crew with Nguva. Just after their departure, I missed a drinking mug.

The only Fañwe present at meeting on Sunday, the 19th, was little Angâm. At the close of service, I heard the strokes of an axe on the hill. Suspecting that some Fañwe had taken advantage of my occupation at service, thus hoping that I would not be able to discover them, I went rapidly but quietly alone toward the sounds; and found four of Nyare's people cutting down a bee-tree. At sight of me, they all but one promptly fled; and, the fourth one fled when I struck him with a stick of wood. I captured their axe and iron-pot.

I was very angry; and read and thought much during the afternoon, as to what course I should pursue. Those outrages were changing, not my nature, but my attitude. I had been too irenic. War was justifiable in self-defense. There was no French arm to whom to appeal. I went to Nyare's to see Mr. Bohn who was sick. I controlled myself about the trespass, and said nothing; but, expected that there would be a talk next day, from the man whom I had struck.

On Monday, the 20th, the expected Fañwe crowd did not come. Work went on well at the interior partition-walls of the house. One of the offenders of Sunday, Otyaga, came to see how I felt toward him. Bakĕle came from Yeña to sell thatch which I was needing. Awŏrĕ came asking to join the church inquiry class! And, after evening-prayers, Elder Nguva came to consult me about his prospective marriage, and to explain about the missing mug of Saturday night. All these good things made me feel humbly grateful to God who seemed to be favoring the station.

On the 22d, while I was repairing a log bridge over the gulley near Nyare's boundary line, Jimĕ, another of the bee-tree offenders, came by. I took no notice of him. Two Bakota canoes came down-river to Mr. Bohn, to try to induce him to go and live with them (as he had originally intended to do). But, he concluded not to go. I amused them with fire-crackers; and had a pleasant chat with them. I longed to go with them; for, my Benga-tongue was at once of use with them. And, I was making slow work at acquiring the Fañwe dialect.

Went to Nyare's on Saturday, the 25th, and he made a talk about the offenders of the bee-tree. (I believed him as guilty as they; at least, he could have prevented trespass, if he had chosen to do so.) I planned to go on the following Monday, down to

Ngwilaka; and I asked him for the loan of his canoe, and Mr. Bohn for the loan of two of his men.

On Sunday, the 26th, very early, came word that Mr. Romahn (in charge of the German house at Lembarene) had sent a canoe with orders for Mr. Bohn to remove. But, Nyare refused to allow either Mr. Bohn or his goods to depart. (*That* was, at that time, the native chiefs' attitude to white traders; the latter "belonged" to them.) Nyare did not care for my Gospel, and would not come to meetings. But, at the close of service, he came with two women and a sick child to get medicine for the child. Two canoes arrived from Ngwilaka, having plantains to sell. They waited for the morrow, for the sale. I had an impressive talk with Akendenge and Ompwenge, hoping to interest them in personal work as Scripture-readers (evangelists) or, as teachers in the Kângwe school.

JOURNEY TO NGWILAKA.

As I had heard that there were lying at Ngwilaka for me a lot of boards, forwarded that far by Mr. Reading, it was necessary to go to Njâgu-demba's, although I was weak from bowel trouble. Nyare was willing to loan me his canoe, but he could give me no crew. So, I preferred to take Mr. Bohn's canoe and two of his people; and I induced Ndoña-ma-vuña and another man also to go, starting on Monday, the 27th. (The friendship with the former had been entirely restored.) On the way down, met a Mpongwe, Angila-kukulani, and several canoes. He had with him the three little boxes of mail which Mrs. Nassau had tried to send on the 8th, but which the German house had neglected to forward! I had abundance of letters to read, as we floated down river! At Njâgu-demba's, that evening, I found him sick. And, Mr. Reading's letter (three weeks old) and boards and boxes were at the trader's house. There was no opportunity for any public service. Next day, Njâgu-demba gave me two men; and, loading my boards and boxes (and, also five bags of salt for Mr. Bohn) I started homeward, reaching Yeña for the night.

The following day, I continued, though weak; and stopping to deliver to Mr. Bohn his salt, I was at my house by the middle of the afternoon.

AT TALAGUGA.

Already, by December 1, Nyare's people were stealing from Mr. Bohn. I told the former that I would confiscate part of

the wages of Otyaga, for his bee-tree offense. Saturday, the 2d, was an ominously quiet morning; no Fañwe moving about. At noon, heard that one of Ndoña-ma-vuña's men had shot his own wife and child. I went to his village to inquire about the murder. The child, a little girl, was not dead, but was wounded in the legs. The people told me they would pay me many things, if I would save the child. (Of course, I did not wish for pay.) Nodoña-ma-vuña regretted that he had nothing fit to offer me.

Sunday, the 3d, was a beautifully bright morning. Two of Mr. Bohn's people came to service. Just after meeting, a canoe of Galwas, on their way to Okanda, came, and stayed quietly during the day. At noon, I went to Ndoña-ma-vuña's, and dressed the little girl's wounds. The town's-people were grateful, and presented me with a bush-rat. (My employees got some comfort out of it for their supper.) My Galwa visitors came to Sabbath school, and were very respectful.

Mr. Bohn had been wishing to leave Nyare's thieving village, but was practically a prisoner. One of Mr. Bohn's men came to me on Monday, the 4th, with word that Nyare was preventing his master from an attempt to go away with his goods. It was an appeal for aid. I knew the custom of the river (at that time) and felt indignant that a civilized man should be subjected to it by a heathen cannibal. Myself had escaped from Belambla only by diplomacy. I went to Nyare, and expostulated with him. (I think that something was said to him about appeal to French power.) He asserted that he was not hindering either Mr. Bohn or his goods; that he was only demanding pay for the use of his house. I much doubted the truth of either of his statements; though it was possible that Mr. Bohn had not understood him. No chief would ask "pay" for the use of his house, as long as the visitor was pleased to stay. I believed that the demand was made only to exact something more from Mr. Bohn before his departure. Under the circumstances, I advised him to give it. He did so; and got away immediately with his goods, I standing by, until he had hastily completed the loading of his canoe. I did not like being mixed up in a trade matter; but, I wished to help a white man. I might need help myself some day. And, I was, incidentally pleased to see that I had gained a little influence. At sunset, Ntula, one of the bee-tree offenders, came to ask about his axe which I still held possession of.

On Tuesday, the 5th, Bilâñ paid me eight eggs, as a fine for his trespass of six months before! Nyare came, alarmed at the

fear that the French might punish him for his violence to Mr. Bohn. I said nothing to quiet his fears.

On Thursday, the 7th, all busy at the house on the hillside. The walls and floor had already been completed; and, now, the doors and window-frames were being put in place. Akendenge made a special effort for my dinner, which I enjoyed more than any meal I had had for a month: croquettes of canned beef and dried potatoes, pan-cakes, and pumpkin pie. I had sent my people down-river, to the village of a Fañwe, Nguwe, below Yeña, for bamboo; they had returned without any, and with a story of difficulty and danger. So, on Friday, the 8th, I went myself, borrowing also Nyare's canoe and three of his people. We made a most rapid descent in two hours; got the bamboos without difficulty; and, only stopping to eat in the forest, were back again by 10 at night. I felt grateful for the successful day.

On Saturday, I gave back to Otyaga his captured pot of three weeks before; but, I confiscated a knife that was due him on his wages. Of Nyare's seven chicks, three had died; and I sent back to him the hen and the remaining four. My own little broods, out of which I got some pleasure in watching them, were thriving. "Beauty's" one chick was able to roost out-doors; and "Pantalet's," seven were growing.

On Sunday, the 10th, there was wailing at Nyare's, for the death of one of his little children, who had been sick for some time. On such occasions there is always a crowd of visitors to be fed. I saw Ntula in a canoe, with dogs, going on a hunt. African wailing for a death was ever, to me, a most sadly depressing sound. A woman, passing with her water-jug, stopped to tell me of the child. Her mute pointing down to the ground, as descriptive of the end of life, was so sad, as the heathen point of view. I tried to give her christian view, upward. Sâmbunaga and his crew stopped on their way down-river; and, Joktan who had been sick, went with him. After he was gone, his companions told me of symptoms, of which I had not been told, which made me believe he had smallpox. He had had a chill on Friday; on the Sunday (the third day) his face was broken out with pimples; voice rough; swelling of glands in the groin; pains in back and head. The disease was probably contracted twelve days before, on our journey to Ngwilaka. On Monday, the entire household was busy at washing all worn or soiled garments, cleaning furniture, and fumigating all places where Joktan had been sitting or lying.

While I was busy, on the afternoon of Tuesday, with my work-

men, at the house on the hillside, Nyare came with seven Fañwe visitors from the Interior. One of them was a very suspicious-looking fellow. I could not leave my work, to entertain them, just at that time; but, allowed them to look around my houses. When the afternoon work was done, and I came down to the water-side hut, for supper, that fellow and another were still hanging around so offensively, that I drove them away. After they were gone, I missed my "Pantalets" and her chicks. I went to Nyare's, to charge his guests with theft; but, he was not at home. I returned, feeling depressed, lest I had been unjust in my suspicion, or unwise in my driving away of the men. I needed more patience. Worry over work had made me lose control of my nerves or judgment. Perhaps this was the cause of the coldness I had felt in my religious meetings during the month previous. If my chickens were stolen, they had been returned; for, they were on hand, in the morning of the 13th. When one of the men of the day before came again to see me, I gave him a small gift, to make up for my treatment of him. Jimĕ came to ransom his axe of the bee-tree trespass. But, his offer was so small that I declined it.

On Thursday, the 14th, I was pleased to see some signs of the people recognizing my right to the premises and *everything* on it. I woke early, hearing the noise of women going to gather wild mango fruits, for making *odika*. Some of the trees were on my grounds, and I had given them permission. And, Nyare came to ask that his men might fish for the day in the brook. I was quite willing. Was pleased to assure him that *that* was all that I had been demanding, a recognition of my rights. Mamyaga came to ask for some carbolic acid; he had found it useful, in my medication of him. And, then, he was very much pleased, and apparently amused, in telling me about his murder of a woman of an adjoining clan, at Bitâgâ! I finished the doors and windows of the house; and it was ready for occupancy by my wife. I breathed a sigh of satisfaction. But, first, was needed the kitchen (a detached hut); and work was begun on it at once.

The plan of the completed hillside cottage was twenty-four feet by twenty-two feet.

All these rooms were open to the roof, except the dining and spare rooms: they were ceiled. Thus, making an attic above (reached by a ladder) where goods could be stored.

I had not acquired enough of Fañwe to preach in it, but, I could talk a few sentences for ordinary conversation. But, more

than that I had impressed the people with a sense of affiliation with them. I had, in all my missionary life, felt strongly that adaptation to environment is the first law of existence. I was pleased when I over-heard Ndoña-ma-vuña remark, "Nasâ a tâ mâna Fañ" (Nassau has become a real (literally "a child" of) Fañwe).

Mr. Ermy came in his large canoe, on Sunday, the 17th, and brought me from Kângwe, some boxes of provisions, and a mail. It was not rare that civilized men, in that wild life, sometimes forgot the day of the week. Mr. Ermy thought that the day was Saturday. Nyare and some of his people came to see me. Their extreme covetousness, that would be always begging for something, I had checked by rebuking when they asked too often, and *never* giving anything on Sunday, lest it should look like paying them to come to service. (The Roman Catholic priest at his Lembarene Mission gave them, at the church-door, a glass of rum.) It was half-provoking and half-amusing to see their attempt to avoid my rule, in their saying, "We are not asking you to-day, but we will come to-morrow to ask you for something." Monday, the 18th, found me excited by the mail of Sunday.

Nyamba came with a present of fresh corn for me, and *ingwĕsĕ* for my people. She said that Nyare, in his anger about something, wanted to shoot her. With a memory of the affectionate relations she had seen between myself and Mrs. Nassau during our camp-life of the preceding dry season, she remarked that "the custom of one man and one wife" was better than the Fañwe polygamy.

I like pets; and, having no dog or cat, I petted my chickens, giving names to them. One of them, "Specks," came off her nest with a brood of six chicks; making seventeen little chickens in the yard. At night of the 19th, had a pleasant prayer-meeting.

The only incomplete part of the house, the flight of steps to the front porch, was finally finished on Saturday, the 23d. And, the kitchen also was done.

Then, I began to prepare for the journey to Kângwe, to bring Mrs. Nassau to our home. I gave parting presents to Nyare and hs wife Nyamba; placing in their care the three young men whom I was leaving in charge of the premises. To them, I gave food supplies, and goods for need of purchase, and directions about the care of the grounds, etc., for I would be away a long while at Gaboon. I took account of my little stock of goods, for a part of my annual report to the mission.

On Sunday, the 24th, a down-going canoe stopped for fire; and I sent by it a letter to Mrs. Nassau advising her of my coming. Only one Fañwe was at morning service. But, I was grateful to God for the degree of health He had given me in the preceding three months; for success in building; and, for acceptance among the Fañwe, even if they were still careless about listening to my message. In the afternoon, a tornado storm came down the river, with its usual sudden fall of temperature. I always shivered before it. No one thing in Africa's conditions was more likely to make me sick than that sudden fall in the thermometer. I went to bed with a fever-chill.

JOURNEY TO KÂNGWE.

Monday, the 25th. Not at all like Christmas! I had made all arrangements for the journey, and, notwithstanding my sickness, preferred the kongongo to a canoe. I was so weak that I could but slowly gather together the usual last things. I lay on the seat with a head-ache. At Yeña, where the crew stopped to eat, I lay still, and did not go ashore. The head-man and his wife came kindly to me, and she gave me honey; but, I could eat nothing.

At Isosa, we met Laseni, and other traders and some eighteen canoes. He handed me letters from Mrs. Nassau. Stopping only at Ngwilaka, to debark a Fañwe passenger, we kept on our way to Belambla, for the night. The next day, I had the crew do some work, to preserve the house, tarring its foundation-posts to keep away white ants. Some Bakĕle volunteered to help (and, of course, I paid them); and, I hired four women to cut down the grass and weeds. While at our noon meal in the forest near Nenge-sika, a run-away slave came asking passage with us. With a short stop to salute our helpful friend Mr. Ermy, we went on our way; and were at Kângwe before sundown. Mr. Reading had already left, for the annual meetings at Libreville. Two French government gunboats, the *Marabout* and the *Basilique*, were lying in the river. Church prayer meeting was held at night. On Wednesday, the 27th, went with Mr. Robinson to make an official call on the officers of the *Marabout*. The *Basilique* was gone. Called, at the new Aguma, on the H. & C. house for my bills for the year; and at the German Otanga, for the same. On Thursday, the 28th, the commander of the *Marabout* returned our call.

On Friday, the 29th, engaged a crew for my proposed journey to Gaboon. Went to Otanga, to have my bills rectified; on the way, leaving at the *Marabout*, a gift of vegetables from Mrs.

Reading. In the afternoon, church preparatory service. Tea at Mrs. Reading's with Mrs. Nassau; and looking over the contents of a box from her Jamesburg, New Jersey, friends. Joktan came, having recovered from his small-pox. On Sunday, the 31st, I preached in the morning; conducted monthly concert in afternoon; and lectured in the evening.

JOURNEY TO GABOON.

As the boat-journey would be an exposed and trying one, it was decided that Mrs. Nassau should remain at Kângwe with Mrs. Reading.

On Monday, January 1, in the *Nelly-Howard*, passed down the main stream, stopping for the noon meal at the first entrance to Lake Onanga. Stopped at various villages. At Nandipo, engaged friend Azâze to obtain me a gorilla head (for examination of its brains by my friend Thomas G. Morton, M.D., of Philadelphia). On to Igenja, for the night.

On Tuesday, the 2d, saw the *Falaba* (the successor of the *Pioneer*), passing up-river. Boarded it; and, opening the mail-bag, found letters for myself; and wrote a short note to Mrs. Nassau. The noon meal was eaten at Isâgi's Ngumbe. And, reached Ñango, late at night, in darkness and rain.

On Wednesday, weather threatening, ate at Angâla; and, thence, on to the mouth of the river. I had made no arrangement for the *Hudson* to meet me; and would attempt the sea-journey in the *Nelly-Howard*, though I knew that that boat was built only for river use. At the mouth, bought food for the crew for a possible two days at sea. Did not venture to make the start at night. Slept on Nengie Island. But, slept poorly, because of mosquitoes. Had with me empty boxes, which I filled with sand for ballast.

The mosquitoes were so bad that, to escape them we put out to sea before daybreak of Thursday, the 4th, with a slight wind; and got on comfortably as to progress, but, with the usual nausea. Rain all day; and, in the late afternoon, went in toward shore, to find a safe anchorage for the night.

On Friday, the 5th, before daylight, started again, and made slow but safe progress, until while rounding a point into the Gaboon River, the surf drove the boat ashore. To save it, the men rapidly unloaded it, and then towed it around into quiet water. We were panting with thirst and went off on to the prairie to seek some pool of water. Then by 5 P. M. we started to row the twelve miles across the estuary. It was 10 at night, when after

discharging and housing the boat, I arrived at the Baraka houses of Rev. Mr. Campbell and of Mrs. Bushnell. My sister Isabella had returned in good health from the United States with new missionaries.

And I had pleasant talks next day with her, and with the newly arrived Rev. A. C. Good, and Miss Harding. I had a long talk with Mr. Good, about his probable location. I had hoped that he would come to the Ogowe, and start a new advanced station. But, his interests lay at Baraka, where he was, later, to marry Miss L. B. Walker.

After the evening service, had an unpleasant discussion with Rev. William Walker, about his assuming control of the Gaboon church, the while that he, as a member of the Congregationalist body, had no connection with or authority from our Presbytery.

On the evening of Monday, the 8th, had a long talk with my sister about her wish to locate a station at Batanga Beach. Some years before, in an enthusiastic endorsement of my advance toward the Ogowe Interior, she wrote some verses entitled, "Back from the Coast!" But, now, she had changed her views. While waiting at Baraka, after her arrival from the United States, she had gone to Batanga, had aroused the hopes of the people there for a white missionary (which the mission had repeatedly refused, as our line of extension had officially been decided to be through the Ogowe). And, the Batanga people had offered her a very fine site, if she would go there. [That site is better, than either of the two locations which our missionaries subsequently chose; and is now occupied by a Roman Catholic mission.]

On Tuesday, the 9th, began meetings of mission, which were continued for a week, almost every day; and at which my sister and Miss Harding were appointed to Kângwe. And, on Wednesday, the 10th, in the evening, began Presbytery meetings; which were continued almost every evening, for a week. Except, that on Saturday afternoon, the 13th, we adjourned, that some of us might make an official call on the French commandant.

Sunday, the 14th, Rev. Mr. Marling preached. A steamer, *Mandingo*, arrived, having a quantity of goods for Mr. Reading and myself. He thought it a case of necessity, and landed his. I was not willing to do such work on Sunday, and ordered mine to remain until Monday; and landed it safely on that day. On Tuesday, January 16, we closed our meetings; and I prepared for my return to the Ogowe.

JOURNEY BACK TO THE OGOWE.

On Thursday, the 18th, Mr. Reading and I, with our goods, and the two boats, *Nelly-Howard* and *Evangeline* (my sister's boat), boarded the *Falaba* which had returned from the Ogowe.

On Friday, the 19th, we were overtaken by the French gun-boat, *Basilique*. And the two vessels anchored at Angâla on the afternoon of Saturday. The commander of the gun-boat kindly offered to take ourselves, our goods, and the boats. It was a very great favor; it would save us the slower travel on the *Falaba*. I was not hearty in accepting, for, I believed it would involve some Sunday work. But, Mr. Reading, at once got out our goods from the hold of the *Falaba*, stowed them in the boats, and with the two boats and our fourteen people in tow, we boarded the *Basilique*, before sunrise of Sunday, the 21st. (It was not a good arrangement, towing such heavily laden boats.) The *Falaba* at once went on; but, the gun-boat soon passed, and left it far behind. In the afternoon, by bad steering of one of the men in my boat, its rudder was broken; and it was impossible to be towed until repairs were made. Which, the officer most kindly offered to have done by his engineer, stopping his vessel for the purpose. Again, I had to differ from Mr. Reading. After all the courtesy of the Frenchman, I could not think of delaying him for an hour, for the heedlessness of my employee, that might occur again before reaching Lembarene.

Mr. Reading therefore proceeded with the gun-boat, towing the *Evangeline;* and I cast off with the *Nelly-Howard* and my crew, and ran ashore, to camp in the forest until the next day. My crew were very angry at me, because they would have to row the usual hard journey up-river, instead of being easily towed. In the evening, they were in a better frame of mind, and begged for permission to row me to a village a few miles distant. We went there; and I held a service. And, the next day, repaired the rudder. And reached Kângwe, on January 25. Mrs. Nassau had been anxious for my return. But, she agreed with me, that if both Mr. Reading and I could not have remained on the gun-boat, it was well that he had come in advance of me; for, he was needed on matters of station control, with which I had no authority.

When Miss Nassau and Miss Harding arrived at Kângwe, Mrs. Nassau's various works of house-keeping and teaching on the hill were divided between them. And she and I packed our goods, etc., for removal to Talaguga.

Miss Harding, a highly-educated lady, was of negro extraction; but, of so slight an admixture that she was regarded as an "European." At her own expense, she had brought her mother with her from the United States; who was not therefore on the mission list.

JOURNEY TO TALAGUGA.

Mrs. Nassau, writing to her Monmouth, New Jersey, Presbyterial Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, described that journey of Wednesday, February 7:—"Miss Nassau, from the home on the hill, and Mr. and Mrs. Reading and Mr. Robinson, from the Andĕndĕ water-side, waved their farewells to Dr. Nassau's company, as he, with his fleet of two boats and three canoes and forty men and boys, pushed off on their up-river journey to Talaguga. The *Nelly-Howard* carried the doctor and wife and crew of six men (with oars), and a heavy load of goods and baggage. The other crafts had a full complement of paddles; and, we started with the feeling of strength which many hands give to the performance of good works. The canoes carried boards and native food, provisions for ourselves, and household furniture. Mr. Reading had already taken up a large canoe filled with foreign provisions, our food for the coming year.

"Just a few hours before our departure, news was received that a native trader, in a fight with a Fañwe village, on the river-side, more than half of the way up to Talaguga, had killed three men there; that the Fañwe were greatly incensed thereby; and that any canoe passing, would incur the danger of an attack from them. But, our crews seemed to smother their fear (which we knew they felt), and we had no hesitation in starting. Happily, at the very last moment, three young men, former pupils of the Kângwe school, asked to be taken. They were kindly accepted.

"But, many of the crew, from near villages, wished to stop at their homes and get guns, etc. The crew of the *Nelly-Howard* were all held to their promise; though the doctor was obliged to land and go to their village, to hurry them from their multitudinous leave-takings. Before leaving the first village, we heard that two of the crew of one of the canoes had deserted, fearing the Fañwe along the route. This was distressing to the crew, who wished as many paddles as possible.

"We passed the middle of the river, and saw the principal canoe touch the other side; and, nearly every one left the canoe. We passed within speaking distance, and asked the cause. Three

from the crew had deserted, their mothers fearing to have their sons go on such a perilous journey. (Those same young men, when their inclinations lead, are not so easily restrained by their mothers.) The leader of that canoe threw down his paddle, saying that he would not go at all with so few men. The doctor promised him two from another canoe; and we all slowly passed on. But, the entire company were in ill-humor; and, the peace of the journey seemed broken. The missionaries could only endure, and trust that He, who prepares the hearts of all men, would so over-rule their discontent and rebellion that a safe arrival should be secured. Also, another earnest prayer was offered for the withholding of rain, which would not only cause loss of goods, but great discomfort and probable danger of health.

"We lunched in the woods about 2 P. M. In the wife's little boat, the *Swan*, its three young men, instead of following the *Nelly-Howard*, went their own way; and, as the shades of night fell around us, they were hid from view. We were troubled, as they were in danger of running aground on the many islands in mid-stream, and we knew they would be in great fear of the Fañwe along the shore. Wearily (more truthfully) our crew pulled; and, we were very much relieved when the lights of an American negro trader's house shot across our bow at 9.30 P. M. We landed (the last of the crafts); went ashore; and enjoyed for the night the hospitality of our fellow-countryman, Mr. Ermy. But, oh! the mosquitoes; and the hideous cries of the two watchmen. Little rest, and less sleep, that night!

"Thursday, the 8th, we were again started, with a second canoe in a semi-rebellious state. By 3 P. M., we reached Belambla, and carried bedding, etc., to the little mission-house. This house has been closed for nearly two years, and was put under the care of a native, living near. Earnest prayer has been made that one of the christian young men should offer to live there, as a Bible-reader, though it be among the most superstitious and degraded of all our tribes, the Bakĕle. The dusty walls and floors were not very inviting, though we were glad of their protection from possible rain. A few Bakĕle came to the house to greet us; and, in the evening, we gathered the crews for evening-prayers.

"At 6.30, the next morning (Friday) we were in our boat, ready for a start. But, before pushing off, the missionary and company sang a native hymn, and he offered prayer. The crews were in good spirits, and pulled well; and, we reached the eating-

place at the mouth of a little creek, by 11 A. M. We had our tea and warmed tin of corn, in the boat: and started again, after a rest of two hours. We entered upon the most dangerous part of the journey; for, that afternoon, we were to pass the place of conflict, so much feared.

"From the first day to this time, every village that brought us nearer to the dreaded point, gave us new versions of the trouble, changing the location, and reducing the number of killed, to one; while, one man averred that the affair was entirely settled. We had no trouble that day, in keeping the crafts near us. Fear was a stronger master than the white man. To increase the distress of our men, we met a little steam-launch coming down-river. On board, was an Englishman (a trader) and a Roman Catholic priest. The latter had taken passage for the purpose of viewing the land, having as a plan, the establishing of a mission near us. Thus closely these adherents of the Romish See follow the footsteps of our mission! The trader had promised to take him to within a few miles of Talaguga; but, hearing of the affray, turned back, the second day of the journey. Our men could argue, 'What can this one poor missionary do in the face of savage Fañwe, whom this trader with his steam-launch flees from?'

"It was about 5 o'clock of a beautiful afternoon when we reached a point where the river widened, on the opposite side rising a high hill, Erere-volo. Majestically it overlooked the river below, and beautifully dressed was it with the bright greens of the forest trees, lit up by the brilliantly setting regular 6 P. M. sun.

"The offending village, on the top of the hill, commanded the entire river. On the right bank, a sand-bar reached far out into the water; and dusky forms, from the village on the hill, were seen running to the waterside. Our own five crafts, with two others (strangers, who entered our company for protection under Dr. Nassau's name), huddling more closely together, advanced into the exposed portion of the river. Our crew kept telling the doctor that there was a sand-bar in our way at the right. But, he knew differently. What their fears said: "Guns are! guns there!" would have been more truthful. All kept in mid-stream, until directly opposite the village, and then turned toward it, and hugged closely the base of the hill." [There was the shortest and easiest channel. But, to the crews, it did seem as if I was deliberately leading them into danger. Perhaps the apparent audacity of my maneuver may have checked the Fañwe, if they really had any intention to attack.] "The *Nelly-Howard*

passed near the sand-bar, and we were greeted kindly by the staring Fañwe, though we did not think it best to stop. After we had turned into a bend of the river which hid those people from us, we found that one canoe was missing. Turning back, we met it opposite to the village, and *escorted* it safely past the danger its crew feared.

"This point past, the crews were greatly relieved, and cheerily brought the crafts, before dark, to the place on the edge of the forest, where we were to stay all night. As we landed, one young man said, 'Ah! yes, we passed safely because Dr. Nassau was with us.' *We* thankfully said we passed safely; saw rain falling on all sides, but not touching us. We passed un-wet; only felt the accompanying wind; and realized that our crews were becoming more and more quiet and obedient, because *God* was *with* us. Our camp mats and bedding were laid in the boat. Just as we were ready for sleep, the sound of coming wind and rain was heard. We still prayed, though we knew the rain must come. So it did; but, not enough to in the least incommode us.

"Before day-break of Saturday, the 10th, most of our crafts were off, though we heard some of the crews protesting because of the threatening tornado. By 6 A. M. we were starting. The sun was clouded all day, but we felt no storm. One more meal in the forest; and, before 3 P. M., our entire company touched the shore of Talaguga, within a few minutes of each other, and great shouts of rejoicing on the part of the crews, and welcomes. Never have we passed four consecutive days wherein God's protecting hand was more visibly seen."

CHAPTER XXIII

IN THE TALAGUGA HILL-SIDE COTTAGE,

FEBRUARY, 1883–DECEMBER, 1883

MRS. NASSAU and I were in our hill-side home. On the following Wednesday, February 14, Mr. Robinson came, with a load of furniture. And, on Friday, the 23d, my best native, Mâmbâ (then, foreman in Mr. Reading's employ) came with two crafts laden with goods. And, he remained a week cutting logs (of which Talaguga had a fine variety) for a large new frame house that Mr. Reading planned to build at Andĕndĕ.

When Mâmbâ left on March 2, Londo and Mburu, who had come with me on a promise to remain several months, deserted. That left me short-handed, having only 3 Galwas, 1 Fañwe, and an Accra coast-man, William, as cook. Nevertheless, I went, for the Saturday afternoon visitation, with Mrs. Nassau, and held a meeting at Ndoña-ma-vuña's.

On Sunday, March 4, Nyare's son, Mvĕli, came at Sabbath school. He was very thin, and his ulcers were worse. Heard that the "palaver" of the wife-murderer, Nyĕñĕ, was being talked in Nyare's village. And, the man was one of my workmen! I could obtain so few, that I had to accept even a criminal.

On Sunday, the 11th, Laseni and his wife Alida and some of his people came to services. Also, Nyare and some of his people. Just as we were at tea, there stopped at the landing to bring us a mail, a French expedition, consisting of Lieut. Mizon; Mons. Rigail de Lestour, a civil engineer; Mons. Jacques de Brazza, brother of the Count, a scientific man; and Mons. Michaud, an engineer. They took tea with us; Mrs. Nassau being troubled, not for any lack of food, but only for the smallness of the table. They were accompanied by their two big dogs, which our little "Rover" (whom I had added to our household) small as he was, wished to fight. The gentlemen left early in the evening, and slept at the waterside with their 14

canoes and 190 men. The view of their lights and camp-fires from our hill-side, reminded us of the lights of a little town.

On Monday, the 12th, I rose early, and went to the waterside to bid the four gentlemen good-by at their starting. It was an exhilarating sight, that large flotilla of canoes! Mrs. Nassau and I had a delightful re-reading of our large mail. I obtained the four quarters of a gazelle on Wednesday, the 14th, and gave the employees a feast. Mvĕli's ulcers were so bad that he came to remain at my house, for daily treatment. After their day's work, I allowed my people to go for the evening to Laseni's, who had established himself near us about a mile down-river. I was pleased to have his gentlemanly society; and his company would make my employees feel less lonely. My lonely isolation had been one of the objections to service with me.

In the evening, I read to Mrs. Nassau, from Stanley's "Dark Continent." Mrs. Nassau was affected, as I always was, by the sudden reduction of temperature preceding a tornado storm. On Thursday, the 15th, she had to go to bed, with fever chills. I laid aside all outdoor work, and remained with her, arranging papers, and attending to her medicines.

The next day, she was convalescing. Alida, Laseni's wife came to see her, and spent the day. Mvĕli's mother, with her trust in superstitious "medicines," was interfering with my medication of him; and, I allowed him to spend his nights with her. I conducted a Friday evening inquiry class; the members knew their lesson well.

On Sunday, the 18th, Mrs. Nassau was still feverish, and could not assist in the day's services. I was annoyed by a number of worldly visits. Early in the morning, before prayers, one of the new Fañwe workmen came to explain why he had not been at work on Saturday, and wished to make up for it on Sunday. Then, some of Njâgu-demba's people came to sell plantains; much as I needed them, and as much as I wished to encourage a market, I could not buy. Then, came a little Fañwe, to sell a fowl, supposing that in my great desire for fowls for Mrs. Nassau, I would make an exception to the Sunday rule. Then, Agonjo came to pay me part of his bamboo debt. Much as I needed it, I would not permit him even to land the load from his canoe. So, he stayed over until Monday. Then, Laseni's people, on their way up to Okota, stopped to beg for soap. After Mrs. Nassau's recovery on the 20th, I was sick for several days.

In the afternoon of Thursday, the 29th, just after work time,

there was an alarm at the waterside, that, Fañwe from up-river, had come to attack the workmen's house. One of my men, Ompwenge, seized a gun, and stood his ground; two others fled up the hill to me; with a fourth, Njambi, I came down with our guns. Though his gun was empty, Njambi bravely pointed it at the strangers. But, it was all a mistake. On inquiry, I found that the party were friendly; and explanations were made.

During April, some additions to the house, such as shelves, etc., were completed. Our little house was safe, and, in a degree, comfortable, especially to me, after my long pioneering. And, Mrs. Nassau bravely adjusted herself to its simplicity. Writing to a friend in the United States, she said, "We, the husband and self, are comfortably settled in our little bamboo cottage. . . . How I *long* sometimes for the home-friends, that they might see *my* African home. We have three rooms, small and crowded; but, our combined bedroom and parlor is really pretty. Our new bedroom set, of light ash, stands out in charming relief, against the dark bamboo walls. A sewing-machine, writing-desk, and two trunks fill up all available space. A cupboard in one corner, for our wearing apparel; three-cornered shelves in another, for books. A narrow tier of shelves on one side of the room, for books also, does not add to the *beauty* of the room (all being made of packing boxes, with sides rudely planed, and with original nail holes very apparent) but, they add to our comfort. My one disappointment about the house is, there is no 'prophet's chamber.' I had hoped to have Mrs. Reading's company, for a little while at least. Now, after her recovery from a severe sickness, and her visit to Gaboon, I am not so sure of the fulfillment of hopes."

A young christian woman, wife of one of my Galwa workmen, had come to Talaguga with her husband. She was some company, but not much assistance to Mrs. Nassau. To relieve Mrs. Nassau of manual labor in our household, I had obtained, from one of the ocean-steamers, a civilized coast-man of Accra. His experience as a ship-steward had made him a good cook. He could prepare a dinner rapidly, attractively, and without assistance or direction. We had retained him, notwithstanding his intemperance.

I had some errands down-river, and, on Friday, the 13th, I took Mrs. Nassau with me, using, not her pretty little *Swan,* but, the kongongo. Of that trip, she wrote: "The day was an eventful one in our lives. Nothing less than a river-journey

to a town eight miles below. . . . This is the first time I have ever ridden any distance in a native dug-out: but, I found it very pleasant, had it not been for the cramped unnatural position I was obliged to take. The craft was 35 feet long by 3 feet in width. The husband took the rudder, and, in front of him was a little deck 2½ feet x 4 feet. On this platform, I sat, Turk fashion. But, the length was cut off to 3 feet, by the presence of two paddlers on the forward end of said deck. I relieved myself by, at times, reclining; and, the husband's knees supplied the need of a back. Eight paddlers composed the crew. . . . Three of the terrible Fañwe complete the crew. One is principal in a 'palaver' of his village, the disturbing cause being the murder of his wife; and *he* is the murderer. Without doubt, the man will escape, by paying a very small fine; for, the woman he killed was *only* his *wife!* He owned her; had he not a right to do with his property as he pleased! . . . Another of the Fañwe has been a great comfort to us, and is the most, and nearly the only one who has been willing to work steadily at the station. . . . When the husband first tried to employ the Fañwe, they would come an hour or so late. . . . Now, they are regular in their hours, trust the missionary as to their pay, and work as faithfully as the African negroes *generally* do."

I left Mrs. Nassau in one of the villages (where she was a great curiosity; as, equally, the trees, huts, men, women, and children, and their occupations, were to her) while I went on down to Yeña. And, returned with her later.

Nyamba came on Tuesday, the 17th, and I gave her a gift. She told me a strange story of Nyare, who was sick. He had a dream, and heard a spirit saying, "Give me Nyare." Therefore, he changed his name to "Ndamina," so that when death came to seek *Nyare,* he shall not be found! (Nevertheless, I continued to call him, Nyare.)

Two traders, Messrs. Rene and Gibson, with eight canoes, came up-river on the 19th, bringing letters from Kângwe; and they spent the morning with us. Their crews were very noisy and rebellious; and Mr. Rene fell into the water. The contagion of disorder extended to my people, and they seemed to work with divided thought in the afternoon. A woman came from Ndoña-ma-vuña's on the 20th, to see Mrs. Nassau, and made a strange conversation; that her menses were irregular, and she wanted medicine to regulate them, in order that she might have children; that she had had two children, but that both had died

while they were only creeping; that "Njambi-Creator" had taken them. I pitied the unsatisfied mother-love.

The month of May was a very trying one; Dr. Bacheler, in leaving the mission, wrote some very unjust statements against me (not to me, but) to members of the Mission and the Board. And, Secretary Lowrie gave me a very unsatisfactory reply to my appeal for redress. There were some anxieties about one of my son's funds in the United States, on an outrageous claim by one of his mother's relatives. There were obstructions on the part of the French, about giving a permit to build at Talaguga. There was great difficulty in getting food supplies and workmen. All these things so distressed me, that, for two months, I lost interest in affairs, and made no entries in my diary. I regret that I so failed. For, there were important facts as to the coming of an expedition under De Brazza, and the encroachments of the Commandant at Libreville on the work of our Ogowe mission-stations.

It is only from Mrs. Nassau's diary that I obtain dates of certain events during those months. Under date of May 8, Mrs. Nassau notes: "Commands from the French government that we are to close all 'stations,' outside of Kângwe and Talaguga. Also, not to teach or preach in English, or even in Mpongwe; only in French." Those French government edicts were only a part of a program of Roman Catholic persecution of our Protestant missions, of which we had already felt signs, and were yet to feel greater effects, which, eight years later, drove the mission from our (then) best field, the Ogowe. There would have been no reason for our departure, if France had been as wise at that time to emancipate herself from Papal domination, as she finally became, twenty years later. The "stations" indicated, were only little village school-houses, where native evangelists had been sent; even against these, Romanism raised its hand. And, yet, some of our Protestant friends in the United States, in strange blindness and mistaken liberality, wrote of these Roman Catholic priests, as our "christian brothers"; and suggested "comity"! I did not comply with the order not to preach in the native languages. And Mrs. Nassau (and my sister) continued to teach both in English and native *to a limited extent;* an official reply to an inquiry, as to what constituted a "school," being, "any aggregation of pupils over the number five."

"Thursday, May 10. We heard that the French had occupied Njoli Island (two miles up-river from Talaguga) and, when

I saw a white man at our beach. I thought that the French had come. It proved to be a German trader, Mr. Rene. He came and took tea with us. . . . We were all excited, because of the French. Mr. Sinclair's trader was not allowed to locate in the Fañwe villages near Njoli. Mr. Rene's canoes were stopped, and searched for guns."

"Saturday, May 12. Husband went to Njoli Island, to call on the Frenchmen. Found them *beyond* Njoli. Met pleasantly by them." They had actually landed on and inspected Njoli; but, had gone on farther, and definitely located at Asange Island; which, however, is, to this day, mis-called, "Njoli Post."

"Monday, May 14. About 9 A. M. came the French gentlemen, Messieurs Lieuts. Michelez and Montaignac. Lieut. Mizon also called; but, only at the water-side, as he was not well, and was on his way down-river to Gaboon and to France. The gentlemen were *very* pleasant. Spoke English well, particularly Montaignac. . . . We must learn French. I have made special prayer that I may be able to learn these, Mpongwe, Fañwe, French. This afternoon, a Mpongwe trader has come to Nyare's town; brought rum. We hear their drunken songs this first night."

From her first coming to Talaguga, Mrs. Nassau had a zeal to carry the Gospel beyond. We saw Roman Catholic priests carried into the Interior by the government canoes. I asked no such favor; but, both Mrs. Nassau and I planned to travel far up-river, over my route of 18 months previous, during the cool dry season (June-August), safe from rains. She made herself a short-skirted dress for convenience in canoe-travel. I knew that *trading*, by other than the French, was forbidden beyond Njoli Post. But, I had no idea that *preaching* would be, when I applied for permit to travel, to the local commandant ("Governor") Victor de Kerraoul, at the post. He refused it; said that none but French might pass, for *any* purpose whatever. I appealed, by letter, to his superior, Count de Brazza. Kind permission, and explanation that Kerraoul was mistaken, and that the prohibition was only against *traders*, came from De Brazza just a year later. It was then too late. I am pleased to record that M. Kerraoul was the *only* French official with whom I had intercourse other than pleasant. Moreover, I believe, that whatever was unpleasant in the government's dealings with me and our mission, was directly due to Roman Catholic mis-statement and intrigue.

"Sunday, June 3. One of the most perfect days of rest and

quiet we have known here. Nyare and Nyamba call. Doctor talked to them. A company of strangers passed up from their town, and stuck on a log, and broke their canoe. Nyare said he told them not to go, because it was the Sabbath! Just as the peaceful day closed, and we were kneeling in prayer, a noisy crowd of drunken fellows passed. Contrast! Such noise from the towns was unknown before the rum came."

Mrs. Nassau was rejoiced by a week's visit of Mr. and Mrs. Reading and their little daughter Elizabeth. And, on Wednesday, June 13, we all made an official call on the French station of "Njoli." "We met 'Gov.' Kerraoul, an army officer, De Brazza, and others. . . . Mr. Reading and I look up a site for a house nearer the waterside." It had become apparent that the location on Talaguga hillside was open to the same objection to the Kângwe hilltop. Climbing the hill was too much exertion for most persons. It was decided that the permanent Talaguga house should be built by the water-side, a few hundred feet across the brook, on the east side, opposite to the original hut (which was now the workmen's dormitory).

JOURNEY TO KÂNGWE.

Leaving the premises in charge of four young men, Mrs. Nassau and I in the boat, and accompanied by my canoe, on Tuesday, June 26, we went down-river to attend the quarterly communion at Kângwe. Slept at Njâgu-demba's. And, next day, stopped at Belambla, to put its grounds in order. Reached Kângwe that evening. I assisted the minister in charge, Rev. W. H. Robinson, at the Saturday preparatory; and, at the Sunday, July 1, communion service. A woman and two young men were baptized. (One of the latter, Yongwe, grew, later, into the eldership and the native ministry.) On the Monday, Elder Nguva was married to little Onivi. I thought her entirely too young for marriage.

My visits to Kângwe were generally followed by desertions by my crew. Their constant complaint was the uncertainty of food at Talaguga. (The same was true of the traders' employees; but, in their case, the employees accepted the situation, for their work was not a daily grind, as mine was.) My stay at Kângwe, therefore, was not restful. I had to go down-river to Wombâlya, to search for new workmen. On the way, I stopped and watched in the forest the process of enclosing, by some Fañwe, of some five elephants, in a corral. (A work such as I had assisted at, at the risk of my life, in 1879.)

On my return to Kângwe, having obtained a carpenter, Ankombiĕ, and a very weak lad, Re-Mbili, I took, on Thursday, the 5th, Mrs. Nassau, my sister, and Miss Harding, to see the elephants and the corral. On the way, we had a dangerously exciting experience with the boat in the Dĕgĕliyĕ Rapids of a side-stream (not far from Kângwe) of whose existence I had known, but had not really been aware that it was an *effluent* and not an affluent, nor how near the rapids were until the boat was drawn into them. On our return from the excursion, a mail was handed us, telling of the death of Mrs. Nassau's sister-in-law, Mrs. Julius Foster. With her heart sore for her brother, she began the packing of our goods for the furnishing of our Talaguga cottage, while I was busy purchasing supplies at the trading-houses. Awaiting at Andĕndĕ, to accompany us up-river, was Mr. Menkel, the mission-mechanic, whom I had invited to relieve me of the labor of gathering from the forest material for the proposed new framed house, so that I might be free for my evangelistic work. With him, was his motherless little mulatto boy, Alek, who was to become a new care to Mrs. Nassau.

RETURN TO THE COTTAGE.

When, on Tuesday, July 10, the heavily-laden *Nelly-Howard* was finally ready for our return journey to Talaguga, I was, as usual, hampered by desertions. My Galwa crews, who brought me down, with promise to return with me, found the abundant food of their homes and the attractions of their villages too strong. Some would always fail at literally the last moment; and, I had to get a loan of men from Mr. Reading, just for the trip, or pick up some incompetent idler at villages on the way. This, for years, was a distressing feature of my work at Talaguga. The difficulty with these employees was not any personal feeling against myself, or their tasks, or their wages; but, solely the impossibility of obtaining regularly from the Fañwe of Talaguga sufficient variety or even quantity of food. My friends Messrs. Reading and Robinson kindly aided me by forwarding native supplies from the abundance obtainable in Kângwe region; and, they loyally supported me by refusing employment to any who deserted me. Among the deserters was cook William. He had no cause of complaint on the food question. My bargain with him covered more rice than he could eat daily, and, he had the same meats that I ate.

On the way during the morning, the boat was struck by a

hippopotamus biting through the keel. As the animal rose under us, it lifted out of the water the entire stern of the boat, where were sitting Mrs. Nassau and myself, Mr. Menkel and his child, and two native girls. Near us also was the large heavy box containing Mrs. Nassau's parlor-organ. And, besides the other eight souls in the boat, there was a heavy load of food-supplies, hardware, and building-materials. *Note.* [I have described this adventure in full, in "In an Elephant Corral," Neale: 1912.] After a tryingly slow journey, we reached Talaguga on Friday, the 13th.

Mrs. Nassau makes a record on Saturday, the 14th. "Busy putting things to rights. Mr. Menkel and son with iron bedstead in the dining-room. Husband bargains with Njambi as cook; but, first he leaves for a two-months' vacation. I go to the kitchen, with Ogĕningo and Re-Mbili's help." This was the beginning of a long year's trial with unwilling and incompetent kitchen aid, than which, my constant efforts were unable to obtain better. Occasionally Mrs. Reading sent a temporary loan of one of her servants. But, as they came only under compulsion, I did not like to retain them.

On Saturday, the 21st, Elder Nguva came from Kângwe, with a mixed crew of Kru-men and Galwas, sent by Mr. Reading, to help me for a week, in dragging logs. Mr. Menkel had, unnecessarily, brought with him a personal servant, whose presence was a cause of friction. Himself, who came as my *assistant*, demanded to be placed in unqualified control of the new building operations and of the workmen. To hasten the work, in order to obtain a better house for Mrs. Nassau, I yielded. And, yet, so violently irascible was he that the workmen, whom I had obtained with so much difficulty, declined to obey him. One after another he dismissed them; and, I could obtain no others. His boarding and laundry were also additional burdens.

On Saturday, the 28th, I went across the brook, with Mrs. Nassau, to locate the site of what we hoped would be *her* house. I took Nyare there also, to ask him about the price of a garden of his, near-by, which I wished to purchase. Mrs. Nassau returned to the cottage to play her organ for a large company of Fañwe. That organ-playing was a constant delight. It was a religious exercise for the frequent companies of visitors. The music drew their attention; and, then, she followed, through an interpreter, with the Gospel story. It was a "sowing by all waters," that gratified her desire for *direct* missionary work.

On Monday, the 30th, Laseni kindly sent six of his men to

work for me for the day, at clearing of the new site. But, I was not quite ready for them, not having positively fixed on it. I butchered a goat; and sent one quarter to Laseni, and two quarters to Mons. Kerraoul at "Njoli Post." When my messenger returned, he brought a letter from the "Governor" promising to give me a permit of residence and for house-building.

Wednesday, August 1, was a very busy and varied day. Nyare and his wife Nyamba came to see about the price of her garden that adjoined the proposed site for our new house. A long and diplomatic bargaining. Which resulted in my paying Nyare, one cap-gun $15.00, one wooden chest $2.00, one shirt $2.00, one axe $5.00. And to his wife, one iron-pot $3.00, brass leg-rings $1.00, cloth $1.00, chain $1.00. All making $30.00 (Fañwe trade). A canoe of Galwas passed up, with thatch for the French buildings at the Post.

On Monday, the 6th, I went down-river in the *Swan* to Yeña, with six Fañwe paddlers, to make arrangements with the Mpongwe trader opposite there, Ongâmu, that he should hire Bakĕle to make thatch for the new house. This was much in advance of its erection; but, I needed thousands of pieces; and the accumulation would be slow. As a trader, he could bargain better than I; and, I was quite willing to pay him a commission, and thus escape a work that was distasteful to me.

It was wonderful, the changes that had come into the river, in less than two years! Then, I was the only white man in that portion of it, and there were but few native traders. Now, there was a government military post, a chain of white traders' houses, and connecting links of scores of native subordinates.

On Tuesday, the 7th, Laseni again sent four of his people to assist me. A Fañwe woman came to complain of my goats eating on her garden. Her complaint was just. But, I knew perfectly well that, in the villages, goats browsed on all gardens, and no complaints were made. This woman's action was based on the knowledge that, from the rich (?) white man she could collect damages. While I was considering, I saw Nyamba planting on the ground I had recently purchased from her, and, she was claiming that the ground was still hers, not mine. I was surprised; for, she was an unusually noble native. I told her that I would pluck up anything she planted there. Afterward, Nyare followed me; and, we had a plain talk, in which he distinctly said that the ground was mine. Also, that, even if my goats trespassed on the gardens, he did not wish me to send them away, but that he would accept compensation out of a part of

the increase of the kids. And, the two difficulties were apparently settled. A week later, Nyamba brought me plantains, as a peace-offering.

On Friday, the 24th, Mrs. Nassau records: "Nyare and Ndoña-ma-vuña and some twenty men came before breakfast (two Mpongwe traders also) to ask doctor's help in a 'palaver' with the French. The latter had shot into a canoe belonging to Nyare, killed one man, and seized the goods belonging to the traders. They did not know, for what reason. Husband consented to go. He went in the *Swan*. Nyare's fiery speech. Just after they had gone, the Gov. Kerraoul came; and, also a canoe from Andĕndĕ, telling of Mrs. Reading's illness. She had been blind for twenty-four hours (a symptom considered almost always fatal); but, she was a little better. . . . Felt *very* much the shock, and the sorrow, and the pain, and the suspense. Wanted to go down to her right away.

"Gov. Kerraoul was distressed because of the 'palaver'; the cause was the firing of a gun in order to stop the Fañwe. All the traders' things restored to them. Nyare much pleased. But, we hear that the Bĕnayĕl clan, to which the dead man belonged, say that nothing but blood will satisfy them; and threaten to fire on *any* white man's canoe."

On Saturday, the 25th, I went to the villages, to engage men for a journey to Mrs. Reading.

JOURNEY TO ANDĔNDĔ.

On Monday, August 27, in a large canoe, I went to Kângwe, with a crew of ten men; the object being simply haste to be of any possible medical aid to Mrs. Reading, and not with the expectation of stopping on the way or delay in returning with any load of goods.

A week later, on Tuesday, September 4, at 11 P. M., I discharged my Winchester, as I approached Talaguga, that Mrs. Nassau might know I was arriving. (It was my usual night signal; its report was entirely different from that of the "trade" guns of the natives.) I brought her the good news of Mrs. Reading's life. Although Mr. Reading had with him Mr. Robinson, Miss Nassau, Miss Harding, and an educated Mpongwe woman, Julia, nurse of little Elizabeth, in her anxiety to be of any aid to the only woman who had given her unqualified friendship and sympathy, Mrs. Nassau insisted on going to Andĕndĕ. With her, I started three days later, Friday, the 7th, in the *Swan*. We would have gone sooner, had I been able to obtain a crew,

and had Mr. Menkel been willing to remain alone. On his finally consenting, we started with only two Fañwe; just at the last moment, two others stepped in. We slept that night at Belambla. Resuming the journey next day, we met two trading-canoes, each led by a white man (an English and a German), when we were only fifteen miles from Kângwe. They handed us letters which told us that Mr. and Mrs. Reading had gone to Libreville, to seek a steamer to England and the United States. [She did not return; and never entirely recovered her sight.]

So, we turned the boat back; rested over Sunday at Belambla; and reached Talaguga on the evening of Tuesday, the 11th. On the way back, Mrs. Nassau had a trying experience. During the whole route, going and returning, we were in constant anxiety, not for ourselves, nor even *for* our crew. But, Fañwe were not used to long *steady* work at the paddles; they needed constant urging. Also, the recent killing by the French had made all the tribes excited; and, the Fañwe clans were not at peace even with themselves. For our white selves, we would have stopped in any clan and at any village, as our convenience dictated. But, again and again, some one or other of the four would object, saying that it was not safe for him to be seen at such-or-such a village. So, for our noon lunch on that Tuesday, we had stopped at the shaded mouth of a creek on the left bank, a large village on the opposite side of the broad Ogowe, but none near us on our side. During our rest, a canoe had come from that other side; but, we did not encourage its presence; and it went away. (One of our company afterwards said that its occupants had not spoken well of our crew.) After our meal, Mrs. Nassau went alone to a quiet spot across the creek, with her Bible and other books for reading and prayer.

When I called her to resume the journey, she hastily took up her shawl and other articles, but forgot the books. We had gone some two miles, when she discovered her loss. Her Bible was a precious souvenir. Against the anger of the crew at the additional time, extra work, and apparent return to a dangerous neighborhood, I turned the boat back. Annoyed at the slow progress, I put the boat ashore, and ran down the bank alone, Mrs. Nassau following slowly in the boat. While I was away, voices called to her across the stream from a canoe. She, not understanding what they said, had to use almost force to compel the crew to be silent and keep at their paddles. When I arrived at the nooning spot, the book was gone! I returned with the distressing news to my wife, who was then in tears. As I re-

sumed the tiller-ropes, that canoe was observed, apparently in pursuit of us. I had no fear; but, the crew were in terror. When we were overtaken, the canoe-men handed me the precious Bible! They said that they had returned to our nooning place out of curiosity; had found the books; and had called to the boat to wait for them. But, their kindness had been misunderstood. I rewarded them liberally. But, the whole affair had been very distressing.

By this time, I had succeeded in getting better household aids; and, Mrs. Nassau's actual manual labors were lessened by two new young men, civilized Galwas, to whom she gave daily lessons; thus gratifying her special tastes, of what had been her intended lifework as a teacher.

Mr. Menkel with his little son, left on Friday, September 21, saying that he would return and build the house six months later. It was well, Mrs. Nassau had spent much care on the motherless boy. But, the situation was anomalous. She was given no authority; yet she was expected to control the child. And, her views of child-training could never have coincided with the father's. As to the preparations for the building of the new station-dwelling, the crisis had become extreme. I could do nothing, the while that my visitor demanded unqualified control of my workmen, who resented his methods, and who, rather than submit to them, were constantly deserting me. Precious months had been lost, the dry season weather of June–September (which is not obstructed by rainy days); I had lost otherwise willing workmen; Mrs. Nassau's irenic spirit had been grieved; and I knew that, for the simple work of felling trees and squaring logs for sills and sleepers, etc., I was quite competent. Mr. Menkel offered to return and do the actual *carpenter* work of the house-erection. The parting was amicable. [And, yet, twenty years later, when I was under fire during the visit of inspection of a board secretary, I was asked about my "quarrels with Mr. Menkel"! *I* never quarreled with him; but for twenty-five years I had patiently borne his insane outbursts of anger.]

On Wednesday, October 3, Mrs. Nassau wrote: "Lieut. Montaignac called, on his way to Gaboon, with despatches, etc., to act as deputy, in surveying points along the coast. He was *very* kind and gentlemanly. He gave me two native knives, a fetish, and other things. We gave him coffee, and sent with him a few tins of food."

I celebrated the second anniversary of our marriage, by handing Mrs. Nassau the following verses:

One little space of golden time,
A few short words low-spoken,
A vow engraved on Hand sublime
Too strongly to be broken: —

A rose, and fair white-petaled flowers,
And veil o'er maiden's blush,
And beat of hearts through hurried hours,
That joined our hope's high flush: —

This day brings back that space of gold,
What need those words to say?
Or rose to bind? Or veil unfold?
Those hearts are far away!

These all for memory. Their youth
Is ours to claim no longer.
But, what they *meant*, the love, the truth,
Grows, Darling, brighter, stronger.

She responded, by making a special feast, to commemorate both my birthday the 11th and our sailing-day the 12th. To this feast were invited Laseni and Alida.

The Fañwe were beginning to recognize my Sunday services, and came with more or less regularity. On the 14th, some thirty gathered on the open porch, where I held the meeting. I was able to talk a little without an interpreter; in which fact Mrs. Nassau took much satisfaction.

On Wednesday, the 17th, in the afternoon were heard signal-shots and the heavy beatings of steamer paddles against the swift current. I went to Nyare's; and found there at anchor a new steamer, the *Okota*, better equipped than any that had as yet appeared on the Ogowe, with its agent, Mr. Schiff, and a French Roman Catholic priest, and three other white men. The captain brought us a very large mail, including, among other things, thirty-eight letters and forty papers. In the evening, the five men called. The priest appeared to be very polite and very conversational, even sympathetic against the Gaboon commandant and "Gov." Kerraoul. But, with our knowledge of Papal duplicity, we discounted his professions of friendship. Among the other blessings that the *Okota* brought, was a new and more reliable cook, Njambi.

On Saturday, the 20th, I was shocked by being asked by a native whether a certain Fañwe woman "was the one that Ndamina (Nyare) had given me for wife." It was true that,

as a part of native hospitality, village chiefs offered to a guest a woman for the night. And, if the visitor remained permanently, as traders, the woman became his, until he should leave. Almost all the native traders, and some white ones, availed themselves of this custom. It was true, also, that both Mamyaga and Nyare had made the offer to me on my first arrival at Talaguga. But, it was never repeated. I was pained at the thought that, with all my preaching against polygamy, any native at that late day could think that secretly I was practicing it!

I met Nyamba coming from her garden, and she told me that Nyare wished to remove her as "head-wife," and place one of his younger women in that position. On October 23, she came bringing a present of plantains, and told how people up the river where she had traveled had begged her for her ornaments, saying to her, that "Nasâ would give her more instead of them." (A polite suggestion that I should do so.)

On Saturday, November 3, Mrs. Nassau and I had an earnest conversation and made many plans about work to be done in the Interior. For, my persistent desire was to go there. I still looked on the location at Talaguga, as I had done from the first, as only a stepping-stone, a camping-place on the way.

Though no Fañwe expressed any personal interest in religion, it was a joy that our Galwas occasionally did. One of them, Alundo, on Sunday, the 4th, asked to join the inquiry class. I might have had a church-organization at Talaguga, but, I did not attempt one, for three reasons: (1) As in the case of the first Ogowe converts and the "bishopric" of Rev. Dr. Bushnell at Gaboon, I held the same ecclesiastical courtesy to Rev. W. H. Robinson at Kângwe. (2) I would therefore wait until there should be *Fañwe* converts, from the Talaguga vicinity. (3) I thought of no church-organization at Talaguga, as long as I looked on it as only a way-station. (I think now that I erred. A church organization would have made Christianity more obvious, and might have impressed the Fañwe earlier.)

The man Nyare, of whom I had bought the Talaguga premises, and whose village lay nearest, less than quarter of a mile down-river on the same side, had become an uncomfortable neighbor. Naturally of a quarrelsome and domineering nature, he seemed to have misunderstood my quiet demeanor. He became exacting in demands, and acted offensively in a police-like inspection of all canoes that came to visit me. Canoes going up-river had hard work forcing their way past a swift current in front of his village. He thus had a clear opportunity to ob-

FANWE

Facing page 439

serve who the crews were, and what their canoes contained. They, after reaching the quieter water at the mouth of my mountain-brook, liked to rest, eat their lunch, and sell or buy with me. Also, I valued the opportunity to preach to them. If I could not go everywhere, it was my interest to attract people to me. But, Nyare acted in a piratical way, demanding fine or tribute of these canoes, if he could make any sort of claim for debt or due from the clan or tribe of even any personally innocent member of the visiting crew. I had often protested against his making these demands *on my premises*. Native custom made those travelers my "guests"; and universal oriental law required every host to protect any guest (even a guilty one) at any cost. Neighboring tribes began to cease to stop at my place, fearing Nyare's demands. My influence was being circumscribed. There came a day when I threw aside the quiet pacific rôle, and asserted myself and the mission's right.

Tuesday, November 6. That was the day. An eventful day! In the afternoon, two canoes with about a dozen men from Njâgu-demba's Ngwilaka town, came to sell me plantains; and some of them remained to talk at the cottage. About 5 P. M., Nyare, followed by thirteen of his people, all of them armed with guns and other weapons, came on my grounds and began to quarrel with the strangers at the water-side. I snatched up my Winchester, and hasting down the hill, pushed him aside and ordered him away. He tusseled with me; and with my gun-barrel I struck him on the breast and head. He became ragingly angry, and tried to fire his gun at me. Several of his own men took away his gun and dragged him off; and two of them (in a friendly way, I felt) seized me and my rifle. Then, Nyare tried to stab me with his dagger. That also his people took from him. Then, he sought for sticks to throw at me.

During all this contest, the strangers stood silent, making no effort to assist the white man who was fighting for them. They actually yielded to Nyare's demand for tribute, and gave him a gun. But, one of his men snatched it away and returned it to them, saying that a mistake had been made in coming on my grounds, and that they would make their demand at another time when they should meet the canoe on the river. Suddenly, a little boy of our household handed me a note from Mrs. Nassau advising me to appeal to the French. I looked around; she was standing near. I had not known that either she or the lad were there. She had followed me down the hill; but bravely had kept quiet, and had not weakened me by interference. I went

with her up the hill to get the boat-key. When I returned they turned one by one and left. The whole affair had occupied a full hour. That evening, the usual prayer-meeting was held; and, I felt special thanks for protection from the greatest danger I had experienced since my coming to Talaguga. Some of the visitors were present during the evening. Instead of thanking me for exposing my life in their behalf, they were begging me for small gifts!

The next day, I went to the Post and represented matters to M. de Kerraoul, who offered to give me soldiers at once, if I wished to burn Nyare's village; or, would send me aid at any future time. (Of course, I did not wish to burn the village.) On returning, I found that but few people had come to the cottage during my absence, and that among them, Ndoña-ma-vuña had said that if French soldiers came, he would not help Nyare against them. [Note. I wrote a detailed account of this affair in "In an Elephant Corral": Neale: 1912.]

On Friday, the 9th, two river-steamers, the *Ewaffa* and *Papilio* stopped at my landing to get billets of fire-wood (of which I kept on hand a free supply in return for the favors all the steamers did for me). These movements alarmed the people in Nyare's village; and, they fled with their goods to the forest. They did not return until they sent a messenger to ask my permission. (I simply replied that I had not ordered them to leave.)

On Saturday, the 10th, Messieurs Lesteur and Michelez, with thirty canoes of the French expedition, on their way down from the Interior, stopped to salute us. Nyare's people were again alarmed, thinking that the French had come to avenge me. (They and all the white men, French officials, and German and English traders, and small river-steamer captains, generally made it a point to call on — as one of the Germans called Mrs. Nassau,—"The Lady of the River.") The arrival of these gentlemen, just at that time, was only a coincidence; but, it impressed Nyare greatly.

In the afternoon, I went with Mrs. Nassau in the *Swan* to Ndoña-ma-vuña's. The people there met me with great respect and protestations of friendship. As a result of this whole affair, I never had another contest with Nyare or any other chief. My position was assured. The report of my action spread far and wide. I still believe that it was one of the best day's work done by me at Talaguga. Clans and tribes fifty or one hundred miles away heard of it, and felt assured that they

would be safe under my protection, if they visited me. They did thus visit; and I thus preached to thousands whom I would never otherwise have met. Thenceforward, my canoes were safe on any part of the river, even in war-time. Nyare made many efforts to re-establish our "friendship" by offer of gifts. But, I refused to accept them. I heard that people said that, if I went away, they would kill Nyare as the cause.

On Sunday, the 11th, with all this excitement, there was a reaction; and Mrs. Nassau was sick. At the morning service, many Fañwe were present. Our friend Laseni also came in the afternoon. And later, came the *Okota* with Mr. Schiff and a French trader. The vessel was laden with all the imported pine boards and lumber for our new house. Mr. Schiff did not ask me to allow him to discharge on the Sunday. He and the trader took tea with us. And, in return for his courteous recognition of my principles, early on Monday morning, with a crowd of friendly Fañwe, and with people whom Laseni sent, the unloading was all completed by 8.30 o'clock.

On the *Okota* also had come from Benita, a civilized native man, Metyeba, a skillful carpenter, who successfully took up the work which Mr. Menkel had laid down. With him was his wife, whose presence would give Mrs. Nassau a little bit of society. Heard that Mr. Schiff had broken up his trading-house at Nyare's, and removed his trader elsewhere.

On Wednesday, the 21st, people came with Nyare, to settle peace between him and myself. I declined to speak to him, though I was cordial to all the others.

Mr. Schiff took his trader, on Friday, the 23d, to locate him at a point beyond Njoli Post. On Saturday, the 24th, heard that some of Nyare's women had deserted him, and ran away. On Monday, the 26th, heard that M. de Kerraoul had enacted a law that no one, white or native, except French, should pass up-river beyond Njoli Island; and that all produce from the Interior must be brought down that far by the interior tribes themselves. But, as this was only a native report, and we never received any official notice of the interdict, Mrs. Nassau resumed the sewing of her short-skirted dresses, for our planned-for journey to the Okota boundary (twenty miles up-river) for the dry season of 1884. For, she joyfully looked to the prospect of a station farther toward the Interior, and insisted that she should share with me the initial experience of the selection of the location.

Not thinking that we were included in de Kerraoul's interdict

about passing Njoli Island, Mrs. Nassau and I, on Wednesday, the 28th, made an interesting visit and preaching services at a large Bindube town beyond the island. Mrs. Nassau enjoyed the excursion very much, noticing the trees and plants and flowers, and was amused with some of the natives' acts. We made a similar excursion down-river, on Saturday, December 1, the short distance to Laseni's trading-place.

We often had difficulties with our employees. But, the explanation for some of them was that we did not treat our workers as *servants*. We gave them *parental* interest, and expected *filial* respect. Some of them failed to appreciate this. Other men, who established their household arrangements on a somewhat military basis, often obtained better service than we. But, they never obtained the affection we reaped.

As the carpenter Metyeba had come to the river originally on my sister's invitation, she claimed him; and, to our regret, he had to leave us, on Wednesday, the 12th. But, two days later, came three Galwas; one of them, Elder Nguva, who had grown in competence as a carpenter, having obtained his first knowledge of tools from me in 1876.

On Friday, the 21st, Nyare with a company of twenty people came laden with gifts, which he begged me to accept as a peace-offering. I finally did so. He made great promises for the future. Sunday, the 23d, was a very quiet day. Nyare and his retinue of 20 were present at the services.

During these days, Mrs. Nassau wrote: "December has come; but, we have been again unable to find a crew to take us to Okota. We now look forward to June, 1884. The desire is not only to *visit*, but to remain and teach." [Hoping that someone else would be sent to occupy Talaguga.] "During husband's visit there, he was charmed with the people, their expressed desire to learn, their superior houses, apparent docility and intelligence, the freedom from the roving disposition which makes our Fañwe so difficult to reach. Said Fañwe have been very unimpressible. Their fierceness and fearlessness give a hardness to their character, which united with their readiness to break up home and move villages every year or two, and their absorbing covetousness, renders our work among them slow and not satisfactory."

In the unsettled state of affairs between the tribes, it was not safe to leave our cottage unguarded, with its accumulated goods (really few, in our economical view, but wealth to avaricious natives). So, I placed my four workmen and two household

lads in strict charge and watch (having determined to have no repetition of a Belambla robbery), and attempted the down-river quarterly to Kângwe, with three weak hands, simply floating down-stream, taking two-and-a-half days for a journey that could readily be made in one, with a proper crew.

JOURNEY TO KÂNGWE.

On Thursday, December 27, with Mrs. Nassau in the *Nelly-Howard,* we started down-river, with, as crew, a lad Mbigino, a little boy Ogĕningo, and a young man Origo sick with boils on his back and legs. This a crew for a boat 30 ft. long, 6 ft. beam, and whose usual propulsion was by six long oars! I took this boat, rather than the *Swan;* for, the former would be needed to bring back supplies; and I trusted to obtain new recruits at Kângwe. At Laseni's, I took in, as passenger, a helpless little boy. That night was passed at Ngwilaka. The small stuffy hut, and heat from two adjacent fires gave Mrs. Nassau a most distressing night. Friday night was better, in a native trader's house near to the Ngunye mouth. Of it, Mrs. Nassau wrote: "His two rooms, with nice bed, and table, high and swept fairly clean, were like palaces, after our experience of last night."

The next day, Saturday, the 29th, in passing the Ngunye mouth, a hippopotamus rose a few yards in front of us, then sunk, and immediately afterward rose exactly at the boat's stern. Sitting at the rudder, I could almost have touched it. Evidently, it had risen with intention to strike the boat; but our progress with the current had carried us just beyond him.

Reaching Andĕndĕ that morning, Mrs. Nassau was just in time to receive, at Mr. Robinson's table, the returned agents of, respectively, the English and German houses, Messrs. Sinclair and Schiff, where were invited also, my sister, and Miss Harding and her mother, from the Hill. But, in the evening, Mr. Robinson was taken sick.

On the Sunday, I preached for Mr. Robinson in the morning; and he attempted Sabbath school; but, in the evening he had to go to bed. That was the beginning of a sickness that compelled Mr. Robinson to save his life by going to the United States.

This visit to Kângwe was no vacation rest for either of us. During Mr. Robinson's sickness, and for the few days until Mr. Reading's return from England, I had to take entire charge of church and station, and Mrs. Nassau in charge of the Andĕndĕ household. We made out our semi-annual orders to England and the United States, for provisions and supplies for

a year ahead, i. e., allowing six months for the going and delays in coming of the orders, and that they should arrive before our stock-on-hand should be exhausted.

Mrs. Nassau was interested in keeping record of all my various journeys during the year, long or short. Her account book showed over 1500 miles for 1883, even though I was so hampered by house-building.

CHAPTER XXIV

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW,

JANUARY, 1884–AUGUST, 1884

BARAKA, at Libreville, in the Gaboon, was the central station of the mission. On which fact, it rather prided itself. Usually, our semi-annual (afterward annual) meetings had been held there, compelling me to very painful journeys. I had made a respectful protest; and, it was kindly regarded. Thenceforth, the meetings (no longer semi-annual) were to be held, as far as possible, at the three stations, Gaboon, Benita, and Ogowe, in rotation. For 1884, members of mission and presbytery were to come to Kângwe. Few came. And, for those who did come, the meetings were distressing in the confused condition of the station.

On Wednesday, January 2, Mr. Reading arrived, having left Mrs. Reading in the United States, and immediately resumed his charge of the station. Unfortunately, a violent hostility against him had developed among the employees, who met his return with mutiny. In the quelling of which, Elder Nguva was subjected to suspension, by action of presbytery.

On Monday, the 7th, at presbytery, there was exactly the legal quorum, three ministers and several ruling elders; that quorum being obtained by our organizing at Mr. Robinson's bedside. Though our subsequent sessions were held in another room, no parliamentary notice was taken of his absence. Rev. A. C. Good arrived from Baraka, after presbytery had adjourned. As he would not wait for the little river-steamer, he borrowed my *Nelly-Howard*, in which to return to Libreville, on January 16. In the mission meetings, the full legal quorum was maintained. At their close, the Rev. Wm. C. Gault took away the sick Mr. Robinson, on the little steamer. Of those days, Mrs. Nassau wrote: "Mr. Reading arrived from England; also Rev. W. C. Gault of Benita. They found at Andĕndĕ house, Mr. Robinson very low with fever, in its most dangerous form; and Dr. and Mrs. Nassau in temporary charge of the

station, and acting also as physician and nurse. With Messrs. Reading and Gault, came an elder from Gaboon, and five from the northern field; gentlemanly christian men they all appeared to be. . . . That week passed slowly, filled with watchings and anxieties.

"Sabbath, the 6th, brought an interrupted communion, the comfort of which was greatly lessened by the very apparent coldness and pride of many native christians: which, on the following Monday, the 7th, culminated in a cruel desertion of *all* workmen, save three, from the station, leaving us strangers, with perhaps a dying man on our hands, to care for ourselves.

"Providence kindly so ordered that one of the native visitors who was with us took the place of cook: until the deserters, seeing their folly and wrong, returned, begging to be received back.

"A strange vacation it has been, between the joy of meeting native friends and fellow-christians, then, cut to the heart by their cruel desertion; greetings of welcome from dear fellow-missionaries, followed by farewells spoken by pallid lips, and so feebly spoken that we fear lest those tones will never again be heard by us." [Mr. Robinson did return; married; but Mrs. Nassau was gone!]

The maternity, for which in 1883, Mrs. Nassau had hoped, was now to be granted. How bitterly she missed the sympathy of the absent Mrs. Reading! The latter had joined with her in her prayer for motherhood; and had promised to be with her, to help and advise in all its stages.

The next, to whom she should turn, as a repository of her happy secret, would naturally be her sister-in-law. But, my sister, having deliberately chosen for herself the single life, caused it to be understood that, as she "knew nothing about babies," she could render no aid; adding an expression of opinion that children in a missionary's household were a hindrance to mission work. She was conscientious in her opinion. But, with the majority, I believe that, whatever limitation of direct work the presence of the mission-child lays on its mother, is more than compensated by the demonstration to heathen minds of the noblest feature of christian civilization, the family. It was quite true that my sister had no capacity for the care of infants. Her one great success was in the education of young men. But, the opinion which she so inappropriately added that day, and which sent my wife in tears to me, vividly governed all my own subsequent care of the child, after its birth; and for-

ever barred me from allowing its aunt any authority, control, or charge over it.

We then turned to Mrs. Ogden, of the Baraka household. That she came from the same part of New Jersey as did Mrs. Nassau, suggested a slight claim beyond that of missionary sistership. Especially, also, a year previously, while she was at Benita, she had generously insisted on taking a risky sea-journey of ninety miles in a small open sail-boat, in order to be present in Libreville with Mrs. Good at her confinement.

Mrs. Ogden kindly promised to come. As her service was to be only that of a friend, I would save her from anything manual, and wrote to Rev. Ibia-j-Ikĕngĕ, native pastor on Corisco Island, to engage for me the very best educated native christian lady he could find in his congregation, as nurse for the expected babe. I also wrote to a certain Dr. Adam, a physician of Liverpool, England, who formerly had lived on the West Africa Coast, and knew its necessities. I gave him *carte blanche* to send to me everything of infant food, clothing, medicines, and appliances that he would deem necessary for a lady in confinement in Liverpool.

RETURN TO TALAGUGA.

We left Kângwe again for Talaguga on Tuesday, January 22, assisted most of the way, being towed by a trader's launch that was towing his own sailing vessel.

A deed for some property of Mrs. Nassau's in the United States had come to her for signature. We went to Mons. Kerraoul, at Njoli Post, to ask him to give his official seal to the *statement of fact* that the woman "M. B. F." named in the deed, was the same as my wife, "M. B. F. N." whose signature was required. He declined; saying that he was not a notary public. But, he had *known* us for two years, and could have testified to the *fact* of her identity. Because of his refusal, Mrs. Nassau had to make a journey down to Kângwe. We did not think it safe for our house that both of us should just at that time be absent. So, she bravely went alone, in our native kongongo, with a strong crew of seven. In order to make the down-trip in one day, and thus avoid sleeping on the way, she started in the dark of the morning of Wednesday, February 13. Neither she nor I were afraid of the natives on the way. After my fight with Nyare, we were safe anywhere. But, there were other dangers. It was very brave, a lone woman, going out in the darkness of that hour, on the sixty-five mile trip to Kângwe.

Next day, some trade-canoes, coming up-river, reported to me that they had met her.

And, on the following day, Mr. Menkel arrived from Libreville, bringing my *Nelly-Howard*. He too reported having met Mrs. Nassau. She had a successful journey; returning to Talaguga on Friday, the 22d, with her own kongongo and another boat, both of them laden with supplies. She informed me that, at Lembarene Post, the ordinary police-sergeant (though not a notary public), with Mr. Reading as witness, had kindly done what de Kerraoul had declined to do.

During her absence, great anxiety was raised, both at Talaguga and Kângwe, on account of an affray at Erere-volo: French canoes going down-river, with Aduma crews, and a French priest in company, had stopped at that place. Fañwe and Aduma quarreled; the former fired, and wounded the priest; reports also that some men were killed. The canoes had returned to Njoli Post; and Mon. Kerraoul had gone to Erere-volo, and had seized some Fañwe and a Mpongwe trader Iveke Wilson, who was charged with complicity. These reports did not alarm me, nor did they Mrs. Nassau. But they did alarm most of her two crews, though Mr. Reading had kindly provided her with two reliable leaders, Mâmbâ and Yongwe, in his boat, the *Montclair*. Mrs. Nassau said to the terrified ones, "When we shall be passing a place where shots are coming, I will stand up in the boat and take them, and you may jump into the water."

The work at gathering of the logs for the foundation of the new house went on with some vigor. As, besides Mr. Menkel, I had also the excellent Metyeba, whom my sister had allowed to return to me.

The exact record of those days is: On Friday, the 22d, the *Montclair*, under Mâmbâ's charge, arrived from Kângwe, with Mrs. Nassau; also, accompanied by Piĕre and the kongongo (in which she had gone down-river). Mâmbâ and Mr. Reading's other employees returned to Kângwe that night.

On Wednesday, March 5, the *Okota* came, bringing the remainder of the lumber for Mrs. Nassau's new house. As passenger, my sister came, to have a tooth extracted. And, she returned to Kângwe by that vessel, next day. During a furlough in the United States, I had spent one day in a dentist's office, and had been shown how to handle a forceps. There was, at that time, no dentist in the mission, nor in the entire Gaboon and Ogowe region. Many an aching tooth was unskillfully

drawn by some fellow-missionary, that might have been saved by skilled dentistry.

In Mr. Menkel's return to me, I hoped that he had come in better spirit than when he left the house-building six months before. But, he made most astonishing new demands. He required of me, not only that I should place all of my employees under his sole control, but that I should offer no advice, suggestion or criticism of his work after I had given the plan of the house into his hands. Being helpless, I had to comply. And, thence on, I was only a silent spectator of the erection of my own house! (No contractor in the United States would have assumed so autocratic a position.) On occasions, Mr. Menkel would cease the work, and amuse himself in some other way. On Thursday, March 12, Mrs. Nassau wrote: "Mr. Menkel stayed on his bed, reading, all the morning. I have not the sympathy which I had before for him, in troubles between himself and Hamill. He finished his novel; and, after dinner, went down the hill. After a long talk, he went to work. His demands, some of them are unjust; to others, Hamill consented." Again, on Saturday, March 22, Mrs. Nassau writes: "Metyeba told Hamill that all things were going to destruction at the new house, unless Hamill himself would go and remain on the grounds. Hamill talked with Mr. Menkel; reminded him of his promise not to strike the men (which he had broken, these days), and reproved him for his impatient and angry way of directing the workmen. He took the reproof kindly. I wish Hamill *could* give the control of the men to Mr. Menkel; but, we are morally certain that this would result in the departure of nearly every man." As had been the case, six months before.

In her diary of Tuesday, April 8, Mrs. Nassau mentions having found a piece of plumbago near the brook. I do not remember her having said anything to me about it. [But, a few years later, when the Rev. A. C. Good was visiting me, I took him over the Hill, following the course of the mountain-brook, and, I found, and directed his attention to what I believed was plumbago.]

On Saturday, April 12, with Mrs. Nassau, I went, for preaching services, to the Bindube villages, three miles up-river. The Goree sentinel soldier on Njoli Island stopped us. Nevertheless, we proceeded.

On Saturday, the 19th, that sentinel stopped me again. The day was a critical one in our Talaguga life. That day, I had taken Mr. Menkel with me to make a courtesy call on the French

official at Njoli Post. Mrs. Nassau baked and sent with me a tasteful gift of pastries for Mons. Kerraoul. As we were passing the lower end of Njoli Island, we observed that French laptot (Senegal soldier) making frantic motions toward us. I had no idea what he was saying. Thinking that he was in distress, I went to his aid (?). Then, we understood that he was ordering us not to proceed. We knew no reason why, and refused. He berated me for having been visiting the Bindube towns; and threatened to shoot me. I told him that my errand was to the administrator himself. He was obdurate. I showed him my gifts for "his excellency." Then, he yielded; but, said that if, on our return, I did not bring a written permit from Mon. Kerraoul, he would shoot me. At the post, we were received (apparently) cordially. Mons. Kerraoul spoke in English, and we conversed. Ironically, I complimented him on having such a good guard on Njoli. He justified him! "But, Governor, is it not permitted that I shall visit you, as now?" "No." Amazed, I added, "Not even to make a call of courtesy?" "No." Utterly amazed, I asked, hypothetically, "But, your excellency, if my life was in great danger from the Fañwe at Talaguga might I not come to you for assistance?" "No; it is not permitted that any but French shall pass Njoli. If, however, you should be in danger, you may come as far as Njoli; and, the sentinel there will bring word for you to me." "And, during that waiting there of almost two hours, I would probably be killed. I see natives, Okota fishermen, coming almost daily down to Talaguga. How is it that they pass Njoli?" "They are French citizens, and, I give them daily written permits." "Then, your excellency, please give a citizen of a country which is in friendship with France a number of permits, to use as he may have occasion." He refused. "But, certainly, you will write me one permit, to pass me in safety, as I return to Talaguga to-day?" With apparent reluctance he wrote it. And, I gave it to the laptot on Njoli. During all that astonishing interview, Mons. Kerraoul displayed the fullest of typical French courtesy of voice and manner, including the shoulder shrug and outturned palms, the Gallic final closure of any argument. I did not believe that he had authority to issue that prohibition to me. (His superiors, long afterward, disclaimed it; saying, that it applied only to *tradesmen*.) But, I submitted.

From that 19th of April, I never again thought of Njoli Post or M. Kerraoul as a source of aid in any way, as to letters, mail, food, purchases, help, comfort, or companionship. He

and his post passed utterly out of the lives of Mrs. Nassau and myself, except when we grieved at the belief that our plan for advance into the Interior was dead. (I bitterly reminded him of his prohibition, four months later.)

During all those years, I had interested myself, as a recreation, in the collection of insects, most of which I sent to my friend Mr. A. Murray, the entomologist, in London, England. While I was at work on the 21st, on a new hut for the employees, I had seen a strange object flying overhead, whose proboscis I recognized as that of Drury's Goliath beetle. It was very rare. I described it to the men, and told them that, any time they ever should see it, they might drop their work, and I would give a dollar to whoever could catch the beetle. The very next day, just as we were dropping work about noon, Měngě, going to the brook, saw one alight on a small bush near him. He caught it uninjured, in his hand, and brought it to me. He felt rich with his dollar. And, when I sent that beetle to Prof. Lockwood in New Jersey, he replied that he "felt dangerously rich" in its possession.

In the afternoon, I saw a canoe of the Bemijigĕ clan being pursued, on their way up-river, by a canoe of Nyare's (having in it two men, Bilâñ and Ntula, members of the thirteen who had accompanied Nyare on November 6, 1883). The pursued halted, and bravely dared their pursuers to follow them, and fired. Nyare's people also fired, but retreated; and, coming ashore and hiding in the bushes on my premises, fired at the other canoe out on the river. *That*, I could not allow. I went alone and unarmed to the two men, and ordered them off. Mr. Menkel rapidly followed with my Winchester to my aid. The men obeyed me, and started away; but, we two followed them to the boundary line near their village, and stood there awhile to see that they did not return. Then, one of my men came to tell me that the Bemijigĕ were safely proceeding, and were coming to my landing-place. I went to meet and to welcome them, and commended them for their courage. In their contest, they had lost a paddle. I sold them one, and gave them another; and, they went on their way safely.

At that time there were twenty natives, including the wife each of the two native carpenters, Metyeba and Ankombiĕ. I could get no plantains at all. I had to feed them on rice and farinya, often without meat; a diet they were not used to. Only their loyalty to me made them endure it.

I had faithfully complied with Mr. Menkel's demand that (in

order that he might have the entire credit for the erection of the building) I should offer no advice nor make any criticisms. But, he had allowed me to be present, in order to keep the workmen obedient. The house was at last rapidly growing; the first floor was boarded; and the entire frame was being erected. Metyeba was a very quiet, diligent, conscientious worker. On May 7, he quietly pointed out to me that the frame of the house was out of plumb, one end being six inches out of level. I at once saw it, without attempting to measure; and respectfully asked Mr. Menkel's attention to it. He broke into a rage. I as quietly asked him to take his square and level. He did so. Then, he sat down weeping in shame at his mistake; turned his anger on Metyeba for not having told him rather than me; and said that he would throw up the job. I insisted that it would be very wrong to leave me at that critical stage of the building. He remained, and enclosed the outer walls. (It was true that Metyeba had pointed out that six inches, some days before; but, Mr. Menkel had scouted the idea, had not even attempted to verify it, and had forgotten it.)

On Saturday, May 10, I took Mrs. Nassau on an excursion in her *Swan*, down-river to the Mpongwe trader Ongâmu, at Njomu, opposite Yeña, whom I had commissioned to collect thatch. And with us a canoe in which to load the thatch, so that the *Swan* should be occupied by only herself. With her expected motherhood, she, at first, hesitated to go. But, she returned, having enjoyed the ride, and the view of many beautiful flowers.

On Thursday, May 22, very generously, Mr. Reading visited us, bringing a supply of plantains, tins of fresh fruits and egg-plant and other vegetables, grown in his own Andĕndĕ garden, but which I, in the newness of the place had not attempted to cultivate at Talaguga. They were especially acceptable to Mrs. Nassau.

On Sunday, June 8, I preached in the morning, on *isingi* ("little foxes"). Three of my people came afterwards to inquire whether I had been preaching at them, as if I thought they had done something wrong while I had been away in the village with Mrs. Nassau on the preceding Saturday. I had had no such thought; but, their inquiry, led me to suspect that they had guilty consciences.

On Monday, June 23, Mr. Menkel left, having completed the outer walls, doors, and windows of the house, so that it could be securely closed, when I should go to Kângwe for the usual

IVORY TUSKS

Facing page 414

quarterly communion. [I subsequently completed the interiors of the house.]

JOURNEY TO ANDĔNDĔ.

On Tuesday, July 1, with a crew of nine, and Metyeba's wife, Edibwani, in the *Nelly-Howard,* Mrs. Nassau and I started down-river. I left in charge of Talaguga the very competent Benita carpenter, Metyeba, with six hands under his direction, to continue the interior walls of the house. He was a steady man, and my Galwas had no difficulty in obeying him. I was to try to obtain at the Lembarene trading-houses, a large quantity of thatch for the roofing of Mrs. Nassau's new house. For, the "former" rains would be coming, by the end of September. We were safe in our boat-travel, during the cool dry months (July-August).

On the way, saw natives cutting up a manatee (dugong seal). To my taste, it is the richest meat I have ever eaten. In one hour, saw thirteen crocodiles (gavial). On the way, stopped at a Bemijigĕ town, on which the French had fired a few days previously. There was a warlike demonstration, but entirely friendly to me. At the town, Mbomi, where we passed the night, was the largest elephant tusk I had ever seen. The next day, before starting, I discovered theft by Simbuve, and suspected Piĕre of liquor. Was very much tried by them. Saw a crocodile that had been shot so suddenly, that, instead of falling into the water, it still lay on the log where it had been sleeping.

We could have rushed down stream in one day instead of two. But, we chose to take it easily, for Mrs. Nassau to enjoy it as an excursion, and to see objects on the way. We had the noon meal at our good friend Ermy's. And, in passing the Ngunye, some alarms from hippopotami. And, were at home, for the night, at Mr. Reading's.

The next day, I was at the trading-houses on business. Met two German travelers, who proposed entering the continent, at Kamerun, going eastward. My longings for the Interior were again aroused.

On Friday, the 4th, in the absence of Rev. W. H. Robinson, I had to moderate the meeting of session. And, to conduct the preparatory service on Saturday.

Sunday, July 6. Just after midnight of Saturday, in the first dark hour of the morning, Mrs. Nassau awoke me. She was suffering with a blood-flow and threatened miscarriage. Mr. Reading was most attentive, while I hasted to the Hill, for medi-

cines I had left there. After being relieved of the worst symptoms, Mrs. Nassau was able to sleep somewhat. I left her, during the morning, to administer the communion in the church. In a study of her condition, I believed it to be a case of *placenta previa.* (I had attended confinements successfully, but had not met a similar case.) Most providentially, that very morning, came the *Falaba,* bringing the box of medical supplies which I had ordered from Liverpool, in the preceding January. Also, there arrived an excellent Benga christian woman, the childless widow, Handi, of about Mrs. Nassau's age, an educated member of the Corisco church, the one whom Rev. Mr. Ibiya chose for me, in response to my letter to him of January. Coincidentally, my sister had written a similar request for herself to Rev. F. Myongo, of Benita, who selected this same woman. The date of my sister's letter gave her priority of claim. There had come also a mail, among which were letters from six of Mrs. Nassau's best friends in the United States. I read them to her, as she lay more quietly in the afternoon. They were the last she ever received from the United States. But, to our disappointment, Mrs. Ogden did not arrive. Nor did she come subsequently.

On Monday, the 7th, Mrs. Nassau, still confined to bed, felt so much better that I ventured to go to the trading-house, to inquire for thatch. I obtained a large quantity, on promise, from my ever-helpful friend, Mr. Sinclair. But, there was still to be the work of transferring it to the *Okota,* whose captain, Ludovici, offered to take both it and Mrs. Nassau and self a week later. Mr. Reading was again having trouble with his employees, as in January; and the best of them were leaving his service. Captain Ludovici's offer was most providential. In Mrs. Nassau's delicate condition, I would not have dared to attempt to take her to Talaguga on the usual four days' boat-journey. The *Okota* had tried to ascend the Ngunye. Had it succeeded, there would have been no Talaguga trip. She failed, because the Ngunye water was too low. She was willing to attempt the deeper water of the Ogowe.

On Tuesday, the 8th, I had to attend to two marriages of natives; Piĕre and his betrothed Apoyo, and Ntyindiorĕma and his betrothed Ivenga. According to French law, no *church* ceremony was permitted in advance of the civil rite. As Mrs. Nassau, though in bed, was improving, I left her, to take the four young people to the commissaire at Lembarene, for the civil

ceremony; and, then, in the afternoon, I performed the church ceremony.

I opened the box from Dr. Adam. And, there was also a box of articles sent, in kind remembrance, by my sister Letitia, wife of Rev. A. Gosman, D.D., and their four daughters, specially named and labeled. Mrs. Nassau appreciated them very much. They were the last earthly gifts she was to receive from the United States.

On Wednesday, the 9th, it was safe to venture away again, on errands to the trading-houses. A new house had been added to those already in the river, that of J. Holt & Co., located at Inenga, three miles up-river from Lembarene, on the left bank. Their little steam-launch was named *Oviro*. (A native word, meaning, "Come on!")

On Thursday, the 10th, as both Mr. Reading and Handi were with Mrs. Nassau, I again stayed away all day, returning only after dark, in a successful transfer to the *Okota* of the thatch which Mr. Sinclair allowed me to take from what he had engaged for himself at a Fañwe town. When I returned Mrs. Nassau was sitting on the lounge.

Next day, Sunday, the 13th, she was able to walk to the dining-room to take her meals.

Packing was done on the 14th, for the *Okota's* journey of the following day. In the evening, looking hopefully into the future, we made out an order of provisions for the next year. My sister was not willing to pay Handi the wages she desired; and the latter was dissatisfied with the variety of services expected of her. Amicably for all parties, she entered my service.

In the morning of Thursday, the 15th, there was an hour's pull in our boat, from Andĕndĕ, around the head of the island, to Lembarene, where we were to board the *Okota*. There, we were received most courteously. We had had a hearty breakfast before leaving Mr. Reading's; but another was given us on board. Fellow passengers were a Mr. B——, an employee of the French house, and Commissionaire Le D——. Mrs. Nassau sat in a comfortable chair on the little poop-deck at the vessel's stern, under an awning, where her dinner was brought to her. But, for supper, she joined the company in the little saloon. How unlike all her other Ogowe journeys! This last one was to be the only comfortably civilized one! The progress was slow; for Captain Ludovici constantly had to feel his way with lead-line; so that, at night, we anchored near Mbomi.

The next day, the 16th, on nearing Nkogo Creek, the captain found his way blocked by sand-bars; after going out in a canoe to feel the way, he returned, saying that there was no passage, and that the vessel must go back. As we were already half-way to Talaguga, and Mrs. Nassau was feeling so well, I went ashore to secure additional men for my crew of the *Nelly-Howard* (which was in tow), in order to make a flying run to our cottage. But, in the meanwhile, Mr. Schiff had gone out in a canoe, and found a passage. So, the *Okota* remained at anchor that night.

The next day, the journey was resumed. At Yeña, the commissionaire with Mr. Schiff, went to the Fañwe village which had been burned by the French, for the assault on the priest in the middle of February. The affair was settled by the Fañwe giving two hostages, a little boy and an old woman. The boy was placed in the French Roman Catholic school, and the old woman was allowed to stay with her own clan, at the house of a Liberian trader, John Pierce.

The only unpleasant incident of the journey was the attempt, one night, of the white engineer to solicit Handi. He assumed that, like most native women, she was purchasable. He found his mistake when Handi reported him to me the next day. I was indignant; Mrs. Nassau was distressed. But, Mr. B—— begged me not to carry the case to the man's employers, Agent Schiff and Captain Ludovici. Considering the marked hospitality they had accorded us, the matter was dropped. Arrived at Talaguga, on landing, Mrs. Nassau said that she "felt stronger than when she started on the voyage." Nevertheless, I had her carried up the hill to our cottage; where the good Handi at once made herself useful.

On Friday, the 18th, Mr. Schiff, Mr. B——, Captain Ludovici, and Mons. Le D——, made an enjoyable call in the morning, before the steamer left. And, Metyeba, having filled his contract, took passage. I set to work on Monday, the 21st, with all my people, if possible to hasten the roofing of the new house, with the newly-acquired thatch.

In the evening of Thursday, the 24th, while I was reading aloud to Mrs. Nassau, "Young Mrs. Jardine," we were startled by one of the goats making a peculiar gurgling sound under the house. Both of us, promptly said, "Njĕgâ!" (leopard). I went out with rifle, lantern, and some of the men; but, the goat was gone; evidently seized and carried away by the leopard. Next

day, two of my men found the half-eaten carcass of our goat, out in the forest.

On Sunday, the 27th, I detected a Fañwe lad cutting trees on my grounds. I confiscated his axe.

The very last record in Mrs. Nassau's diary is on Monday, the 28th, noting that the washing was "well done." But, in her scrap-book are later dates, Tuesday, the 29th, and Wednesday, the 30th, a record of letters written to a W. F. M. S. secretary, Miss M. C. Taylor, of Bordentown, N. J., and to Mrs. Nassau's cousin, Miss Harriet Todd, Holmanville, N. J.

On Tuesday, the 29th, I returned to Mr. Reading a canoe he had loaned me, sending in it four Galwa young men and one Benita, who had faithfully filled the time of service for which they had contracted. Later, the father of the lad came to ask for the axe; I declined to release it until he should pay a fine. Still later, came the French explorer, Dr. Ballay, companion of De Brazza, with five large canoes and one hundred men, on his way overland from the Kongo. He stopped to salute us; and, kindly offered to take letters for us to Libreville.

On the 30th, the employees were afraid to go about the grounds, because of leopards. One of the men said that he saw one, that day. There had been several alarms since the killing of the goat in the previous week. That night, while compelled to sit up late, retreating from room to room before the vicious advances of an army of driver ants, we heard an outcry among the employees, about a leopard. But, I did not go out to see about it; I was having enough trouble.

On Thursday, July 31, Mrs. Nassau was not feeling comfortably. The loss of sleep, on account of the "drivers," and the much loud talking among the employees at the water-side, had tried her nerves. And, she wearied herself in sewing for the expected little one, and in writing an important missionary letter to a clergyman in the United States.

Very early, in the dark of the morning of Friday, August 1, I was awakened by Mrs. Nassau's being seized with another attack of threatened miscarriage, accompanied by profuse hemorrhage. I have a minute record of almost every hour, day and night, of the eight days, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 8th.

The life-blood was dripping away, from the first rush at 1 A. M. of the 1st to the last drop at 4 A. M. of the 8th. During all those days, no work was done; but, my men quietly awaited

my possible call. And, I saw them, only when I went to the morning and evening prayers. During all that week, either Handi or I, day and night, were alternately watching by the bedside. There was no lack of medicines, water-bags, expedients, and rearrangements of bedstead, pillows, and bedding; due to that *carte blanche* order of mine to Dr. Adam in January. No lack of a variety of kinds and modes of preparation of food and drink. But, an inability to retain any of them, more than half an hour, until the patient became faint and weak with hunger. At no time, were there any symptoms of African fever.

The babe was born at 11.30, midnight of Thursday, the 7th of August. And, five hours later, she was motherless. The only persons in the cottage with me, besides Handi, were Apoyo, Pière's young wife, and a lad Ngâwe.

It would have been maddening, if, in the reflections of those hours, there had been needed anything, for which there would be the regret, "O! if I had only had so-and-so!" That Liverpool box from Dr. Adam had supplied every possible need for both mother and child. But, there have always remained two bitter regrets: that no woman of the mission had come to their fellow-woman's hour of trial; and, that I was not a surgeon. Yet, looking at the situation, in the light of other examples, I read of other women, even in the United States, in precisely the same case, having died, though surrounded by parents, sisters, nurses, doctors, and a wealth of medicines, comforts and appliances.

There was the babe to be clothed and fed. I began, with unskilled hand and mode, the solemn mother-task, which I retained, aided only by native hands, for more than six years. During the first two years aided by the excellent Handi; during more than two other years, by, successively, eight incompetent, half-civilized (and not all of them christian), Ogowe young women; and, during the final more than two years, by a superiorly educated christian woman, A-nye-ntyu-wa, of the Mpongwe tribe, as nurse and governess. And, in pursuance of a pledge to my dying wife, and because I thought (and still think) it was best, but against the protests of relatives and other friends in the United States, and of members of the mission, I kept the little Mary with me in Africa, until she was more than six years old, in good health.

There was the coffin to be made. The skillful Metyeba was gone; but, one of the ordinary workmen, Ompwenge, helped me with saw and plane. French law, in the tropics, required inter-

ment to be made within twelve hours after the decease. For months, I had ceased to think of the French government as a factor in my life, for any matter of courtesy or even obedience. I kept my dead for thirty-six hours. There was no corruption; for, the corpse was bloodless, and, in its organs there had been no fever. French law required that deaths should be reported, and permit for burial requested. I did not request. Why should I think of post officials, with whom communication, even of courtesy, had been prohibited? (Subsequently, I did report, when applying for a birth-certificate.) I sent word to no white man in the neighborhood. The Fañwe were my friends. They sat in their villages in distress, refraining even from going to their daily garden-work.

On Saturday, the grave was to be dug. My men made it, among the quartz boulders of the steep hillside near the new house that was to have been hers. At 4.30, in the afternoon, my eight young men and lads, Ompwenge, Piĕre, Simbuve, Nambo, Alundo, Mbigino, Isambo, and Ngâwe, carried the coffin down hill, across the log bridge, and up to the grave. Ambâgâ accompanied, carrying a little bundle to be placed in the grave. Onjingo stayed in the cottage with Handi and the baby. Ampamba's hand prevented him from helping. Fañwe stood silently. They could not understand a burial that was devoid of yells of grief. They listened to my short address and prayer.

I have mentioned the above names of my household assistants. I looked on them, at the time, as almost my only friends. They certainly were very attentive and sympathetic during those days. But, perhaps I expected too much of them afterward. African negroes are mercurial. Neither grief nor joy long influences them.

On Sunday, the 10th, as if, like Ezekiel, it had been said to me, "Neither mourn nor weep," "so, I spoke unto the people in the morning." And, there was Mrs. Nassau's Bible class in the afternoon. She would not have liked me to neglect it. And, in the evening, I spoke of God's great Love for us; greater even (as I illustrated) than Mrs. Nassau's love for me, or for the people of Africa.

Then, on Monday, the 11th, a canoe and crew was to be sent to Kângwe, with the heavy shadow to the mission, to the Board, and to American relatives and friends.

About 10 A. M. Mons. Kerraoul and a French associate of his called, on a visit of condolence. He mentioned that, for the

week past, he had had the company of nine friends who had arrived overland from the Kongo. It was a bitter thought to me, that, among those men, was a physician, Dr. Manas. And, I had not known it! Mons. Kerraoul said that I should have sent for the doctor's assistance. I reminded him that he himself had forbidden me to approach Njoli Post under *any* circumstances. He said that the restriction had recently been removed; and offered any aid from the physician for my babe.

I had not known that even M. Kerraoul or anyone was at the post. I had been told by natives that he had gone down-river.

CHAPTER XXV

A MOTHER-TASK, AUGUST, 1884–1886

MY mother-task began with the aid of the excellent Benga woman Handi. On Tuesday, August 12, Dr. Manas came, and gave medical advice about the babe. I had from the very first day, arranged exact hours, and directions, as to the child's food and baths, between Handi and myself. When 9 P. M. came, she was to lay the child down, even if it was not asleep. And, from that hour, Handi was free, for her own reading, sewing, recreation, etc., until 7 A. M., of the next day. During that interval, I never called on her for any service whatever. I took, unaided, all the nights, during the subsequent six years; whatever were the babe's needs of food, medicine, or any other attention. I have prepared her bottle of milk over the little kerosene-stove, when I was so sick that I had to creep across the floor on my hands and knees. The morning and evening baths were Handi's office; but, I sat by, to observe any symptoms. Handi's duty beginning at 7 A. M., I felt free to write, or to superintend work. At the babe's regular specified food-hour, I came from my work, whatever it was, and prepared the milk, with my own hands. Handi might hold the bottle to the babe's mouth; but, only my hands prepared it, in only certain cups and vessels, which I kept locked in a certain cupboard, to be washed and handled only by myself. With careful observation of symptoms, and with a variation, as indicated, in the amount of water, or of sugar, or a little lime, or a pinch of salt, in a series of experiments during the first two weeks, I found just what suited my babe's digestion; and had not much difficulty subsequently.

The excavation of the grave had been among rocks. I told the men not to put the stones in again, but, to carry earth from the water-side. As I wished it done quietly, and not with the shouting usual where several worked together, I assigned only one young man, Piĕre, for the duty. That, of course, was slow work; and therefore several days elapsed before the grave was

entirely filled. I found Piĕre grumbling at his lonely task. This so hurt me, as I wished nothing but kind thoughts around the grave, that I dismissed him to other work, and took up the duty myself, until a kinder-hearted one, Nambo, came and said, that, although he was not well, he would complete the filling of the grave.

The Fañwe women so missed the visits of Mrs. Nassau, that, in the afternoon of the 15th, I took Handi's place in charge of the babe, and sent her to hold a meeting with the women in the villages.

I had lost almost all interest in the new house. I had none at all in it for myself, now that the one for whom it was being built was gone. Only obligation to the mission property and to a possible successor made me feel that its completion was a duty.

After two weeks stoppage of the work, I resumed the finishing of the interior partitions, etc. Dr. Manas, passing on a trip, stopped at the beach, to say that he would soon call again, to prescribe for my babe.

On Friday, the 22d, a woman, with a few fish, came to redeem the axe I had captured a month before. I refused to take so small a ransom, and told her to bring a cloth (a "dollar"). She went; and returned with one, which I accepted, and gave up the axe. Immediately, I burned the cloth, to show that I did not wish to make gain. Again, in the afternoon, I took charge of my babe, while Handi went for her recreation and for service with the village women. That, thenceforward, became our almost regular Friday custom. After evening-prayers, four of the household remained, for the usual Friday night christian-conversation meeting, which, for some weeks, had been omitted. But, I declined to resume it just then, because the church members among them, Mbigino, Piĕre, and Mambo, and two of the inquiry class, Ompwenge and Simbuve, persisted in using liquor. They never used it to the point of intoxication. But, I had required total abstinence, and was pained at their lowering the standard. I resumed my own regular Saturday afternoon visitations, on Saturday, the 23d, and, with only occasional interruptions, thenceforward continued them.

After supper Simbuve gave me a talk which showed a very bad heart. He told, quite at length, how that in his village he had not yielded to polygamy or slave-holding; how he had worked for me, even to the point of a year's-contract book; and how he had "served God." Then, he threatened that, because I had suspended him from the inquiry class, on account of his

liquor-drinking, he would leave my employ, even if he should lose the contract-money due him. It was very rare that a native thus berated me. I was amazed at his thinking that I would restore him just because of that threat. I took no notice of it; told him that the class was not a matter of dollars; that his professed sorrow at being suspended from it was insincere, as shown by the anger he was then displaying to me; and, turned from him, unwilling to listen to any more of his spiteful words.

On Sunday, the 24th, a trader, Asagomwenge, came to say that he was going down-river next day, and would take letters for me. Also, he stated that several of my people had been engaging passage with him; he wished to know how many I authorized to go, as he did not wish to be even an innocent medium for deserters. This was very honorable in him. I named three of my employees, to whom I had given permission; that any others would be deserters. He came next day, with the three. I paid their wages to date. Then, a fourth said that Simbuve and Piĕre owed him, and he was waiting to see them paid, so that they might pay their debt to him. So; those two intended to desert! I told them that if they wished to forfeit their contract, they could go; but, that nothing would be due them on pay until the close of the month. They were very angry. But, they knew that I was right. Piĕre deserted. Simbuve stayed. Just as this episode closed, came Gov. Kerraoul and Dr. Manas. I was glad of the coming of the latter; for, my babe had a diarrhœa, which change of food did not control. The doctor prescribed diluted white of egg in her milk. It proved very efficient; and, I depended on it, in subsequent years. At evening-prayers, the few who remained with me were in good spirit; and the house-employees were apparently trying to do extra well for me.

My sister came from Kângwe, in her boat *Evangeline,* and assisted me in the distribution of some of Mrs. Nassau's clothing. The next day, Simbuve came, and made a partial apology for his misconduct of Monday. I bought a quantity of crocodile-meat, and gave my household a feast. My sister went, on Saturday, the 30th, to visit the Bindube villages near the post. She saw no sentinel on Njoli, to threaten her with shooting!

On Sunday, August 31, heard that the Bemijigĕ clan had captured one of Nyare's women; he went down-river for a fight. Next day, I arranged bundles of some of Mrs. Nassau's garments to give to her native friends. Increased the wages of the

two boys, Onjingo and Ambâgâ, whom I had designated as special attendants on Handi in her care of the babe.

On Wednesday, September 3, my sister returned to Kângwe. Handi was much surprised. She could not understand it. She had assumed that the aunt had come to take charge of her little niece. I made no explanations. I resumed work on the new house. If it could not be "Mrs. Nassau's," it should be "Mary's house."

In the United States, empty cans are thrown away in garbage boxes. At that time, in the Ogowe, natives bought them of me; as they valued them for drinking-cups, and for packing, against the attacks of white-ants.

Ever since my contest with him, Nyare's position had sunk. Finding that proximity to me was no longer a source of gain or power; but, rather of shame, he decided, on Friday, the 5th, to remove his village across the river, directly opposite to me. Thenceforth, there was little occasion for his people to trespass.

I had been very regular and methodic, as to my babe's food-hours. If she cried between hours, I assumed that the cause was other than hunger; perhaps thirst, or irritable skin, or a tight garment, or, internal pain, etc. So, although my nights were all of them necessarily broken, the breaks gradually became fewer or shorter. The night of the 5th was the best. From 7 P. M. until 2 A. M., she did not call for food. And, even then, she slept so well, that I myself awoke her at 6 A. M. to offer her food, which I thought necessary. Just after morning-prayers, came, from down-river, the young Frenchman who had accompanied M. Kerraoul in his call on me of August 11. He brought me some mail, and two boxes. One of them contained infant clothing which Mrs. Nassau and I had ordered months before; and books for which I had sent for her. Some of the little garments had become wet in the boat; Handi immediately washed and ironed them. The work on "Mary's house" was nearing completion. In the evening, the household were interested in my showing them my babe's newly-arrived treasure of clothing.

Sunday, the 7th. My child one month old! Mr. Gallibert, a French trader, living a short distance down-river, where Laseni formerly located, came from Kângwe, bringing a letter from Mr. Reading, and needed medicines (rhubarb and quick-lime). I heard distant thunder, the first of the season. The river had been slowly rising, and showers every night.

Among my several Sunday and week religious services, Mrs. Nassau had suggested "monthly concert." I had not seen

my way to commence it; for, though her life and mine were *all* "missionary," there was no interest on that subject among my Galwas, and entire indifference on part of the Fañwe. But, that evening, as a memorial to Mrs. Nassau, I commenced a regular monthly concert of prayer for missions. A Frenchman, a Mr. Froment, stopped on the 8th, offering to take letters down-river. I sent a package to my sister.

Until a more permanent structure, which I had ordered, should arrive, to protect the grave, Simbuve built a plain wooden frame. He came, in the evening of the next day to acknowledge his faults, and asked to be permitted to rejoin the inquiry class. After the usual weekly prayer-meeting, the employees held one of their own. Was that a result of the Sunday-night concert?

The dates 10th, 11th and 12th, were always anniversaries. Simbuve came again to confess his wrong doings and ill-will to me, in various matters since our journey in July down-river with Mrs. Nassau, especially on the night spent at Mbomi. I restored him to the inquiry class.

Work was going on well. In the evening of the 11th, a pleasant chat with the household about wild native fruits. On the 12th, Mr. Froment, returning from Lembarene, delivered to me a mail, and a box from my sister to Handi. It gratified her; for, her life at Talaguga was a lonely one. Not unoccupied; for, out of her regular daily duties to my babe, she had her own free hours. But, how to occupy them outside of her own reading or sewing, was a problem. She had no recreation, or companionship. Her tribe was a civilized coast-tribe, and she could not affiliate with the river tribes. It was a strong proof of her devotion to my child, that she was willing to stay in such lonely surroundings. It was a sad shadow over my mails, that, for months, they contained letters addressed to Mrs. Nassau, from those who did not yet know of her decease. One of the most sisterly ones to her was from my sister Letitia, wife of Rev. A. Gosman, D.D., of Lawrenceville, N. J. Dr. Manas came, not to prescribe, but to obtain medicines from my good supply. That night, I resumed the lessons with the inquiry class.

At night of Saturday, the 13th, my employees, in their water-side hut, were singing hymns. How different from the days when their shouts made me suspect liquor-drinking! How pleased Mrs. Nassau would have been! She had so longed for the spiritual growth of those young men.

I was sick on Sunday, the 14th, and unable to preach; only a short meeting, and only two Fañwe present. Nyare was busy

building his town across the river. Baby, providentially quiet at night, so that I had to rise for her only twice. Next day, a young Fañwe woman, who came to sell sweet potatoes, asked to be permitted to see the process of bathing a white baby. She was much interested and amused at Handi's careful and gentle handling of every part of the body.

On Wednesday, the 17th, Mr. Gallibert sent, offering to take letters down-river for me on the morrow. So, I sat up until midnight, writing. Next day, after Mr. Gallibert had gone, Mons. Kerraoul sent to me inquiring whether I was about to send a boat down-river; for, he wished to place a sick man as passenger in it. One of Njâgu-demba's women made a visit, dressed in most theatric finery. Mavyañ came to see me. He expressed sorrow for Mrs. Nassau's death. He said, "God is not good!" I had to tell him not to say so; that God was always good. It was true that, not always, had I myself been able to say of Him,

"Good, when He gives, supremely good;
Nor less, when He denies."

All foreigners in the river, even the government post, sometimes were short on food-supplies. I needed rice; and, on Friday, the 19th, had applied to the post, for a sale. M. Kerraoul sent a bag of rice on *loan;* and asked to borrow some English books; which I promptly sent him. Just as his messenger left, there arrived from Lembarene, an English trader, bringing me a mail. He attempted to give me condolence, on Mrs. Nassau's death; but, was so intoxicated, that he could say nothing connectedly.

A large number of Fañwe, from a distance, came on Saturday, the 20th, to condole with me; among them a man whom Mrs. Nassau had once very much gratified by playing the organ for him, but who (she had remarked to me at that time) seemed in great fear of her. Handi took my place in the village visitation. When she told the people to come for Sunday to meeting, they replied that there was no use for them to do so, because Mrs. Nassau being dead, there was no one to play the organ. The rainy season officially began, with thunder, lightning, heavy clouds, and threatening rain.

On Thursday, the 25th, I set out the little trees and plants, which six months before, Mrs. Nassau had started in a box, as a nursery. She had taken care of them all the while that they were small. Everything I touched was hers; everything I was doing was for her; every board I laid, every nail I drove, was for

her. The house was to have been hers! I felt bitterly that she had not been permitted even to enter it.

In reading over her diary, I saw where she had often been tried by the kitchen employees, especially the very one, Mbigino, who now for me was doing so well. Yet, with all those annoyances, there was an almost daily entry of some ground for *thanks,* even when she had been in trouble.

On Sunday, the 28th, after breakfast, Mons. Lesteur, of the French expedition, from the Interior, stopped to express sympathy; to apologize for my having been prevented in my journeys, by Gov. Kerraoul; and to offer to take letters.

Next day, Mons. Kerraoul called, to obtain paint, with which to mark a head-board over the grave of one of his men who had died. Two of Mr. Reading's men, Mâmbâ and Abumba, who were leaving his service, came, professedly to express sympathy in my loss. Mr. Reading, in a letter which they brought, thought that they had some other object in view. Perhaps they had. They subsequently entered my employ. They had been my best aids during my Kângwe days; and they became my best aids during my Talaguga years.

Mrs. Gault, from Benita, sent me an infant-feeding-bottle, not knowing that I had one. But, I appreciated the gift. It had been used by her own Willy who had died; and, it was the first gift, from any missionary, to my child.

At night, of Thursday, October 1, while I was writing, I heard Ompwenge talking angrily at the water-side hut; and soon, there was an outcry of little Onjingo's voice, as if he had been struck. I went down the hill, and called the boy to me. He said that Ompwenge had struck him because little Ambâgâ had complained that Onjingo "bossed" him, in their work for Handi and the babe. I felt troubled, and was indignant at the young man. But, I said nothing to him, waiting until I should control my temper, and study what was best to be done. The next morning, after prayers, I told Ompwenge that I would not investigate whether the little boy was right or wrong; but, that I would fine himself a half-dollar (trade) for breaking my rule that there should be no striking. Even more obediently than I had hoped for, he promptly paid the fine (in goods, one mug .30, and one spool of thread .20). At night, after prayers, in the presence of the company, I destroyed the two articles, as a proof that I had put a fine on him simply as a punishment.

On Friday, baby was sick; and, I stayed with her, while Handi went on her excursion to the villages.

On Tuesday, the 7th, the *Okota* came; on it was Mr. Reading, with a mail, and a supply of farinya and dried fish for my workmen. He frequently was generous to me in that helpful way, knowing that very little was obtainable from my Fañwe. We sat up late, talking over our respective station affairs. And, then, I sat up still later, reading my mail.

The Mpongwe trader, Njaleˇle, had located near me; and with him was the young Galwa Ngâwe, who recently had deserted me. The trader could afford to pay higher prices for food, and the boy's work was easier, and not so continuous as mine.

Another Mpongwe trader, "Dixon," who had formerly been in Nyare's village, and who had returned, actually asked permission of me to land his goods on the premises, and trade in my water-side hut until he could build his own! Aside from the unwisdom of allowing trading on the mission grounds, the idea of landing his rum barrel in my hut was insulting.

I could get along with housekeeping, etc., etc.; but, the care of the babe tied me from direct missionary work, e. g., itineration. I wrote to Mrs. Ogden, asking her aid, as her Baraka duties were not numerous. Under somewhat similar circumstances, she had laid them entirely aside, for many weeks, to take care of Mrs. Good's infant, though there were other ladies and an available supply of native nurses in civilized Gaboon. Mr. Reading left, on the *Okota*.

The 10th, 11th and 12th of October were anniversary days. On the 11th, I was forty-nine years of age. I made my first visit to Nyare's new village.

On Sunday, the 12th, I observed a growth on the babe, that caused me careful, constant, anxious watching. I cured it, at the cost of attention that was not relaxed for one hour during an entire month. It was the heaviest task of all the six years of my motherhood.

I planted fruit trees, oranges, sour-sop, pitanga, and guava on the new grounds around Mary's house.

Housekeeping had been a comparatively simple affair, while I had lived, during camping days, in a hut. And, since I had had to direct something more formal in the cottage, after Mrs. Nassau's death, I had managed, to a comfortable degree, with the kitchen service. But, I had attempted nothing at housecleaning. During the two months since her departure, nothing of that kind had been done in my room. I spent the entire day of Wednesday, the 15th, with the household servants, in remov-

ing all the furniture; brushed, dusted, and washed; beat the carpet; sunned all the bedding.

On Thursday, the 16th, the carpentering work was completed; and, I began the work of painting Mary's house.

I had obtained a wheelbarrow, as a more expeditious mode of transporting earth, etc., than our old way of "toting" in a box. When I put the barrow into Alundo's hands, he did not know how to use it! On the 20th, Mbigino also broke the rule about striking (the complainant was the same little Onjingo). And, I treated the case exactly as I had with Ompwenge, on the 2d. The effect was good; for, instead of harboring ill-will for his punishment, he cooked an especially nice supper.

It was necessary for me to have bamboo for the outbuildings of Mary's house. So, there had to be a journey to Yeña. I had no reliable men who could do the buying for me; they were competent only for the paddling. So, I ventured to go myself on Wednesday, the 22d. But, I was very anxious. In the ten weeks since my babe's birth, I had not been absent from her, at one time, more than four hours. I went with the four strongest of my people. When near Yeña, I met the man Ongâmu, whom I had hired to obtain me thatch, coming with a load. I hasted back, by noon. When he arrived, he had his wife with him. This was company for Handi. And, the two women went shopping at the trading-house at Nyare's. Ongâmu looked through the new house, and praised it. He was competent to do so; for, he was an educated coast-man.

I had sat up reading, rather late at night, when, just as I was preparing for bed, Ompwenge knocked excitedly, to say there was some quarrel of Nambo with Onjingo. I told him it was too late for me to investigate; that he should go quietly to his hut until the next day. He went away; but, I overheard him call to Nambo, who followed him to the water-side, to discuss the matter. I felt very much that I must do something decided, to stop imposition on the little boys. I prayed for guidance, that the offenders might take submissively whatever punishment should be given them. Next morning, the 23d, at prayers, the matter was settled. My petition seemed answered.

On Friday, the 24th, I ventured again to leave my babe for a day. Went to Ndoña-nyare's Njomu, opposite Yeña, at Ongâmu's trading-house. The chief welcomed me effusively. Ongâmu helped me. But, there was no disposition on the part of the Fañwe to sell or make thatch, unless goods were first advanced in pre-payment. (This vicious "trust" system was

practiced by all the white and native traders; with the result that all natives were in debt, by their deliberately failing to repay in ivory, rubber, etc., for the goods that had been advanced. I endured many privations rather than recognize that "system" with the Fañwe; they were too uncivilized. Coast-tribe men, I could believe, would fulfill their promises.) I had to go back and forth several times in the long villages, to look for and count the thatch and bamboo. Even then, I did not always succeed in making a bargain. Instead of sitting down and buying what was brought to me, I had to go through the humiliating process of seeking; and perhaps meeting with only indifference. All, because I would not, as an initial step, make some gift. (I was willing to give, at the close of a bargain.) But, Ongamu was honest. I left goods in his hands; he would enjoy bargaining; I never did. I was at the cottage again, by 7 P. M. Handi had waited supper for me. But, as baby was hungry, I told her to eat her supper at once, so that the child might have her evening bath, and its always associated bottle of milk.

On Saturday, the 25th, Gov. Kerraoul, with Mons. Michaud from Bowe Falls in the Interior, returned the borrowed books, and took some new ones. He told me that he was expecting 2000 men from the Interior, to take up, in pieces, a steamer which was soon to be brought from Gaboon by Mr. Lesteur. I was grateful to him in that he promised to send me some milk, as baby was rapidly using hers, and I could not expect the new supply I had ordered from Liverpool to arrive before my then present lot was exhausted.

Just after morning service of the 26th, I was seized with a fever-chill; could not eat or do anything; unable to conduct Sabbath school, or evening service. Nevertheless, I took care of baby at night. *Nothing* ever prevented that duty. And, yet, with the ability that always came back to me after the twenty-fourth hour, I was up again, on Monday afternoon, and at work on Mary's house.

That insect pest, which I have already described, the eye-worm, came at intervals of a few weeks or months; was endured on its two days' travel; and forgotten until it came again.

I noted carefully any changes in my babe. On Wednesday, the 29th, her developments were so obvious, that I made an entry, "Baby seems to be growing," (for, at first, she had weighed only 5½ pounds).

In the afternoon of Thursday, the 30th, we heard the rhythmic noise of the paddle-wheels of the *Okota;* then, her whistle

(which meant not simply a salute, but a summons). While I was preparing a canoe to go off, my sister appeared with her crew in her *Evangeline,* which had been in tow of the steamer. The vessel brought me five trunks and boxes of goods for Mrs. Nassau and myself, and a mail. There was a valuable box of presents to Mrs. Nassau from dear friends in Freehold, N. J. My sister had come to help me arrange Mrs. Nassau's trunks, which I was sending to the United States. After all had gone to bed, I read my mail. That night was the first time since her birth, that my babe slept through the entire night; ordinarily, I had to attend to her wants two or three times, during a night.

The *Okota* went down-river again on Saturday, November 1. Sister, having her own boat and crew, remained. Metyeba was one of the crew, and, I hired him to make an alteration in Mary's house, cutting off a space from the dining-room, and making a small bath-room, for convenience of the baby, adjoining my bed-room.

This addition of a warm closed bath-room (in which I placed a little box-stove) was a great improvement on my original plan of the house. Stairways let from both the sitting-room and bath-room to the second or attic floor. That floor did not extend over the sitting-room; it was open to the roof. In the attic there were four rooms, for a guest, or for school-children, or for storage.

On Wednesday, the 5th, my sister had a long talk with me, about her future location. Besides her rare skill as a teacher, she had unusual ability as an administrator. At all the stations of the mission, there was always a problem of authority, due to the habit of the natives of recognizing only one as "chief" or "master" wherever two or more whites were located together, unless the functions of those whites were entirely distinct, e. g., one in charge of the church, another in charge of the school, another in charge of secular work. But, if any two men or women were *associated* in any one of these departments, however tactful or courteous those two might be to treat each other as equal, the natives always made distinctions that sometimes were unpleasant. For this, and for other reasons, my sister, from the very first, at Mbâde, Benita, preferred to have her own house. And, I had built her one at Bolondo (which, subsequently, became *the* station, and Mbâde was abandoned). When her health had begun to fail, in 1877, and she could not control Bolondo alone, she came to me at Kângwe, knowing that I would accord her the largest liberty, and unlimited control of her school

department. But, since her return to Kângwe in 1883, her association with Miss Harding had not been a happy one. And, in the prospective transfer of Rev. A. C. Good, for 1885, from Baraka to Anděndě, she was sure that she would be uncomfortable. Mr. Good was a very able man and efficient worker. But, his natural constitution was such that any one associated with him had to submit to his direction. Sister intimated that she would like to have the mission, at its January meeting, transfer her to Talaguga; but, at the same time, she said, "Brother, I will help you in any other way, but I can take no care of the child." That was satisfactory. It was true that she "knew nothing about babies." My three months' experience had taught me that I could take better "care of the child" than she could. But she could relieve me of the housekeeping, which would not at all interfere with her school hours (which, she had been doing for herself alone at Kângwe, without the additional advantage I gave her at Talaguga, of my providing the servants and provisions).

Friday, the 7th, my babe was three months old. On weighing her, I found that she had gained only just three pounds in weight. My sister returned to Kângwe. As very little more carpentering was to be done on Mary's house (except the porches) I had it entirely swept and cleaned, ready for occupation. While I was busy with two of the men, under the cottage, tarring the posts against white-ants, and removing some of those ant-eaten posts (though they had been in use only two years) there came three Fañwe with the carcasses of a wild hog, a monkey, and a wild rat. I bought largely for the workmen, and they and Handi and the two little boys quite lost their heads for any more work, in their thinking of and preparing for their feast.

The French steamer *Conquez* passed up to the post, in the morning of the 11th. In the afternoon, some Fañwe shouted across the river that Mr. Gallibert wished me to send my canoe down to his house for some goods left there by the steamer. I sent the canoe; and, it returned with boxes of paint.

It seemed almost impossible to teach my Fañwe visitors not to beg. I recognized the native etiquette that expected a host or hostess to give a parting gift to the visitor. But, my visitors could not restrain their cupidity. They would not wait until their departure. And, often, when, in unwise kindness, I had given in advance, they trespassed on the opened heart, and asked for more. *That* always vexed me, and spoiled the visit. On

Friday, the 14th, a man Zingĕma came to make a call with his sister and his baby. I voluntarily gave him two good gifts. Then, he asked for a third. I restrained myself. I gave a third; and, quietly took away one of the two.

On Sunday, the 16th, three Fañwe came, after services were over. I made a special little service for themselves. In the afternoon, Mr. Gallibert and two other Frenchmen called, on their way to the post. One of the two had recently arrived from the Kongo, and the other was going there. My interest for the Interior was aroused more than ever by their tales of the Bateke tribe, who in language were somewhat like Fañwe, but in disposition more docile. They reported that De Brazza was not in good health, and that he was expected in the Ogowe in a few months.

On Monday, the 17th, Ankombie with five people came, on his own errand of canoe-making, and asked permission to live on my premises. I felt doubtful about allowing him; for, when he had been at Talaguga in my service, though under my rules, he did not keep the Sabbath and he drank liquor. I feared that he would be an evil example, if I accepted him as a resident, not under my control. But, as he had been a good workman and helpful friend, I consented. I was not responsible for his food. And, he and his people furnished somewhat (what had always been one of the Talaguga difficulties) i. e. companionship for my Galwas. Next day, Nyare and his people came noisily to select in the forest what trees Ankombie was to cut down for his canoes. Then, came a canoe from Ongâmu, with a welcome box of dried fish, from Mr. Reading.

Then, came the trader, Asago-mwango with his goods which he asked permission to land on my premises for a night's protection until he could choose a place at which to locate. I allowed him; as he had been honorable; and, particularly, as he was not to open his goods for trade on my grounds. All these comings and goings set my household off their heads, and they neglected their work and even their own meals. While such things disturbed the quiet which I enjoyed of my place, I could not but be conscious that Talaguga had grown in importance. On a map published about that time, in England, among the few places marked above Lembarene, was my station, named as, "Nassau." At the time when I was alone on the verge, in 1882, travelers starting up-river inquired how far it was, "to Nassau's." And, they all stopped to rest, or to seek help, or to render a courtesy.

On Wednesday, the 19th, Gov. Kerraoul came to bid me good-by, as he was going to the Kongo. He asked for a purchase of matches and quinine, of both of which I had a good supply. When I asked him to accept them as a parting-gift, he promised to send me some bottles of milk for baby. Asagomwango was still on my premises, on Friday, the 21st, though, when he came, he had asked only for a night's protection.

Two Fañwe canoes from Yeña, wet with the heavy rain of the preceding night, came and stayed all day, afraid to pass in daylight the post sentinel. They remained very quietly; Koso, a Kângwe schoolboy, was with them. (It was disheartening, that, just as soon as our young men in school learned even a smattering, they were tempted away into trade.)

At service on Sunday, the 23d, were two Galwa traders from Nyare's, and a number of his people with himself. Heard that the Fañwe who had rested with me on Friday before, had been robbed by the Bindube people near the post. I recorded that, "Baby is developing rapidly, eats a good deal more than formerly, looks more animated, and is beginning to notice persons."

Next day, Mr. Gallibert sent for me, saying that he was sick. I went to him, and found that he had an obscure pain in the right groin. I advised him to seek a surgeon. As he had nothing but a small canoe, I sent to him my large one, at night, so that he should be ready to start early the next morning.

Ndoña-nyare came from Njomu, on his way up-river, and stopped for the night. He was present at prayer-meeting. After which, I entertained him in various ways. Among others, I showed him the little fireworks called "Pharaoh's serpents." They surprised him very much.

Just as the *Okota* was reported coming, in evening of the 26th, I was seized with a sharp chill that made me so weak as to be almost indifferent to what was going on. I took off my shoes, and went to bed, unable to remove any of my clothing, and remained so all night. Fortunately, baby was very good and quiet. Before I gave up entirely, I had sent a canoe to the *Okota,* and wrote a note requesting passage for Ompwenge and Onjingo, who wished to leave.

The next day, the 27th, though weak and faint, I went to the *Okota,* to superintend the landing of my furniture and other property for Mary's house. My people, without my supervision, had carelessly allowed a mattress to get wet. There was matting for the floor, a chair for baby, fireworks with which to celebrate days and amuse my household, and a box of gifts from

Freehold, N. J., friends. So suddenly came and as suddenly went, those African chills, in my personal experience, that, by Friday, the 28th, I was able to go to Ongâmu, at Ndoña-nyare's Njomu, for bamboo, for the new outbuildings. Though the water was higher than I had known it for three years, my crew pulled admirably. By the departure of the two on the *Okota,* I had very few hands remaining. But, the man Ankombie loaned me four of his people. I had, with hesitation, allowed him to live on the premises; but, I found him companionable and helpful.

On Saturday, the 29th, the *Akĕle,* a little steamer of the new English firm of J. Holt & Co., passed up, inspecting sites, for the location of a trading-house. My small number of hands was still farther reduced by the desertion of Nambo, after being convicted of stealing.

During the four months, after Mrs. Nassau's death, in my devotion to the care of her babe; and, in efforts to complete the new house, I had given very little supervision to the kitchen, leaving the two assistants there much to their own devices. With the result that there was theft and waste, which, on the Saturday, had culminated in Nambo's crime. So, on Monday, December 1, I had to investigate the domestic affairs, and locked up the soap, fish, sugar, etc., giving myself the additional care of personally handing out the needed daily supply.

While at work in the afternoon of the 4th, in the attic of Mary's house, Njâgu-demba, from Ngwilaka, came. Some time before, leprosy had developed in him. I saw that it was rapidly becoming worse; and, was told that his women were deserting him, and that his power and prestige, as a head-man, were gone.

Next day, Simbuve came to complain of some questions I had asked him while investigating Nambo's thefts. I had made no charge or even imputation. That he resented my question seemed to be the outcome of a guilty conscience, and that he probably had some guilty complicity (though I did not tell him so). Two Frenchmen came from the post to buy food of me! In my orders, from England and the United States, I generally allowed for delays and losses, and made the orders large. So, happening to have a good supply of meats on hand, I was able to spare to the gentlemen, over $7 worth of canned meats.

Sunday, December 7. Baby was four months old. Though she was well, she had gained only one pound per month. The local difficulty, which I had carefully watched, almost hourly, daily, for a month, with a compress and bandage, had happily

disappeared; and, I finally removed the bandage. A Fañwe, Otsago, came to live on the premises and work for me. The very first Fañwe who had done that! Others had worked only as day-laborers. Simbuve asked for baptism.

Next day, during the morning, the French steamer *Conquez,* passing up, whistled. I went in a canoe alongside of her (for, she did not stop, the current opposite Talaguga being very strong) and was handed a letter from my sister, written at Libreville. I had not known that she had gone thither.

On Friday, the 12th, I sent the men for building material to Yeña. I remained with the house-painting and the baby; with whom I had a long hard time. For, the sand-flies were dreadful, worse than I had known them for three years. (I think that the wind brought them from a peculiar quarter.)

On Sunday, the 14th, the Mpongwe trader, Njalĕle, with eight other coast-people, and several Fañwe, came to services. But, my household were not in a pleasant frame of mind. Simbuve was still sullen. And, even good Handi seemed out of humor, and did not speak kindly to baby. *That* hurt me more than anything else. I begged her to be more tender. Perhaps she was not well; for, the next day, I relieved her of much of her duty with the babe, in order that she might recover herself. One of Ankombie's men agreeably surprised me by saying that, when his contract was ended, he wished to remain and work for me. The *Akĕle* came to locate a trading-house near Nyare's town. The white trader, Mr. Ahrens, called on me, to ask my opinion of the locality.

Simbuve asked for the loan of my little canoe, that he might go on a vacation of three or four months, as he was "tired of eating farinya." His manner was not respectful. But, I made no reply until, in the evening, after prayer-meeting, I called him, and told him that it was not true that he had had *only* farinya; for, I had offered him part rations of rice, and was giving him fish twice a day. I gave him a long talk, justifying myself; and he responded properly. Then, we knelt, and I prayed with him.

During the morning of Wednesday, the 17th, came the *Okota,* bringing the 1000 feet last consignment of boards for the completion of Mary's house. Best of all, it brought from Igenja, three workmen, my faithful Mâmbâ of my days at Kângwe (and who, subsequently had been equally faithful to Mr. Reading) Awora, a christian, and a younger lad. I gave thanks for their arrival!

In the afternoon, I had sewing to do; a new task since Mrs. Nassau's departure. I did not ask Handi to do any such work for *me*. She sewed for herself and for the babe. I wished her to feel that her whole service belonged to my child. In that service, she had the aid of a little girl, Fiti, whom she had brought with her from the coast, and whom, for a while, she had left at Kângwe, but who was subsequently brought to her at Talaguga.

After my sewing, I relieved Handi of the babe, in order that she could finish her (own clothing) ironing. Awora, with marked oriental politeness, spoke of bringing to me, at the late day, sympathy for Mrs. Nassau's death.

Thursday, the 18th, was a red-letter day. Mâmbâ promptly at work, planing boards; and Awora drying the farinya that had been dampened in landing. Everybody in a fresh good humor, and apparently happy; all due to the arrival of Mâmbâ and his two companions.

About noon, the *Conquez* steamed past, on its way to the post at Asange. Ankombie's people working for me were very careful to observe all rules, and to ask permission for what they wished to do for themselves. At night of Friday, the inquiry class was very satisfactory, on my new plan, of their voluntary study of Bible history. The study that evening was on The Fall.

After breakfast on Saturday, the 20th, I had just handed baby to Handi for her bath, and, after putting her little bed to rights, I had gone outdoors for a short while. When I returned, I was surprised and delighted to see Count De Brazza standing in my front doorway. He had just arrived overland from the Kongo. He was in great haste. The *Conquez* was to come in a few minutes from the post, and would pick him up. As it would not stop at Talaguga, he had come in advance, in a small canoe; as, in his courtesy, he would not pass me by, without a salutation. He spoke kindly and tenderly of Mrs. Nassau and the baby. I snatched up a letter I had ready for the United States, and went with him down hill, talking rapidly as we went. I knew of his rivalry with Stanley in the Kongo Interior; of Stanley's efforts for the organization of the mis-called "Kongo Free State"; and of De Brazza's treaties with the native kings on the right bank of the Kongo. Speaking of his annexation to France of that part of the Kongo, he exclaimed, "It is done, without firing a shot, excepting of a soldier of one of my subordinates; and him I dismissed. It is peace!" He

was thin; and there were eruptions on his hands and face, from his experiences in the jungle; but, he seemed vigorous. He took charge of my letter; and said that he would soon return from Libreville. Then, he presented me with two pigs brought from the Interior.

For the Saturday afternoon visitations, I appointed Mâmbâ, in place of Handi, who had been attending to them for me. In the evening Ndoña-nyare with people and goods, on his way up-river, stopped in my convenient boat-shed over night.

Next day, Sunday, all of his people were at morning prayers; but, afterward they were noisy; and, himself attempted to go hunting on my premises. I had to order away some of Nyare's people, who, with their baskets, wished to make a short cut across my grounds to their gardens. Many persons at services. Gave Mâmbâ a class of two little boys at Sabbath school to teach them the alphabet. Ndoña-nyare left; but, on his way, was followed by Nyare, with a quarrel on the river. Nyare had learned his lesson not to attack on my premises. I loosened the two pigs; they were tame; and were satisfied to remain near the cottage. Awora came to confess some evils in his life, and his desire to return to the christian path. After all my favors to Ankombie's people, Simbuve reported to me that one of them had stolen a tin of paint. I was weary of investigations, and did nothing to the man but order him off the premises, and closed one of the two huts I had been allowing his master to use. Then, the offender threatened revenge on Simbuve.

In my duty to my babe, I had given up entirely the important work of itineration. Glad of Mâmbâ's presence, though, useful as he was in carpentering the last jobs on the house, I arranged a four days' tour for him to the villages on both banks of the river, down as far as Erere-volo. And, that I might be still farther relieved (as Mrs. Ogden had declined to come to my aid) I wrote to Rev. Mr. Ibiya, the native pastor on Corisco Island, to seek for me, another educated christian woman like Handi, to be her companion, and to assist me in the house.

In the afternoon of Wednesday, the 24th, my friend, Mr. Gebauer, of the German house, at Lembarene, called, in sympathy. It was he who had given Mrs. Nassau the name, "The Lady of the River."

Alundo's batch of bread would not rise, and was spoiled. The pigs had a feast on it. Handi often got angry with her little Fiti, and quarreled with her in an unseemly manner. I

did not pretend to decide whether the child was right or wrong; but, I insisted with Handi that, in her control of the little girl, there should be no angry tones in the presence of or hearing of my babe. I dreaded the moral influence of such tones.

Thursday, December 25. I took no notice of the Christmas. It meant nothing to me in the isolation of that African forest. The Fañwe had not heard of the day. In the more civilized portions of the river, it was known to some of the natives, from the example of foreigners, as a time for revelry, and the one occasion on which white men distributed liquor free. My few employees did not seem to remember the anniversary; and, we kept on at our daily works. I relieved Handi all morning, of the care of the baby. I did not forget the Babe of Bethlehem.

In the afternoon, two of Mr. Gallibert's people came with two letters, addressed to laptot-soldiers at the post. They said that the French trading-steamer *Jeanne-Louise* had brought them, and that the captain had sent them to me to forward. I did not believe them, and declined. I had not gone to Njoli or the post since my life had been threatened in the previous May; I needed my few men at work; and the two men who had brought the letters one mile to me, could just as well go on the remaining five miles to Asange.

Mâmbâ's step-father came to call him to go and see his sick relative Sâmbunaga, a former Kângwe employee, and a church-member. I did not think that it was Mâmbâ's duty to go; for, Sâmbunaga had chosen the ways of earth; I thought that "the dead should bury their dead." But, I permitted him to go.

On Sunday, the 28th, I spoke on the history of Jonah. After meeting, cook Alundo said that he had never heard of that story, and wanted to read it himself. I was gratified with even that expression of interest. And, in the afternoon, after Sabbath school, he asked about an illustration I had given in prayer-meeting two weeks previous. I had spoken of *christians* being known by their *ways*, and not simply by that *name;* and, referring to the common fact of a hen hatching a brood of ducks. I said that no one could make the mistake of calling that brood "chickens"; that they were ducks would be shown by their ways, e. g. going into water, etc.

In the evening of Wednesday, the 31st, my household enjoyed themselves very much with American and British illustrated newspapers. They knew nothing of "New Year's Eve." And, alone by myself, I had nothing to meet me but memories.

Thursday, January 1, 1885. In the morning, mending my clothing. In the afternoon, superintending the building of the new outhouses. But, I left work early, to pay the men their month's wages. Discovered that Fiti and Ambâgâ had been stealing butter. These two little thieves were my baby's playmates! Had intended to give a little fireworks exhibition in the evening; but, because of the offenses of the day, I did not. Simbuve thought it was because I suspected him of liquor-drinking. He worked for himself part of a day, making chests. But, he said he could not find time to prepare a lesson in Bible-reading for the Friday evening inquiry class. From this, I thought there was little depth in his profession of desire for baptism.

Servants, the world over, are often trying, by their mistakes and neglects. And, sometimes the tried nerves of the master or mistress aggravate the difficulties. Monday, the 5th, was an evil day: Little Fiti had neglected to cook Handi's rice, the evening before, so, her breakfast not being ready, Handi was angry at her, and even with me; so, I fed and nursed baby myself all the morning. Leaving the babe, in the afternoon, I went to see the men's work, and had to tear down the imperfect job that Simbuve had done, without my supervision, in which he had broken one of the window-latches. And, Ra-Wire was dreadfully slow in painting. And, even good Awora was very stupid. And, cook Alundo was almost disobediently neglectful of my directions. I was so wearied that I gave up in despair; and, leaving the men to their own devices, I returned to the cottage, where I found Handi nursing the baby. I took the child in my own arms; and then had a kind talk with Handi. She made explanations and apologies; and the rough places were smoothed again.

About noon of Tuesday, the 6th, the *Oviro,* belonging to the new English firm of J. Holt & Co., came. To my delighted surprise, it brought Mâmbâ; but no mail. There were verbal reports that my sister was still at Libreville. Also, that Rev. A. C. Good had visited Rev. W. H. Robinson (who had returned from the United States married) at Kângwe, and had assisted him in the church communion; and, that both of them had gone to Libreville, for the meetings of mission and presbytery at Baraka. Of course, I did not even think of leaving my five months'-old babe, to go to those meetings, important as they were, and though I was stated clerk of presbytery. For more than twenty years I had never failed in the duty of attendance.

BIG TREE-STUMPS AT EAST END OF THE HOUSE

Facing page 481

Next day, in the morning, a heavy tornado blew down several large trees near the cottage; and flung broken limbs, from a very large tree, over the roof of Mary's house, tearing it in several places. I immediately spent the day in repairing the roof; and set three men to cut down the large tree, at the east end of the house. Baby was well and smiling, and trying to make articulate sounds.

In the morning of Thursday, the 8th, I had to wait so long for my breakfast (cook Alundo having gotten up late), that, after calling several times for the food, I went out (all our kitchens are detached, in Africa) and drove him from the kitchen, and finished the cooking myself. I had been so patient with him, that he was startled at his punishment, and was most diligent in getting firewood and other kitchen-works all the remainder of the day. On weighing baby, she did not measure up to quite ten pounds. She would have gained more, had she not been worn by a month's irritation of boils and other eruptions. But, these were over, and she was very well, slept almost all the nights, and was awake most of the days. (But, the boils frequently returned, during the next five years. In my own experience also, I found that they were the alternative to exemption from the dangerous African-fever.) My demonstration toward Alundo evidently impressed him; he became prompt, industrious, and respectful. The evening inquiry lesson was on the building of Noah's Ark; with thoughts on the church, as God's Ark of Safety. After the meeting, the young men had their own prayer-meeting, as usual ("Christian Endeavor"?). I was becoming hungry for a mail. I had had nothing since November 26; and, there were yet to come many responses to my letters telling of Mrs. Nassau's death five months previously.

After evening prayers of Saturday, the 10th, Alundo came to ask for baptism. He really seemed to understand the meaning of the ordinance. I began to think that his acceptance of my recent discipline of him was not simply fear, but a good recognition of his failings, and repentance therefor.

On Monday, the 12th, I found some Fañwe women washing themselves in the brook at the water-side. I did not use that portion of the brook, as I took my water from the stream higher up in its course (at Mrs. Nassau's pool) and nearer to the cottage. But, my workmen took their drinking-water from that lower portion. While I had no objection to the public taking water from there, I did object to its being used also as a bath. (Though, that was a common practice among all the natives.)

Mâmbâ came respectfully to inquire whether there was not an error in the weekly extra I gave him. At first, I told him there was not; and he went away quietly. Then, I looked over my accounts, and found that I did owe him two francs more a week for the previous three weeks. It was a rare bit of respect he had given me, in that he had not complained or been sullen. After evening-prayers, I paid him the balance due.

In my longing for a mail, I had two disappointments; first, when a canoe arrived from Ongamu at Njomu; and, later, when on Tuesday, the 13th, Mr. Gebauer from Lembarene, stopped to call on me. But, no mail, by either. (No one at Kângwe, to attend to forwarding.)

Simbuve had been sick for several days; no medicine I gave him seemed to do any good. I consented to his wish to go to his people. Notwithstanding his occasional temper, he had been a good worker. I paid him his monthly wages for January in full; and his year's contract (which was not due until February) also in full, and presented him with $5, as he expected to return, and to contract for another year (when he would bring his wife with him), and loaned him a canoe and crew (to be returned in two months) to take him to his home.

He started quietly, in the morning of the 15th, leaving me very short-handed, only two workmen, besides the house-servants. Ankombie finally completed and launched the three canoes on which he had been working. Four canoes, of the Bisa clan of Fañwe stopped for the night; they were quiet. The natives had learned that, though I welcomed them, and gave them shelter on their journeys, I could not allow disorder.

On Friday, the 16th, I finished my clothes-mending that had occupied me at intervals during many days.

Nyare came to pay Ankombie for the canoes; and, of course, there was some disputing. Then, Ankombie and his people came to say good-by to me, in the evening. But, he did not even thank me for his two months' use of my huts. (Though I had paid them full wage, for whatever work they had done for me.) The only remaining member of the inquiry class present was Alundo; and he was not very attentive.

On Saturday, the 17th, Handi was not well, and I offered to take care of baby Mary. But, she said that she would try to keep up. The premises were very quiet, Ankombie and his people being gone. The two pigs were rooting happily for worms in the mud at the water-side.

All the afternoon, I kept my babe, while Handi went, as

usual with Mâmbâ to the village visitations. While the babe slept, I tried to read George Eliot's "Adam Bede." I had not liked her "Felix Holt" and "Daniel Deronda." Nor, was I pleased with "Adam Bede." The mastery over words, and the description of feeling and of character were wonderful; but, I did not like its religious or even its moral influence.

On Monday, the 19th, Handi was really sick, and could not work at all, except to wash and dress Mary, whom I attended all day, except at meals, when Fiti took my place. I did not know what work, if any was going on, at the new outhouses. I was becoming so hungry for a mail!

Wednesday, the 21st, was another crooked day: Handi still sick. Cook Alundo began late. Did not wash the dining-room, until time for cooking, which made dinner late. I found that he had left eight or ten tins greasy and unwashed for a month, and was using new utensils, being too lazy to wash the old. When I told him to clean them, and brush up the kitchen, he spent the entire afternoon at it; which made supper late. Fortunately, baby Mary was good, except that she was restless, and I could not understand her wants. I did not believe that she was hungry, as I kept her regular hours for food. I suspected the irritation of gums from coming teeth.

Next day, I placed a bed-frame in the kitchen, for Handi, as she wanted to lie near a fire (the custom of all the natives, when they were ill). Fañwe were coming and going all day. Nyamba and her daughter brought yams for sale. Young traders from Njaléle came to buy hatchets. (The natives soon saw the superiority of the American over the British tools.) There came a canoe of people from Ndoña-nyare, opposite Yeña. Akendenge, a former employee, now a trader, came to visit his brother Mâmbâ. Akendenge's breath was redolent of liquor. (Liquor was a stumbling block for our church-members, more than their own native polygamy.) At night, there was a beautiful moonlight. I sat under it, alone, with many varied thoughts; of my wife who had passed away; of her "little girl" (as she had called her with her dying breath) whom she had left in my care; of the almost entirely completed houses I had begun for her; and, how little of the comforts I had tried to gather for her, she had lived to see.

A notable day, Friday, January 23. Just as I was investigating a theft by cook Alundo, of some oatmeal (which had made me late at dinner) was heard the whistle of the *Okota*. Putting a piece of batter-cake in my mouth, I ran down hill, to

get out the *Swan*. Akendenge helped me; and he and Mâmbâ paddled me to the vessel's side. There were my sister, five of her young men pupils, her household effects, my returned employee Ompwenge with three new ones, my new six months' supply of provisions, and a two months' mail! I was overwhelmed with the arrival of so many blessings. I landed all the goods and furniture at Mary's house, at once; and my sister immediately occupied the room, which, in my plan I had designated "the spare-room." She was the first to enter the completed house! But, for the night, I returned to my babe in the little bamboo cottage on the hill-side; and sat up late reading my mail. They were, most of them, letters of condolence; from natives in other parts of our field, fellow-missionaries, and relatives and friends in the United States, twenty-eight in all; and eight delayed letters for Mrs. Nassau. In my twenty-eight, the notes of sympathy and kindness were complete, excepting in two. They were meant to be kind, and really were so in words. But, they came from persons, of whom I had such painful memory, that their present words of sympathy (without any words of reparation for wrongs) were marred by the memory of those wrongs. I wished they had not written. I had tried to forget them.

On Saturday, the 24th, I was very much exhausted by my day's work of arranging the interior of the new house. Almost fell into the brook from one of the log bridges at the little island, as I returned to my hill-side cottage at night.

On Sunday, the 25th, held the morning services on the front porch of the new house (more than twice as much space as on the little porch of the cottage). Many Fañwe were present, having come to see the new "white woman."

On Monday, the 26th, began to remove my own goods and furniture from the cottage to Mary's house. And, my little Mary entered into possession of the home that should have been her mother's. I had intended to use my stored fireworks as a combined celebration of her entering her new home and as a welcome for my sister's arrival; but, the night was too stormy.

It was an immense relief to me, that coming of my sister. She told me the long tale of events at the annual meetings at Baraka; Mr. Reading was removed from Kângwe, to be mission treasurer at Baraka; Rev. A. C. Good, with wife and infant Albert, was transferred from Baraka to Kângwe, to be associated with Rev. and Mrs. Robinson. And, my sister was transferred from Kângwe to Talaguga (for reasons I have already men-

tioned, irrespective of me or my child). It was inevitable that she should leave Kângwe. Coming to me, she knew that I had always given her the largest liberty. She would be unhampered in all and any of her school plans. She would be given boat and crew whenever she chose to go on a day's itineration. And, in her taking charge of my domestic affairs, a great burden was removed from my shoulders. I put my kitchen servants and my provisions, unqualifiedly into her hands and control. Her supervision of that work did not interfere with her teaching hours. Nor, was there laid on her any greater burden, in caring for my table, than she had had at Kângwe, in caring for her own. I would be free to attend properly to the station and the religious services. Only, there remained with me, the care and control of my little Mary. Of this, my sister, in kindly offering to relieve me of the housekeeping, repeated what she had told Mrs. Nassau a year previously. I thought that she was entirely satisfied that it should be so. I certainly was. For, it was true that she knew nothing of infants. And, I, after my six months' experience of mothering, believed that I did know. Therefore, she understood that she was to have no care or control of my child. Handi also understood perfectly that, though we were in the new house, her and my relation to duty, care, and control of the babe remained unchanged, viz. (1) the child was under my sole control (2) except, in the event of my absence, when she was to be in Handi's (3) in all matters pertaining to the child, Handi was to take orders only from me. With this clear understanding, the Talaguga new household started out on its career. [Well would it have been, if my sister had abode by the terms she herself had dictated.]

The evening of Wednesday, the 28th, was clear, and the deferred fireworks celebration was held with crackers, torpedoes, pin-wheels, Roman candles, and rockets. In the afternoon of Friday, the 30th, my sister, in the *Nelly-Howard,* went downriver, to bring the last of her effects from Kângwe.

My little Mary was developing in activity and observation, but, not much in weight. At the end of her sixth month, she had added only six pounds to her original weight; eleven pounds was a small weight for a six months' old baby.

On Wednesday, February 11th, the *Okota* came, bringing thirty boxes of my sister's effects. Herself, in the *Nelly-Howard* was coming more slowly, on an itineration among the villages. She returned on the afternoon of Saturday, the 14th.

On Tuesday, the 17th, I thought it desirable to make a cour-

tesy call on the new "Governor" at the post. Since the assertion of the former commandant, Mons. Kerraoul, that the Njoli sentinel was set only against trade-men, and the decided apologies and regrets of Dr. Ballay and other officials, I thought nothing of the existence of that sentinel. But, again, I was stopped, and with difficulty was allowed to pass. It was a long pull, those five miles to Asange Island. I was anxious; for, I had left my little Mary not very well. And, on my return, she was worse. I changed her food, and her clothing.

On Saturday, the 21st, the *Okota* passed up, carrying De Brazza, his people, and his goods, for another Interior expedition.

On Sunday, the 22d, the *Okota* came down to its anchorage across the river at Nyare's; and, its captain in a boat brought me a barrel of rice from the French in payment of the tins of meat they had bought three months before. Baby was in good health again. For the first time, she actually laughed; all her previous efforts had been only smiles.

There had been an unpleasant incident about Handi, on Monday, the 23d. Notwithstanding my explicit statement to her, when my sister came, that the latter was to have nothing to do with the babe, Handi suspicioned that I wished to get rid of her! For two days she behaved very improperly. After an unsatisfactory talk, she resumed her care of my babe.

In the afternoon of the next day, a French Roman Catholic priest called, bearing a friendly message from De Brazza. Of course, I treated the man politely, though I had no confidence in his own expressions of friendship. At his request, I gave him a copy of my Fañwe primer.

It was so slow, waiting for natives to cut bamboo for building, and they asked so much of a price, as if they were doing me a great favor, that I ventured to leave the babe, now that she was six months old. With a crew of seven, I went on the 26th down as far as Njomu, to Ndoña-nyare's; and, leaving one to guard the canoe, I went with the other six into the forest bamboo-palm swamp, and, under my eye, they rapidly cut a canoe-load of fronds. That night, at the village, though I had given the men a generous supply of fish, Piĕre stole. I did not discover the loss until next day, when loading the canoe. Believing that all were guilty, I thought to punish them by depriving them of meat for the day, and threw all the rations into the river. I was much depressed about the very little conscience even my educated people had about stealing. In the evening,

after our return home, on investigating, Piĕre exonerated all except Ompwenge; and said that himself had intended voluntarily to confess, and to pay a fine.

On Thursday, March 5, just as I was starting to Njomu again, I met the *Okota*, I turned; and, boarding the vessel, I found Mr. Schiff quite sick. And, about noon, came the *Gambia*, with a half-barrel of clothing from York, Pa., and tin boxes of provisions for me, from Mrs. Nassau's United States friends, and a box for my sister from our Lawrenceville, N. J., relatives. I spent the afternoon in opening and examining the contents of the half-barrel. It was from a missionary society in York, Pa., under the leadership of the Small family, a gift to my baby Mary. Her mother's death had aroused much sympathy in missionary circles in the United States, and these friends, none of them personal acquaintances, had generously and lovingly sent their presents to my child. I wrote them a special acknowledgment, which was published under the title, "That Little Half-barrel."

Wearied with Alundo's laziness and thefts, I sent him away on the *Okota*. And, then, I resumed my interrupted journey of the day before. A pleasant young Galwa trader, Sika, had his trading-house not far from Ndoña-nyare's deserted village, and, I stayed over-night with him, after the men with me in the forest had done a good day's work. I had sat under the shade of a tree, reading, and superintending them. While sitting there, an antelope suddenly appeared, quite near to me. I returned successfully the next day, having borrowed Sika's large canoe (which I had to send back the following Monday, to recover my own). On my return that Saturday, I found that De Brazza had been at Talaguga to visit me, and to rest from his plans of travel, he being not very well.

On Monday, the 9th, in the *Swan*, I went to the post on Asange Island, to return De Brazza's call. There was no sentinel on Njoli! (I think that I saw the effect of the count's finger.) I spent the day with De Brazza, and dined with him; there being present also, the "Governor," four priests, and five other white men. It made me very restless to think that, after ten years in the Ogowe, I was no nearer the Interior than Talaguga, and that Roman Catholic missionaries, under the care and the expense of the French government, that hampered our schools and our preaching, were being carried past me, hundreds of miles interiorward. On Wednesday, the 11th, Mr. Sinclair, passing in the *Gambia*, stopped, and stayed to dinner with us.

The removal of my possessions from the cottage had been a slow process. Finally, on the 13th, I brought Mrs. Nassau's organ, that had stood untouched for so many months; and, my sister had it cleaned for use. Sika's wife, Mbâgâ, came to make Handi a visit; the latter at once interested herself in her, as Handi's position with me was rather lonely and without companionship. She at once set herself to make dresses for her visitor.

On Monday, the 16th, my sister, in the *Swan* with a crew of five, went on an itineration down to Belambla. (To avoid repetition, I mention, at this point, that similar itinerations were made by her, in my place, during the following two years.)

Next day, my baby fretted a good deal in the afternoon, I think Handi neglected her, being much occupied in the dressmaking for Sika's wife. Fiti had attached herself to my sister, and was very diligent in complying with her orders about dusting her room and the sitting-room. The child found a Goliath beetle, larger than the one I had sent, about two years before, by hand of Mr. Reading, to Dr. Lockwood of New Jersey.

On the 18th, many Fañwe came from a village down-river, below Erere-volo. Just after sunset, Sika's canoe came for his wife, and she left immediately.

Next day, in the morning, came the *Okota;* it whistled, slowed; and, I went alongside, and was given a box containing a very large mail, twenty-two of the letters coming from the United States. After I had hastily read them all, I left my workmen, and sat down to answer by the *Okota* expected on its return from the post next morning. It was difficult to fix my thoughts, after such a confusion of messages and loving words from so many sources. But, if I did not write just then, probably there would be no other opportunity of sending to Lembarene for two weeks.

The next day, I had my mail all ready before prayers, and sent it by one of my men, in a canoe which I loaned to a native trader, who was going down near to Yeña, where the *Okota* expected to stop. For, vessels would slow for me, coming up stream, which they could readily do, while they were battling with a swift current. But, on their way down stream, they would not stop. When my man returned, he brought back the letters. For some stupid reason, he had failed to go to the steamer. I was so indignant, that, fearing lest my tongue should go amiss, I said nothing to him for two days. My sister returned in the evening, with an account of the difficulties she had experienced at Belambla.

On Saturday, the 21st, I had to tear down part of the wall of one of the outhouses that had been badly built when I left the men to themselves, to write my letters on the 19th. It would have been better had I told them to sit down and do nothing. In the afternoon, Handi accidentally let the baby slip from her lap, and the child's head struck against the hub of the wheel of her carriage, and two lumps were raised on the forehead. She cried hard; but, soon was comforted. It was the first accident she had had.

On Sunday, the 22d, my baby was well and happy. In the twilight of the evening, I felt very lonely, as I sat humming to myself the hymns which had been favorites with the child's mother.

In the afternoon of Tuesday, the 24th, came Sika with his wife, to make complaint against cook Mbigino, for having tried to induce her, while she was visiting Handi, to abandon her husband. I did not take part in the discussion. Such affairs were common. It was possible that Mbigino was guilty.

JOURNEY TO KÂNGWE.

My mother-task had prevented any long journey, for eight months. I felt that my brain needed some change of vision. I decided to go down to the quarterly communion at Kângwe (though I had no responsibility in the charge of that church). My little babe, almost eight months old, I would not take with me; for, the latter rainy season was on, a season of storms. And, Handi promised to give her special care. I had made all preparations on the previous day; and, in order to make the run in one day, I arose at 3 A. M. of Friday, the 27th, quietly called the crew, dressed, and loaded the boxes, etc., etc., into the boat, without disturbing either my sister or Handi. Little Mary did not wake, until just as I was ready to leave. I took her, fondled her, handed her to Handi to be fed, and with good-by to my sister, started at 4.30 A. M., leaving her in charge of the house. I went out into the darkness with lonely thoughts. Would Handi be *sure* to take care of my little one? I stopped at many places on the way, with various errands. At the Benga trader's, Uduma, and heard that a young Benga man, Imunga (who subsequently became a pupil of my sister), was there. Below Erere-volo, met the *Okota,* and Mr. Schiff handed me a few letters. At Laseni's new place near Abange by 9.30 A. M., and rested there three hours, and ate breakfast. On to Belambla, for a few minutes, and heard of Bayio's canoe being shot at,

and one of his crew killed, and that Mburu, brother of one of my crew, Awora, was wounded. By 5 P. M., was opposite the Ngunye mouth. A bright 6 P. M. sunset. But a heavy opposing wind met us as we approached Andĕndĕ at 7 P. M. Were welcomed by Mrs. Good with her infant Albert, and Mrs. Robinson.

Next day, Saturday, there was session meeting in the morning, at which Mr. Good invited me to be present. But, in pursuance of my usual custom of carefully refraining from taking part in the affairs of another's station, I declined. I walked around to see the changes of the preceding months, including the handsome new houses that Mr. Reading had built. There was preparatory service in the afternoon, at which Mr. Good preached. After which, Mrs. Robinson kindly played for me some pieces of secular music, which she had just brought from the United States, but which were entirely new to me.

On Sunday, the 29th, the church services were late in beginning; the arrangements for the orderly distribution of the elements were not well made, which detracted from the solemnity of the communion. In accordance with my view of ecclesiastical courtesy, which I had held toward Rev. Dr. Bushnell in the organization of the first Ogowe church, I regarded myself as in Mr. Good's parish, and I brought the Talaguga converts to Andĕndĕ, to be examined by the session there. As a result, Ompwenge, Simbuve, and Mbuvago of my Galwa people were baptized. I hoped for a church at Talaguga when Fañwe hearts should be softened. Awora went down to Igenja with his wounded brother Mburu. At evening worship, I was seized with violent pains something like ptomaine poisoning.

On Monday, the 30th, got a supply of goods from Mr. Robinson, out of the Andĕndĕ store; took from the Hill my few remaining things, and settings of shaddock trees, which I had planted near the spring, years before.

The next day, went with Mr. Good to make calls on the gentlemen of the Lembarene trading houses; stayed for dinner at the German house, where also were several other traders, by invitation. It was a streak of civilization, with which I was not familiar at Talaguga! Returning, I packed my boxes for the home journey; and led the prayer-meeting in the evening.

Mrs. Nassau's death having made necessary a change in my will, though there was no legal notary, before whom to subscribe the document, I thought best to make one, signed by Mr. and

Mrs. Good, and Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, which might possibly be accepted as legal, in case of my death.

The *Okota* was going up the Ngunye, and Mr. Good wished to make an excursion there. Rising at 3.45 A. M. of Thursday, April 2, I had my boat laden, and was off with him by 6 A. M.; and around the island, at Lembarene by 7 A. M. to the *Okota*. The steamer towed me; and, at 9 A. M. I cast off, as the vessel turned into the Ngunye. Proceeding up the Ogowe, I stopped at Mr. Ermy's, for a sheep belonging to my sister; was overtaken by a tornado; and reached Belambla by 7 P. M. I felt so lonely, in the deserted dwelling, with a memory of the desolations of the past, that I left the house, and slept in the boat. A trader, Azile, was living near by. Naturally, I was unrefreshed on Friday morning, and was in a low state of mind and heart; and, the crew were slow. A French stern-wheel steamer passed us. Stopped to eat at Njâgu-demba's old town. Saw Laseni at a village, and went to his house, and sent my people into the forest-gardens to buy plantains. Stayed at Laseni's for the night; in the evening enjoying the singing of English hymns with him and his wife.

On Saturday, the 4th, started late. Laseni gave me a quarter of the sheep he had killed for my arrival. Ate in the forest, near Erere-volo. Stopped at Sâmbunaga's, to debark a passenger. Passed Yeña under sail (the first time a sail had appeared in that part of the river). And, at dusk, there being signs of storm, unloaded the boat at Mavyañ's village. And, though so near to my home, remained there over Sunday, holding services. In the afternoon, there was an alarm of an elephant discovered in the gardens.

Next day, Monday, the 6th, re-loading the boat, the crew, in good humor, took to the oars (they had been using paddles, with which they were more familiar). And, were at Talaguga by 11 A. M. I found my little Mary fatter than when I left her, ten days previously, and well, except that she had had a large boil on her back, and, just then, a cold in her head and slight cough. While I was away, two of my sister's own men had left her service. In the afternoon, a canoe from the Benga, Uduma, stopped to see Handi; and those two men, with two more whom sister had loaned to me in my crew, secretly deserted with Uduma's people. It looked as if there was a conspiracy on his part. It was just another illustration of the great difficulty there was in obtaining and retaining workmen at Talaguga. It was not because of my personality that employees had left

me. And those four young men were apparently devoted to my sister while she was at Kângwe. But, Kângwe's market was full in quantity and variety of food. Talaguga's food-supply had ever been with me, short, and was still difficult, even after more than three years' residence there. When I let loose my sister's sheep on the premises, it was much afraid of my two pigs.

On Tuesday, the 7th, at the monthly weighing of my babe, I was glad to see in the fourteen pounds, a slight increase over the previous regular one pound per month. I set out the little trees I had brought from Kângwe.

At evening prayer-meeting, I called for prayer on Ompwenge and Simbuve, the newly-baptized church-members. I had always seen natives playing with kuda-nut balls, twirling them, as tops by a curious position of the thumb and first finger of each hand, but I had never succeeded in the trick, until that evening.

I tried to buy of a passing canoe, some porcupine meat (delicate and tender). But, the owner wanted percussion-caps, or brass-tacks, or brass-wire, or brass-jewelry, none of which I had in the stock of goods in my little store-room.

In those days, at all our stations, all purchases and payments were made only in goods. It was a cheap system, but a very troublesome one. The article most commonly desired by the natives, and with which food could *always* be obtained, was tobacco-leaf. It was *dealt* in by most missionaries (though none of us *used* it). At Mrs. Nassau's wish I refrained from dealing in it; because of my adhering to that principle, we often were in want.

In the afternoon of Friday, the 10th, the *Akĕle* came; and, not finding their house ready at Nyare's, it came over to my side, and asked me for storage room. Its officers brought their towed cutter alongside my landing, and the white trader (formerly on the Bata coast in the Benita region) and the captain took supper with me, and the former remained over-night in my new house. I sat up late, writing letters to go by the *Akĕle;* a special one to my friend lawyer James S. Aitkin, of Trenton, N. J., who kindly attended to my legal business. For several days, I had had an undefined dread of some coming evil. It came, after evening-prayers of the 15th, when Simbuve, who, twenty-four hours before had pleasantly consented to remain, on a certain increase of wages, as a contract for a year, came and demanded more. I pointed out his cupidity; his falseness, in breaking the bargain he had just made; his small return for

the favors I had shown him at the close of his previous year; my missionary instruction of him; and his christian profession. On Saturday, the 18th, the *Okota* came, bringing Mr. and Mrs. Good and their infant son, on a visit.

In the afternoon of Monday, went with Mr. Good, on a tramp up the mountain, to the source of the brook, whose water we drank near its junction with the Ogowe. We returned very wet, with specimens of what we believed to be iron, sulphur, coal, and plumbago. Of the iron I was positive; for, its red stain was deposited on the banks of the stream, and it constantly was seen in the iron cooking-vessels of my kitchen. The plumbago Mr. Good sent to a friend in Pittsburg, Pa., who wrote back that it was real (though inferior).

On Wednesday, the 22d, I celebrated the arrival of my guests, by a display of fire-crackers. Next day, Mr. Good took his wife and my sister, on an excursion to Njoli Island. And, on Saturday, the 25th, he kindly made himself useful, by cleaning the inside works of Mrs. Nassau's organ; and, it again produced its sounds correctly. On Monday, the 27th, he left, on an excursion to Belambla.

On Wednesday, the 29th, Ompwenge, who had been acting strangely, came and made a confession; and restored himself to my confidence. But, next day, Simbuve, who, for two weeks had been conducting himself sullenly, treated me so insultingly, that I dismissed him, temporarily, from his work. It was frequent that employees were neglectful, sometimes disobedient, occasionally disrespectful. But, it was rare that they were insulting to me. It was pay day, for the entire household; I paid him with the others. As I had given him time to reflect, and he came with no apology, in the evening I told him that he should no longer work for me. He was defiant; and left my premises.

On Friday, May 1, both the babes were sick; and Mr. Good's servant-girl refused to help with the carrying of little Albert. Simbuve dared to attempt to use my carpenter-shop; and, being refused, took little Ambâgâ with him, and went to Nyare's. Had he made any expression of regret, I would have forgiven him. Mr. Good returned from Belambla late in the afternoon. And, in the evening, he told me that Simbuve had been to see him, and wished to have a conference with us two. I declined. Simbuve knew well that I was always merciful to the repentant; he could have come to me without the interference of any one else. And, if his object was to justify himself, I refused to be

judged by either him or Mr. Good. My little Mary had quite a high fever, which, complicated with a boil on her spine, kept her sick for several days.

On Monday, the 4th, Mr. Good wished to go hunting; but, at my suggestion, he was contented to take my rifle, and shoot one of my pigs. So, we had fresh meat for several days.

One of my standing rules was, that, however much my people might quarrel among themselves, there should be no striking. (*That*, was *my* prerogative, on only very rare occasions.) On the 6th, cook Mbigino struck Fiti. I waited for him to come and express regret. As he did not, in the evening I called him; and, his offense being aggravated by his striking a *female* and one much smaller than himself, I fined him $1.00 (trade). He promptly paid it.

On Thursday, the 7th, was up at 3 A. M., to get Mr. Good's crew and boat in order, so that he and his family, by starting before 6 A. M. might make the run to Andĕndĕ in one day. Sent my people to Yeña for bamboo. This was "weighing-day" for my little Mary; 9 months = 16 pounds.

In the morning of the 8th, came a man in a small canoe, with a mail, who said that it had been brought by the *Gambia*, which was at the mulatto trader, Walker's, about a mile down-river (where Laseni, and Mr. Gallibert, had formerly lived), and that there were boxes there for me. Nyare and several of his women were at the house just at the time, asking medicine for his little boy, my namesake "Nasâ." I took three of the women to paddle for me in a small canoe, to Walker's; and returned with two of the boxes. Most of Walker's people were drunk. Opening the boxes immediately, I found that one of them was from the United States, presents of little garments, from my sisters Mrs. Gosman and Mrs. Swan, for their niece Mary. Late in the afternoon, came the *Akĕlc*. On its way, it had kindly picked up and towed my bamboo-laden canoe. As soon as the bamboo was landed, I turned the crew around, and went again to Walker's, returning with a church-bell, and two large boxes of furniture. Not until night came had I time to read my large mail of 13 letters from the United States, besides others from fellow-missionaries and native friends.

Next day, Saturday, in the morning, the *Akĕlc*, with the schooner she had been towing, came to my landing, and loaded off the goods that had been left with me in storage a month before. Piĕre and his wife left on the *Akĕle*. They were not in friendly relations with even their fellow-workmen. The two

OGOWE FIRST CHURCH, ANDENDE (SIDE VIEW)

Facing page 495

men whom I directed to take them in a canoe to the vessel, did so unwillingly. I had always appreciated that Talaguga was a lonely place for my employees. They wanted company, after their day's work. And, I had often allowed them to take my canoes, and visit the adjacent trading-houses. But, those houses had become so numerous, and the liquor-drinking so excessive, that, on Monday, the 10th, I announced to my household, at evening-prayers, that, while I could not forbid them to make their visits, I would not encourage them by allowing any longer the use of my canoes.

In the morning of Friday, the 15th, came the *Okota*. It brought me nothing but an insulting letter from run-away cook, Mbigino, saying that he would not return, unless I refunded him the dollar I had fined him for striking Fiti. (Doubtless some influence from Simbuve, who continued his annoyances, from Nyare's.)

I never yielded to threats.

Sunday, the 17th, was a day of confusion. My people heard that little Ambâgâ (who had been taken away by Simbuve, when he left me, to live at Nyare's, with the trader Antyuwa) had been wounded by the latter with a paddle. In the excitable way in which the natives rush to their sick friends, they all wanted to go to Nyare's. As the wound was not at all serious, and they were not going with medicine, but only out of curiosity, I did not consider it was a case of "necessity or mercy." (But, I gave them the canoe, next day.)

I watched and noted every development in my little Mary. Up to Wednesday, the 20th, she always expected to go to her crib immediately after the evening bath. But, now, she stayed awake, to see and hear things until 9 P. M. And, at evening-prayers, she began to make attempts to join in the singing.

Yambala, the chief of the Okota town of Isangaladi, twenty miles up-river, near the beginning of the Rapids, came to see me. My heart always fluttered with excitement when people from the Interior visited me. Isangaladi was the spot I had thought of, in 1882, as the *real* first Interior station, for which Talaguga was to be only a way-station. I gave the old man gifts; and I hoped that he would be able to supply me with work-people more reliable than the touchy Galwas.

I was never able to understand how Simbuve and Ompwenge, to whom I had given so much instruction, had been patient with their faults, and had shown them favor, and had been the means of bringing them in the church, should so suddenly after that

tender occasion, have turned against me with unusual unkindness and disrespect.

Handi was sick and had been able to do nothing at all for the babe all day, even as to the morning and evening bath. I too attended to that, the first time in the babe's life; for, however sick or unwilling Handi may have been at times, she had at least attended to Mary's bath. Baby did not cry at all in my hands during the process, nor until near her sleepy hour of 9 P. M. I washed her and played with her in the games she kept up to that hour, until Handi was well again on the third day. I was glad to take it as a sign of my baby's growth and vigor. On the 25th, the little wounded Ambâgâ (only a slight wound) was sent to me to care for and medicate. As Simbuve had taken the child from me, I declined, until Simbuve himself would bring him back.

In the afternoon of the 27th, the *Gambia* came, with a supply of farinya and trade-cloth, and letters from Kângwe. Mr. Robinson was seriously ill. Next day, Mary's first tooth was beginning to appear. In the afternoon of Friday, the 29th, Sika came, bringing his wife Mbâgâ, on another visit to Handi. With her was a little dog that very much attracted Mary's attention. Mbâgâ had also a little Fañwe boy, whom she had rescued from being thrown away in the forest, because he had no relatives to take care of him.

Mary no longer was satisfied with indoors; she enjoyed being out of doors, now that the rains had ended. One of the young citron trees I had planted near the cottage, was already fruiting.

JOURNEY TO MR. ROBINSON.

On Tuesday, June 2, at 11 A. M., came an English trader, Mr. Seddons, in the *Gambia,* sent by Mr. Good, to call me to Mr. Robinson's dangerous condition. The fact that he was still alive, after a week of African fever, gave me a slight hope. (One of the two "African fevers" is sometimes fatal in three days.) In half-an-hour, I had given directions to my household, taken a change of clothing, and was on the *Gambia,* hasting down-river the sixty-five miles to my sick friend. Reached Andĕndĕ at 5.30 P. M. The good little launch had made eleven miles per hour. Fortunately, the water in the river was yet high, and we were not troubled to slow in the shallow channels, as in the two dry seasons. I arranged with Mr. Good a course of medicine for Mr. Robinson, and took half of the night in watching.

OGOWE FIRST CHURCH, ANDENDE (REAR VIEW)

Facing page 497

The next day, Wednesday, the 3d, Mr. Robinson's symptoms were such that I believed his life was in danger. Everything in the way of medicine had been tried, apparently without success. He begged earnestly for a cold bath, his skin being so hot and dry (though the weather was pleasantly cool). As a last resort, I consented; and prepared the tub of water at his bedside, lifted him into it, hastily bathed him, for only a few minutes; and, then, without drying away the water, covered him with blankets in the bed. In half an hour he was sleeping naturally, and lying in a profuse perspiration. I believe that it saved him. Mr. Sinclair kindly called to see him.

Next day, the 4th, the *Falaba* came from Gaboon; only our letters were sent around from Lembarene. So, on Friday, the 5th, I went there for the newspapers, the remainder of our mail, and some boxes for Mr. Good.

On Saturday, the 6th, the French gun-boat, *Turquoise*, with its officers, came on a visit of sympathy to Mr. Robinson.

The bamboo-church, which I had begun on the Kângwe hillside, had fallen, under the ravages of white ants. Mr. Good had just completed a new church of American planks, near Andĕndĕ. I preached in it on Sunday, the 7th.

On Tuesday, the 9th, Mr. Good went around to Mr. Stein's (of a second German house) for his goods that had come by the *Falaba*, and the *Fañ*. And, in the afternoon, Messrs. Stein and Crossman and a Capt. F. —— of Kamerun, called at Andĕndĕ, in the *Akĕlc*, and offered Mr. and Mrs. Robinson passage on the *Fañ* to Gaboon, for Mr. Robinson to convalesce at the sea-side. They went. [He recovered, but not sufficiently to remain in Africa.] Mr. Sinclair offered me passage back to Talaguga, on the *Gambia*.

RETURN TO TALAGUGA ON THE *Gambia*.

On Wednesday, the 10th, went around to Lembarene, early, boarded the *Gambia*, with two boxes for my sister, some luggage of my own, and half a barrel of oranges kindly sent by Rev. G. C. Campbell from the Baraka trees. The launch was towing six large canoes of its own trades-peoples' goods. It slowed for me at Belambla, that I might give a letter to Aveya, who was again in charge of the premises. By 8 P. M. anchored at Laseni's.

Next day, starting early at 5 A. M., and stopping at various places to set off the canoes, we were at Talaguga by 12 noon. The *Gambia* still had other errands of its own; but, it kindly

waited for me. Taking only a little while to fondle my baby, after my nine days' absence, I shot the pig, dressed it, and retaining only a quarter, sent the other three to Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Good, and the engineer; the head, for the Kru crew; and the viscera and remnants for my own people. Discharged some thatch which I had obtained from Mr. Sinclair; wrote two hasty letters. And, then the launch was off and away; and I sat down to my dinner at 2 P. M.

On Saturday, the 13th, during my sister's absence in the village, Fiti, whom I had defended against Mbigino's violence, I had to punish for the same offense against the little boy Evave.

Baby, though in tolerably good health, still often had boils. On the 15th, I had to open a "blind" one on her left shoulder-blade that had been troubling her for a week. The thought was some sort of a comfort, that I had observed that boils were an apparent substitute for the more dangerous malarial fever.

But, I also was in a bad condition. The dry season chigoes, though I extracted them from my feet, left ulcers that made me lame. Baby slept well at night, generally. I would have considered her entirely well, but, for a little cough that had hung on to her for several weeks.

On Sunday, the 21st, the *Okota* came, bringing, to my great relief, Mâmbâ, his wife and child, and Awora (returned), and two other young men. Mâmbâ arrived in time for me to arrange that he should take charge of the station, during my proposed absence at Kângwe.

On Tuesday, the 23d, I packed a large box of native curiosities to be sent to friends in the United States.

JOURNEY TO KÂNGWE.

On Thursday, the 25th, in the *Nelly-Howard,* with my sister, Handi and the babe, a large crew, and crowded with baggage, bedding, etc., etc., for baby's comfort and protection. It was her first boat-journey. She fretted at the confinement, and I stopped ashore at various places to rest her; staying for the night at Belambla. Next day, had a comfortable dinner at Mr. Smith's island "factory" (formerly Mr. John Ermy's). Had the usual dread of hippos near the Ngunye mouth (that always was infested by them, in the two dry seasons), and reached Andĕndĕ house safely at 4 P. M., just as the congregation were emerging from the church preparatory service.

On the 27th, another afternoon service; and, a mail came in the evening.

Sunday, the 28th, my little girl was baptized by Rev. A. C. Good, under her mother's full name, Mary Brunette Foster Nassau. It was a tender service. Standing by me, in the company who had brought their infants for baptism, was the man Mĕntyua-yongwe; later, a ruling elder. [Now an efficient and faithful evangelist.] The joy of the day, in the baptism of my daughter, was increased by the good news that had come in the mail, of my son William's profession of his faith in Christ.

Dreading the four days' pull up-river, for the comfort of my babe I went, on July 1st, around to Lembarene, to inquire as to the possibility of some steamer soon going up. Mr. Crossman offered me passage on the *Akĕlc*. Mr. Good and I dined at Mr. Schiff's. And I won his clerk's, Mr. Gebauer's, gratitude (that continued years later, when he had risen from a clerkship to an agency) by lancing for him a very painful boil that was too dangerously near to the blood-vessels of his axilla, for him to do it himself.

The next day, I sent around my boat that was to be towed, to lie ready by the *Akĕlc*. And early in the morning of Friday, the 3d, Mr. Good took me in his *Montclair*, to the *Akĕlc* that was awaiting us near the Roman Catholic mission at the head of the island. My sister remained at Andĕndĕ, to complete her visit with Mrs. Good. Baby was very good all day. And, stopping several times for the vessel to discharge goods at its trading-houses, we anchored for the night at Laseni's, where I took her ashore to sleep in his house.

But, next morning, we were early off to the *Akĕlc*, so as not to delay the captain when he should be ready to start. We were at our home, early in the afternoon. The captain was very obliging, and would have drawn in to my beach; but, I had him go on to his own "factory" at Nyare's; whence, it was very easy for me to drop with my boat down the few hundred yards to my own Talaguga.

My feet were in a very bad state; and, at night, a fever-chill seized me. In getting up, as usual, to attend to my Mary, during the night, I could not stand, but crept on my hands and knees. It was the worst night I had with her since her birth. For two weeks I was not able to wear a shoe.

On Wednesday, the 22d, I allowed Mâmbâ to take Awora, and go down-river, to settle some quarrel about his dead brother Sâmbunaga and a mulatto trader "Harry," of Mr. Schiff's house. And, in the evening, came Mr. Schiff with the *Okota*

and his Mpongwe trader, Mwaléle, asking for storage of his goods and a house for Mwaléle and wife, until their own house should be prepared in one of the villages. I was up, until 11 P. M., at the landing and stowing of the goods. How the river had changed in four years! Then, I was alone, and in the advance! Now, traders were in the Interior and all around me!

In the morning of Thursday, the 23d, came Mr. Good, bringing my sister, in the *Montclair;* and he returned to Kângwe. On Wednesday, the 29th, I gave a holiday to my household. Sent the *Swan* and two canoes and most of my people, with my sister, to enjoy themselves fishing, up-river, with net and hooks. They returned in the afternoon with a large turtle and a few fish. Again, I sent the company, on Saturday, August 1, (but, this time, down-river) to try their fishing chances near Sanjâla. That night, came the *Okota* with Mrs. Good and her infant, and Mr. Good who was sick with fever. Hastily made some changes into my study, and put him in my room, as he was too weak to go up-stairs to "the stranger's room" in the attic. There came also, to work with me, a stout man, Mburu, from Wombâlya, and his wife Azizĕ, whom I remembered, from Kângwe days, as the wife of one of Re-Nkombe's men, Oguma.

Monday, the 3d. A busy day. In the afternoon, Mwaléle came with Okota workmen, and removed the goods Mr. Schiff had stored with me for him. In the evening, Mbâmbâ returned, having been away longer than I or he had expected. I feared also that he had been drinking; his breath was suspicious. Mr. Good was better. There was noisy dancing at the trading-houses across the river. Next day, I talked with Mâmbâ; and, he acknowledged that he had been drinking. He seemed ashamed and repentant.

Wages having been paid on the previous Saturday, Ompwenge and three others left, orderly, on Wednesday, the 5th, and a fifth deserted. Rather a doleful day: neither my sister nor I nor Handi were well. Things were still slow on the 6th, and almost everybody sick. Mr. Good only slowly improving.

Friday, the 7th. The monthly "weighing days" were ended, and we kept Mary's birthday first anniversary. Handi was still lying down, and I took care of Mary all day; and, my sister made a little dinner and cake for the day. But, the next day, the anniversary of Mrs. Nassau's death, I kept, by myself quietly, and did not obtrude my thoughts on others of the household, who had their own burdens.

On Monday, the 10th, Akendenge came on a visit; I engaged

him as steward (a new office) to relieve my sister in some of her superintendence of the younger and incompetent house-servants. Handi continued sick. A canoe came on the 13th, from her Benga trade-friend, Uduma (to whom she had secretly sent word), and she went away with him, taking with her Fiti, and making no explanations. It looked like desertion. I was hurt; and did not know what to say. For, she had come to me in a fearful time of need only a year before; and, had given me aid, that however sometimes imperfect, was invaluable, considering that no other living soul had offered to assist me with my child. During one of these nights, the whole house was invaded by an army of driver ants.

The next day, Friday, the 14th, my sister finally gave up, and went to bed, sick with neuralgia in her face.

On Saturday, the 15th, Mr. Good, after his two weeks' rest and medication, was recovered, and left with his family, early in the morning. A few hours later, I was rejoiced by the arrival of a young man, Etĕndi, with two lads, to enter my service. He remained with me several years, generally faithful, and most of the time a good cook.

In Handi's absence, I had hired Mburu's wife, Azizĕ, to wait on Mary; but, baby would not "take to" her. She missed Handi.

The employees, though few, began their Monday work with a good will, and in harmonious action. Little Mary was changing her "fashions," and now took only two naps in the daytime.

Wednesday, the 19th. Mary still persisted in refusing to accept Azizĕ as nurse. In the afternoon, in going all around the premises-line, to put it in distinct order, I found that a citron had ripened on the tree at the cottage. The tree bearing that ripened fruit grew from a seed I had taken from a fruit gathered at Old Calabar, in Mrs. Sutherland's garden, about December 1, 1881. Less than four years! The most rapid growing of any fruit tree I had planted in Africa. Little Mary's teeth still troubled her. And my sister's neuralgia proved to be a hollow tooth.

On Friday, the 21st, the *Okota* came with a few letters from fellow-missionaries, and (most valuable!) a box of milk. Mr. Schiff, who, for years had been kind and helpful to me, was displeased because of a letter I had written to the French commandant defending Mâmbâ in his difficulty with Mr. Schiff's man "Harry." (I had said nothing against Mr. Schiff.) I

believed that Mâmbâ was being unjustly treated, and Mr. Schiff was equally sure that his man was in the right. He retained the grudge long afterwards.

On Wednesday, the 26th, a canoe came from the *Gambia* lying at Walker's, with a few things from Kângwe, and a box from my brother-in-law, Rev. A. Gosman, D.D., which had been brought to Libreville by an American vessel, *Cardenas*, and which Mr. Sinclair had kindly forwarded. In the evening there were some native visitors; and I gave out firecrackers for the company to amuse themselves.

By September, baby Mary was becoming less unwilling to go with Azizĕ. I began to make a change in her bed; her cradle-crib had become too small.

On Saturday, September 5, sent Mâmbâ and two others in a small canoe, down-river, for a ten days' absence, on several errands; among others, to go to Wâmbâlya, to try to get me a cook.

Early in the morning of Sunday, the 6th, the very large French steamer *Pionnier* passed up. And shortly afterward, a messenger from Mr. Sinclair on the *Gambia* at Walker's, came with a present of fruit, and vegetables from his own garden at Lembarene, tomatoes, lettuce, etc.

In the evening of the 8th, heard from a passing canoe, which was saluting and announcing items of news, that Handi was soon coming back. I could scarcely believe it.

Next day, my sister was busy cutting out garments for little Joseph, son of Ntinosam, wife of Mâmbâ. At night, Mary was put into a new bed, the third since her birth. I had taken a single iron bedstead, and built wooden sides on to it, to prevent the child from falling out. She was well and happy; she slept better in her new bed.

On Sunday, the 13th, quite a company at services; Njalĕle and his people; Antyuwa and his; Nyare and his retinue. He left with my sister, a little girl, Bilâgâ. This was the first Fañwe (excepting the lad Mvĕli of three years before) who had been given to reside at the station, for instruction. It made me feed glad, after all the hard unimpressionability of the Fañwe. I hoped that it was the beginning of God's good things for Talaguga. Heard from Antyuwa that Handi was certainly coming in two days. That was another thing for which to give thanks.

On the 15th, there came another present of vegetables from Mr. Sinclair, cabbage, carrots, beets, eggplant, lettuce, rutabaga, etc.

And, at night, by Uduma's canoe, Handi returned! Glad as I was to have her, I purposely did not show any enthusiasm, beyond ordinary politeness. When she retired at night, I told her that I wished to have a talk with her in the morning, before she resumed her place with my child. (I did not think it right to ignore the manner in which she had deserted me, almost on the anniversary of Mrs. Nassau's death.)

Next day, I had my talk with her. It was not as satisfactory as I could have wished. But, I placed her again in entire charge of Mary, with some alteration as to hours and places. Mary was very good again with Handi; and, I had time to write a long letter to Mrs. Nassau's friends of the Barnegat New Jersey W. M. F. Society. And, on the 18th, I planted two cocoanut trees, one each at the head and foot of the grave. I said for her:

> "And when I come, to stretch me, for the last,
> In unattended agony, beneath the coco's shade,
> It will be sweet that I have toiled
> For other worlds than this."

On Saturday, the 19th, Mr. Schiff came on his *Akĕle*, on his way to Okota, having been ordered to remove his trader Mwaleĕle, whom he had placed there in the latter part of July. The forbidden line of trade had been removed from Njoli Island to the post at Asange, three miles farther up-river.

People from the Interior were to bring their products to that post as a market, and would meet and do their bargaining with the trader, there. The vessel brought me a mail of ten letters from the United States, and five from fellow-missionaries; a wreath of artificial flowers for Mrs. Nassau's grave from Mrs. Bushnell, and presents from her and Mrs. Marling for Mary; a box of milk; and notice that my semi-annual order of supplies had arrived at Mr. Sinclair's new Aguma house, Lembarene. And, in the evening, returned Mâmbâ. What an abundance of blessings in one day!

I did not go to Kângwe, for the regular quarterly communion. I would not go without my little Mary, who was not well (her new milk did not agree with her), and, in the opening of the rainy season, there would have been daily rains on the journey.

Monday, the 28th. The woman Azizĕ, for several days, had been mourning for the death of a sister. Heard that the man Amvam, at Nyare's, was dying, and was "out of his mind."

The people were mourning for him as dead. And, yet, I was told that they intended to cast the still living body into the forest. I understood all that better, later. Of the four entities which the Africans believed constituted a human personality, viz., Soul, Dream-soul, Heart-life, and Body, only the Soul was immortal. When it left the body, the person was *dead,* even though certain activities of the other three entities, for a few hours, or even days, gave the semblance of life. Under similar circumstances, once on Corisco, a man had come to me for medicine "to quiet" his mother, as she "was dead," and it was time to bury her! Evidently, Amvam was unconscious, but still his body was making some motions. At that time, burial in a grave was not common. The usual mode, after death, was for the corpse to be laid on the ground in some dense thicket of the forest. And the birds, and wild beasts, and driver ants did their duty as scavengers.

On the 30th, heard that the French steamer *Pionnier* had gone to Okota, to burn some of the villages that had resisted the removal of Mwaléle's trading-house. The next day, October 1, heard that Amvam, though thrown into the forest, was still living.

The man Mâmbâ had been most reliable during my Kângwe days. After that, he was equally Mr. Reading's right-hand man at the Andéndé house. Mr. Reading having removed to Libreville, Mâmbâ had again entered my employ. A very great help to me. Barred as I was from travel, and deprived of the thoughtful assistance Mr. Reading had always been, in doing errands for me, and forwarding from Lembarene, I depended on Mâmbâ. (Mr. Good, on coming to the Ogowe, possessed by his tremendous energy in his own work, had said to me, "Don't depend on me; look out for yourself.") I sent Mâmbâ in my place. I relied on his truth, honesty, and efficiency. On Friday, October 2, I had to send him, with a crew of five on an errand down-river. With them went Mburu's wife, mourning for her dead sister.

The kind of milk I had that did not suit little Mary, was slightly improved by change with "Mellen's Food." I sat down to arrange the papers and documents in my writing-desk, which, in the close mother-task, had scarcely been touched, for a year. I spent four days in answering letters, a pile of which had accumulated in the preceding six months. I had one very favorable day, when I stopped other work, and sent the men on a visitation with my sister to Sanjâla.

Friday, the 9th. A second Fañwe child, a little boy, had been sent to me. But, his father, Mokumi, came to take him away, professedly, for "two days." But, the child begged so to be allowed to remain, that the father yielded. I was delighted with the hope of a Fañwe school.

For the first time in her life, Mary went, on Saturday, the 10th, jaunting in her mother's boat, the *Swan,* with Handi. The day also was an anniversary of her mother's marriage. Handi wished to visit the wives of the traders living across the river. Nyamba was at services on Sunday, the 11th, fully dressed in a frock made by a wife of one of the coast-traders. What an advance in civilization, from her almost nakedness of 1882!

On Wednesday, the 14th, there passed up the river, a strange French craft, an iron raft-steamboat, whose deck lay scarcely above the level of the water; and therefore was called by the Galwas, *Anigo-arevo* (water-only). It was built of exceedingly light draft, in order to slide over the shallows, in the dry season. The rains drove the chigoes into the house; and, temporarily, they were worse than they had been in the dry. The trader, Antyuwa, had loaned to my sister a little dog, "Carlotta," and Mary was delighted with it. I would have bought it; but, it was not his to sell, and sister preferred not to keep it on loan.

On Saturday, the 17th, under a heavy rain, the *Gambia* passed, to locate a Mr. Quayle at Asange, for the firm of H. & C. It was a new departure in the trade. I felt disappointed that the vessel had not brought my supplies (among the rest, much-needed milk for Mary) which were lying at Mr. Schiff's German house at Lembarene. (Had Mr. Reading been at Andĕndĕ, he would have interested himself to have them forwarded.) The next day, the 18th, when the *Gambia* came down, it stopped voluntarily (a most unusual, and, because of the current, a difficult favor) offering to take mail, and giving me news, that Rev. and Mrs. Robinson had finally left Libreville for the United States; and that Mr. Good (himself needing some recuperation) had escorted them as far as Madeira; that Rev. G. C. Campbell of Gaboon, had been at the Kângwe communion in September; that the French government had punished the Fañwe who had made an assault on the Andĕndĕ premises. (Of this assault I had heard nothing.)

Mâmbâ returned on Thursday, the 22d, bringing with him five recruits. One of them was a little boy, Ombagho. [He remained long in my service; continued with my successors, the Paris Evangelical Society, and is to-day, one of their best edu-

cated and most efficient evangelists]. I was intensely disappointed that Mâmbâ had not brought any of the goods (especially the milk) that were lying at Mr. Schiff's, down the river. He told me that he had gone to Mr. Schiff's, to take a load in the canoe. (His thoughtfulness in voluntarily doing that was most commendable.) But, Mr. Schiff had refused to send the goods without an order from me. I am sure that this was only an excuse. He knew that Mâmbâ was my employee. Goods constantly had been sent to me without my request, and without authority to the party carrying them. Mr. Schiff had allowed his anger at Mâmbâ's quarrel with his man Harry to mar his justice to me.

The *Akĕle* came on Saturday, the 24th. Again I was disappointed; it had nothing for me. It brought word that the *Okota* was off at Elobi, Corisco Bay; that the *Gambia* was up the Ngunye. No prospect of any vessel coming soon. So, I decided to go myself down-river for the needed milk. Little Mary's poor food was causing her a constant diarrhœa. I needed also rice for my employees.

JOURNEY TO LEMBARENE.

Starting at 6 A. M. of Monday, the 26th, it was some comfort to me that my little one was at least temporarily better in her symptoms. In the empty kongongo (that could hold many boxes on return) and with a strong crew of eight paddles, for the return trip, I went down the current, rapidly. I stopped nowhere, except at Mbomi, to eat. To avoid the intricacies of the island channels opposite Old Aguma, which had become obstructed by deposits, I kept on toward Inenga, fleeing before a storm, as I passed Holt's house, and reached Mr. Sinclair's new Aguma, at Lembarene at 6 P. M., soaking wet; sixty-five miles in less than twelve hours of continuous paddling. Mr. Sinclair was everything that was kind and hospitable. I remained there that night. And he told me that he would send the *Gambia* on the 28th, to take me and my goods to Talaguga.

Next day, I went around to Andĕndĕ to see Mrs. Good; heard the story of the Fañwe assault; got some supplies from the Andĕndĕ store; remained for dinner. And, on my return to Lembarene, stopped at the German house, to get my provisions, etc. Mr. Schiff made some lame excuse for not having sent them by Mâmbâ. There was an interesting sight of over forty canoes (each having from fifteen to twenty men) of Aduma people from the Interior, just arrived under employ of the De

REAR VIEW OF ANDENDE HOUSE

Facing page 506

Brazza French exploring expedition, having come for supplies. It was an exciting regatta-like scene. The men were hastily building for themselves, with tree branches, shelter for the night.

By 9 A. M. of Wednesday, the 28th, with all my goods in the *Gambia*, and my kongongo towed by it with nine other canoes, I started on a miserable day of noise and heat. Stopping for the night at Osamu-'kita: and the next day at Laseni's, for firewood, reached Walker's place by 7 P. M. So near my home, I left the *Gambia*, making the rest of the way in my kongongo, to Talaguga an hour later. My little Mary heard the boat-songs, and awoke to meet me. The following morning, the vessel came, discharged my freight, and went on to Mr. Quayle, at Asange Post, with its load of thatch. The day was a grand "opening day" of boxes and barrels of trade-goods, and provisions, and other supplies.

The continuous heavy rains had flooded the river. Its rushing current was a grand sight. It had crept up over the top of the bank, over the terrace in front of the house, and up to the foundation-posts. In the afternoon of that day, Sunday, November 1, the fleet of Aduma canoes of the French expedition passed up river.

On Tuesday, the 3d, the *Okota* came, bringing my sister's young Benga man, Imunga, who had been absent some time; and I dismissed one of mine, wearied with his disobedience.

Next day, in the *Nelly-Howard*, I took the entire household an excursion to Sanjâla. Leaving my sister, Handi and my Mary (who was quiet in the cool morning air) there on the shaded sands with four of the employees, with the other seven I went on down to Ndoña-nyare's, opposite Yeña. He made a demonstrative welcome, wanting a talk, and went through an amusing pantomime of his "friendship" for me. I settled my accounts with Ongâmu for his supplying of thatch. On the way back to Sanjâla, I gave some of the crew, who knew only paddles, instruction how to use an oar. My little Mary was glad to see me; she drank her new milk, which was quite a sight to the villagers (who looked with disgust on the idea of a human being drinking the milk of a beast); and, she accepted some ngwĕsĕ (one form of preparing cassava) from a little Fañwe girl. On the way home, Mary noticed the flowers hanging on the vines from the trees of the banks; watched the rippling water; wanted to dabble in it over the gunwale; was excited at the sight of monkeys hopping in the forest. But, the sun was warm; she became thirsty and sleepy; was kept awake

only by the boat-songs, as I held her in my arms. We shot quickly (the boat having no load) around the rocky points, and arrived home before 5 P. M. But, the songs had ceased to keep baby awake. She was asleep as I carried her ashore, and slept long, even after her milk had been made ready, and I had taken time to give the men their weekly ration of fish.

The Fañwe child, Bilâge, returned to school. I enjoyed my supper; romped with Mary, after having watched her waken, and fed her. At evening-prayers, I read Psalm 106. After the others had gone, Akendenge and Imunga remained to read and to look at pictures.

Some ten days later, I made another excursion, up-river, to one of the farther Bikul clan, taking little Mary and the entire household. As we returned, in the afternoon, we met the *Gambia* going to Asange. And the next day, on its down-coming, it stopped; and, the engineer told me that my kind friend, Mr. Sinclair, had gone to Libreville, sick. Whatever else I was occupied with, there was the constant station-work of repairs and of erecting proper out-houses for the various employees.

By Monday, the 23d, my Mary was very well indeed, by her change in food. I gave her daily, one ration of Mellen's Food, one of Neave's Farinaceous food, and two rations of milk. Her sleep at night was now no longer broken.

On Monday, November 30, I paid the employees their month's wages. They were very eager for it; and, the whole fourteen were paid very quickly. But, the next day, December 1, after most of them had spent their "money," there was some dissatisfaction, and three of them wanted to leave with Mâmbâ, whom I was allowing to take his wife and child to their home.

By Monday, December 21, Mary's house was perfectly completed, to the very last addition of shelf or hook that could be suggested for my sister's comfort and convenience. The workmen were satisfactorily located in their out-houses. An ample supply of provisions was on hand, especially for my little Mary. For two years, though I was stated clerk, I had not gone to the sea-coast, to attend the meetings of presbytery and mission. But, now as my child was so well, and was seventeen months old, I thought that I might risk leaving her. For how long, I did not know; certainly for a month. But, the number of trade-steamers had so increased in the river, that I no longer depended on my boat or the *Hudson,* for the long and often dangerous 275 miles to Gaboon. There was now a probability that some-

where on the route, I would be picked up by some one of those steamers; for, the traders were very generous in giving such assistance; and (at that time), made no charge for our passage or for transportation.

As I heard at noon, that the *Okota* had been at Yeña; that the *Falaba* had arrived at Lembarene, and that the *Elobi* was daily expected, I decided to start on the 22d.

JOURNEY FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

Leaving the house and premises in my sister's charge, and little Mary in Handi's care, to whom I gave minute directions about food and medicine, I bade good-by at 8 A. M. in my boat, with a crew of five. Near Yeña, I met Uduma, coming to see Handi. He confirmed the preceding day's reports. At Yeña, Ongâmu added that the *Falaba* had not yet gone. (This proved to be incorrect.) Passing Sika's, he confirmed about the *Elobi*. (But, it proved to be the *Mpongwe*.) While stopping near Abange, to take dinner with Laseni, the *Gambia* passed up, and Mr. Sinclair called to me to hasten, lest the steamer should be gone. My crew pulled well. Was favored with clouds to lessen the heat, but no rain, and no wind strong enough to be a hindrance. Passed the Ngunye mouth at dusk, and Inenga at moon-rise. Stopped at the head of the island, Eyĕnano village, to inquire. And, leaving the boat there with four of the crew, walked rapidly on the good path past the Roman Catholic mission, to Mr. Schiff's Otanga by 8.30 P. M. A good twelve-hour run! And both the *Okota* and the *Mpongwe* were lying there at anchor! I was very tired, but, I was excited with my success. Mr. Schiff gave me passage for the 27th. I left soon, for, he was making great preparations for a "Christmas" dance with Galwa women. Going back to my boat, I was told that Mr. Good had returned from Madeira on the 17th; and, that Mâmbâ, on his way back to Talaguga, had stopped at Andĕndĕ, on the 19th. I was welcomed at Andĕndĕ under a very damp moonlight, at 9.30 P. M., and had a rapid chat over news with Mr. and Mrs. Good, until 11 P. M. When they retired, I sat up much later, to read a large mail that had been lying at Andĕndĕ. All this excited me; and, I lay awake a long while.

The next day, Wednesday, I awoke unrefreshed. At breakfast, I had no fever. But, as I was possessed of such brilliant thoughts (a common premonition of on-coming fever) I prepared pen and paper to write the news to my sister. Suddenly,

a heavy chill came. I disrobed and went to bed, and lay there in great pain, for two days. Mr. Schiff had invited me for dinner, for the 25th, and I had accepted.

On Thursday I sent him word, excusing myself as too sick to come. And, in the afternoon, he sent me word that the captain of the *Mpongwe* had changed his sailing date to 8 A. M. of the 25th. Sick as I was, I determined not to lose the opportunity of the steamer. Mr. Good was not going to the meetings, as he had already been away three months. I tried to do a little business, with him sitting at my bedside; and, Mâmbâ and my other men did the necessary packing of my own baggage, and of other things that had come for me, and which he was to take, on his return to Talaguga, abundance of new milk for baby, a chair for her, and a new bed-crib, made by Agaia (whom I had taught the use of tools, in Kângwe days), who, living at Libreville, had copied one belonging to Mrs. Campbell of Baraka.

On Friday, the 25th, I had no Christmas thoughts. Early, I rose painfully, and dressed slowly. I had eaten nothing for two days. Mr. Good took me around to the *Mpongwe*. Doubtless, my two years' mother-task confinement had aged me; and, the two days' sickness had very much weakened me. As I started to climb the ladder at the vessel's side, I was amused to hear the captain call to one of the sailors, "Here! help up this old gentleman!" *Old!* Was it true that I was growing old? And I only fifty years of age, in what should be manhood's prime! The steamer was off by 9 A. M. As I lay on a lounge on the deck, I had many thoughts about my coming up that river, on that same *Mpongwe* with Mrs. Nassau, on Christmas, 1881. And, in the preceding two years there had been so many changes in the villages, so many new ones built, that I was unable to recognize some of them. Anchored, for the night, opposite my old Nkâmi village Ñango. I slept miserably; I think that probably I was faint with hunger.

On Saturday, the 26th, the captain stopped a good while at Angâla, to close a sub-trader's house, and to remove him and his goods. That would have been impossible three years before. The presence of French power had now made it possible; and, white traders would no longer give a sop to Orungu and Nkâmi for the privilege of passing on to Galwa and Fañwe, since France allowed them to go as far as Asange Post.

At the river's mouth was lying the *Akĕle*, waiting for the native pilot whom we were bringing to her. On the *Mpongwe*

I was pleased to find a Benga lad, Behâli, a relative of Handi, employed in the cook's galley.

As I am writing of only my *Ogowe* days, I will omit description of the events of the next three weeks, at Libreville and Benita, except to indicate some dates.

The *Mpongwe* anchored awhile at the Gaboon mouth, at night. On Sunday, the 27th, before daylight, we entered the estuary, and came to anchor at Libreville. Steamers are visible from Baraka Hill more than an hour before they anchor, and boats are sent off, for the possibility of a visitor being on board. Mr. Campbell sent a pleasant Sierra Leone man, Joaque, a photographer, to bring me ashore. And, I was at Baraka, by 7.30 A. M. There were Rev. and Mrs. Campbell and their two little boys, and Miss Lydia Jones. I waited there a whole week, as Mr. Campbell had engaged passage for us all on the *Mpongwe* which would take us to Benita, where our meetings were to be held. Thence, the vessel would go on errands of its own at Batanga (thus giving time for our sessions of several days) and would return to Benita to bring us back to Gaboon. That program was carried out. I preached an English sermon in the Gaboon church on Sunday, January 3, 1886.

On Monday, the 4th, at 4 P. M., Rev. and Mrs. G. C. Campbell and their two little boys, Rev. A. W. Marling, and the native minister Rev. Ntâkâ Truman, joined me on the *Mpongwe* for Benita. We safely got over the Benita river's bar, early in the morning of the 5th; and were welcomed at Bolondo by Rev. and Mrs. C. De Heer and Mrs. Reutlinger, and former Kombe friends; among them, my good carpenter, Metyeba. Presbytery began its sessions in the evening, with a sermon by Rev. W. C. Gault, who was living at my old Mbâde home; Rev. Mr. Marling being elected moderator, and my offered resignation of stated clerk being kindly refused.

On Wednesday, the 6th, mission began its session. I was chosen chairman. Our sessions of both bodies were closed, and meetings adjourned by 9 P. M. of Saturday, the 9th. On Sunday, the 10th, I preached an English sermon in the church at Bolondo. After dinner, I went with Rev. and Mrs. Gault to their Mbâde home; and, together, we went to the cemetery; they, to stand by the grave of their little Willie; and, I, by the graves of my little Paull and his mother.

On Wednesday, the 13th, the *Mpongwe* returned. And, the next day, we all went on board; and, at sunset, the steamer

started. The course was a plain one, ninety miles south to the Gaboon River, where we should have been by the next morning. But, the captain was so drunk, that he could neither walk straight nor see straight. Under his directions, the Kru-man at the wheel, steered literally toward all points of the compass, but principally westward. So, that, by dawn of the 15th, when the captain yielded to the mate's plea that we should turn eastward, it was three hours' rapid steaming before we sighted land, which proved to be Cape St. John. And, then, the captain asserted that it was Cape Esterias, and that the bay was the Gaboon mouth, and insisted on entering it; from which we did not emerge at Cape Esterias until sunset. And then, again, himself taking the wheel, he directed the vessel straight ashore toward the rocks of Point Clara. Our native passengers looked in terror, and Mr. Truman came to me, saying, "Doctor, do you not know the rocks of Point Clara, and that the steamer is going to destruction?" I did know them. I had often, in Corisco days, sailed in the boat safely from them. Mr. Marling and I went to the mate, and begged him to take the wheel. He said that that would be mutiny, and that he would lose his place. We told him that he and we were all in danger of losing our lives; and that, if he would interfere, we would defend him to Agent Schultze. So, in the captain's presence, he flung aside the Kru-man from the wheel, turned the steamer square around, and, by only a few minutes, saved us and the vessel from destruction. The captain swore at him and at us; but did nothing more, and lay down in a drunken sleep. That night, we anchored safely by the guard-ship. And, all went ashore, next day, the 16th. On Monday, the 18th, I went shopping with Mrs. Marling. And I told Mr. Schultze of his captain's doings. He justified the mate; and thanked Mr. Marling and myself for saving his vessel.

On Thursday, the 21st, Agent Schultze notified me for passage by the *Elobi*, for the afternoon of the 22d. I got ready all my boxes, etc., including my sister's boat *Evangeline*.

RETURN TO THE OGOWE BY *Elobi*.

On Friday, the 22d, I boarded the *Elobi;* and found that its captain was the gentlemanly and efficient Ludovici, who had taken Mrs. Nassau to Talaguga in July of 1884. Agent Schultze also came on board. We ran at sea all night; sea smooth, and sky clear. I stayed on deck all night. Next day, we entered the Ogowe; and, on up-river, touching ground occasionally

KANGWE SCHOOL-GIRLS

Facing page 513

among the Nenge-saka islands; especially opposite Kamaranga village. But, the captain skilfully got off, and anchored for the night at Ngumbe.

The next day (Sunday) he successfully crossed the low channels at Ashuka (where I recognized evangelist Mentyuwa-Yongwe, ashore). And, reached the German house at Lembarene by 5 P. M. Ashore there, I was told that the *Gambia* was about to go up-river in a day or two. I got a crew at night to take me around to Andĕndĕ in the *Evangeline*. I found Mr. Sinclair there, sick. Heard, through Mr. Good, by a letter, which had just arrived, from my sister, that all was well at Talaguga. What a blessed Sunday evening, to obtain that knowledge! On Monday, I went around to the German house; transferred my goods to the *Gambia*, and was directed to be in readiness the next day, at old Aguma, to be taken in tow by that vessel. In the afternoon, Mr. Good had an ecclesiastical discussion at Eyĕnano with the Roman Catholic priests, who had become outrageous in destroying the books of our Andĕndĕ school-children.

BACK TO TALAGUGA.

Early in the morning of Tuesday, the 26th, I loaded up both the *Nelly-Howard* and *Evangeline*, and also Piĕre's canoe; and, with them was taken in tow by the *Gambia* at the appointed place. The day was hot; but, because of draughts of air, I caught a severe cold. Reached Laseni's, for the night.

Early again, next morning, the *Gambia* proceeded. I had the headache and nausea of fever. But, was better on reaching my home just before noon. Joy! my little girl, in the arms of Handi, at the top of the veranda steps, had not forgotten me, but held out her hands. The *Gambia* went on to Asange. In the afternoon, I opened all the boxes; and set out the plants. After evening-prayers, I recounted the journey; and gave thanks for the many protections. A most rapid journey, and return from almost six weeks' absence! The travel did me good in many respects. I felt enlarged and widened. I became conscious that the previous two years' mother-task had limited my range of vision. Perhaps some of the difficulties with my employees might be explained in that way. Naturally, there was some reaction after my month of excitement, and, on Thursday, the 28th, I was feverish for several days, and my cough remained. Otherwise I would have gone to Nyare's people on Saturday, the 30th; for, he had died in his heathenism, during my ab-

sence. Fañwe, from different parts of the river, were at the mourning. Though my sister had the use of Mrs. Nassau's *Swan*, the associations of Benita days made her feel more at home in her own *Evangeline*. On Thursday, February 4, she went in it on a little trip.

I increased my cold on the 7th, by preaching out in the wind on the veranda. By Wednesday, the 10th, I was suffering so from pain of the cough, had no appetite, and was so dispirited, thinking that my lungs were affected, that I started in the *Swan* in the afternoon, to consult the doctor on the *Pionnier*, which I supposed was at the post. I knew that the return would be at night, and I dreaded the possible chill of the night air. But, fortunately, I found the vessel lying at Njoli Island. The doctor examined my chest, said that my lungs were not affected; and gave me a prescription to relieve the cough.

In the afternoon of Saturday came the *Akĕle*, with a visitor, a new trader, a Mr. Wichula. He gave us news of the movements of several of the steamers; and the probability of Miss Jones of Baraka being on the *Okota*, on her way for a visit at Talaguga.

On Sunday, the 14th, came the *Okota*, with Miss Jones; some freight from Gaboon, which I had been unable to take on board the *Elobi;* a new workman; and a small mail, which bore the sad news of the death of my brother-in-law, Mr. J. R. Lowrie, of Warrior's Mark, Pa.

The *Gambia* slowed, in passing up, on the 16th, and let off Mr. Good, on an excursion, and two new workmen for me. But, when the vessel came down on the 17th, and Mr. Good left, the two also left; they were dissatisfied with the wages I offered them.

On Friday, the 19th, sent Mâmbâ for a day's itinerating in the villages, as far down as Yeña. With my sister, and the baby, I escorted Miss Jones, to show her the former cottage home on the hill-side; and went to Mary's mother's pool (which was called "the spring") in the brook in the rear of that house. Fañwe came on Sunday, the 21st, to sell iguma, not knowing that the day was Sabbath. The girl Bilâgâ ran away with some of Nyamba's company. In the *Evangeline* with most of the household, I escorted Miss Jones down to Sanjâla, and picnicked in the forest. My little Mary enjoyed the day, both in the boat, and on the sands, and in the forest. On our return, I found that Mons. Kerraoul, former administrator at the Asange Post, had called, in my absence, to see me.

MISS I. A. NASSAU, DR. NASSAU AND INFANT, AND NURSE, KEVA

Facing page 515

CHAPTER XXVI

THE MOTHER-TASK CONTINUED,

FEBRUARY, 1886–JULY, 1888

HANDI had left me. I felt the desertion as so cruel, coming from one who had been so kind, that, in my revulsion of feeling, I tried to forget her, and made no record of the exact day of her going. I could not understand, at first, her reasons for going. But, as I recalled events during the previous year, I began to feel that she was partially justifiable: She had come to my aid, in a case of need greater than ever before known in the mission, with devotion to me, and had loved my infant placed in her care.

When my sister came to me in 1885, Handi naturally assumed that the aunt would displace her in the charge of the niece. But, when I told Handi of my sister's repeated statement that her other works would prevent her doing anything for the child, Handi remained. It would have been well had my sister carried out entirely the spirit of that statement. But, with her strong habit of control, she was unable to omit Handi from the sphere of her authority. This Handi resented. And she complained to me. She was right. For, I had indeed told her, in my bargain with her, that my child was solely under my control and her care. But I did not like to criticize or judge my sister before a native. I compromised. While I told Handi that she was in the right, I wished that she would make some concession to my sister. Compromises are generally unfortunate. With Handi, they rankled. Difficulties grew worse; they grew to disharmony. And, one day, after an angry altercation with my sister, Handi, provoked that I did not publicly take her part, turned her displeasure on me, and left in a passing canoe.

My sister said to me, "Let her go; I will take care of the child for you." (The child was no longer a helpless infant.) I did not stop to consider that *that* was as impossible physically for her, as morally for me. And, had I known what I was to endure in the next two years, I would have begged Handi to remain, on whatever terms she should choose to demand. After all these years, I now blame myself for not having sustained her.

I still had the entire night care of the child; no one else ever

lost a night in watching over her. I hired Awora's young wife, Keva, to follow Mary's toddling steps during the days. And, my sister attempted the task of the evening bath. But, the child, missing Handi's skilled fingers and persuasive voice, utterly refused to be manipulated by her. It was most remarkable. I never before or afterwards saw such exercise of will in the child. As if it was possible for her to have had an inherited memory of her mother's tears, her little hands and feet fought. Though I was present, she would not yield. And, my sister, exhausted in an actual conflict, gave up; and never attempted it again. Keva successfully took her place at the daily baths. And the "care" that my sister had promised was limited to the mending of the little garments. Of the eight successive young Galwa women who occupied Handi's office during the next two years, though all of them were kind, none of them were educated (beyond reading), barely civilized, not all of them Christians, one or two not even moral, and all serving for a purely commercial reason, without any of Handi's love.

Mâmbâ, on his village itinerations, was away all day of the 26th, up and down the river. It was thus that I relieved my sense of duty in that branch of my mission-work. It was a work that I enjoyed, but could not do both it and my duty to my child. For, unable to trust the unskilled young Galwa woman, I did not dare to leave the station. Late in the afternoon, some Fañwe tried to break into the workmen's new hut. It was the first attempt at burglary since I came to Talaguga. On Saturday, the 27th, I sent Mâmbâ to the Sanjâla lagoon to fish for kondo. He returned in the evening with a comfortable supply. *That* assured a satisfactory Sunday for my people!

Though there were not many strangers present at services on the 28th, it was noticeable how mixed the population of the river was becoming; there were Mpongwe, Galwa, Inenga, Bakota, and Fañwe.

Mary's new crib was at the side of my own bedstead, so near, that, if need were, I could put out my hand and touch her. However asleep I might be, I had learned to wake at her call. About 1.30 A. M. of Monday, March 1, she spoke, asking for a drink of water. She was only partially awake. As I left her, to go into the adjoining bathroom for the water, she was lying down. I was not absent two minutes. But, during that time, she must have arisen, and, in her dazed state, fell over the side of the crib. For, I heard a heavy thud, and a cry. Rushing

TALAGUGA, OGOWE RIVER

Facing page 517

to her, I found her lying on the floor, in the narrow space between her crib and my bedstead. I was frightened lest there were broken bones. But, as she eagerly drank the water, and soon ceased crying, I felt assured that she was not in much pain; and, she soon fell asleep again. But, after daylight (for, she slept late that morning), I saw a large raised lump on her forehead, bruises, and a dark line, almost like a cut, that had evidently been made by her falling against some sharp edge of my bedstead. I feared brain-concussion. But, she showed no signs of pain; and had apparently no memory of how she fell.

At night, I gave out to the employees, fire-crackers and torpedoes, and I handled Roman-candles, and Chinese-lanterns, as (a late) welcome to Miss Jones. (All previous nights had been barred either by too bright moonlight, or meetings, or rain, or sickness.)

On Tuesday, the 2d, I began to feel some returning energy, and resumed my letter-writing.

Just as we sat down to dinner, on Wednesday, the 3d, the *Akěle* signaled. I went off, and brought ashore Mr. Wichula, who joined us at the table. He had come to buy carpenter tools. From the first, in my mission-life, I had been impressed with the importance of mechanical industrial training for the natives. I kept on hand, and, yearly enlarged the stock of tools (saws, planes, chisels, etc., etc.). When paying my employees, nothing pleased me more, in their choice of articles, than when they asked for some form of iron, the great civilizer. The employees of the traders saw their mission-acquaintances with their handsome tools; and they also wanted them. For, the American tools were finer in finish than the European make. [That interest of mine grew, until I longed for an industrial school. I wrote, and begged, and prayed for it, during thirty years, under Secretaries Lowrie, Gillespie, and Brown; and, finally, it was obtained, for other hands, in another part of the mission.]

On Thursday, the 4th, prepared to go on an excursion. Just as we were ready, Mr. Wichula and Mons. Kerraoul came to make a call. I talked with the latter about news from the Kongo. After they had left on the *Akčlc,* started up-river in the *Evangeline.* The hour being mid-day, we stopped to eat our lunch at a camp-ground on Njoli Island. Proceeding again, I disembarked on a dry sand-bank, with my Mary and Keva and her husband, near a large Fañwe village, Alâriga; my sister and Miss Jones went on farther, to hold a meeting in that village. Mary enjoyed the sand, and ran about for a long while. When the

crew returned, she was much amused with their "leap-frog" plays.

At different times, I had tried to keep goats, for the sake of their milk. But, there were difficulties: the young men were rough or careless in their milking; leopards; or complaints of my neighbors about depredations on their gardens. True, there were depredations; but complaints were not made when the owner of the goats was a Fañwe. Now, that there was no village near on my side of the river, I built a strong goat-house, where the animals would be safe from leopards. I hoped that my Mary's health and vigor would become even stronger with their excellent milk. The household servants were usually desirous to go to a weekly prayer-meeting held by Mâmbâ in the hill-side cottage. But, on that Saturday, the 6th, they all came to my evening-prayers. Evidently, there was some hidden reason; for, when I asked them, they gave me reasons too slight and too unreasonable to be believed.

Besides my own people, there was an unusual number of Fañwe at service, on Sunday, the 7th, about forty-five in all. They came with the Mpongwe trader Antyuwa, from Nyare's, where they had been making Ukuku all night, for the closing of his funeral ceremonies.

I was comforted by the growth of the inquiry class. On Wednesday, the 10th, came the *Gambia,* bringing Akendenge and his newly-married wife. One of my sister's pupils, the Benga young man, Imunga, in his going alongside in a canoe, fell, and his foot being held fast in the canoe by a cleat, and his head in the water, he was in danger of drowning. I hasted to his rescue, and found his ankle badly injured; but was not sure whether it was a dislocation, or a fracture, or only a strain. I went onto the hill with Miss Jones to gather ferns at Mrs. Nassau's pool.

On Thursday, the 11th, I took Imunga to the French steamer lying at Njoli, to have the doctor examine his ankle. The doctor was away at the Post. After waiting two hours, I returned home. But, the next day, I sent the *Swan* to bring the doctor. He came, and decided that the case was a partial fracture of the fibula.

The surroundings of Mary's house had so grown in improvement that I had come to have a flower-bed, and a lawn at the east end. Had the grass on the latter cut. Its odor brought back memories of hay-fields in the United States. I engaged Akendenge's wife to do the washing (thus far done by Keva),

in order that the latter might devote herself more to the watching of Mary's steps.

Mary had so grown in her own playfulness, that I was not needed to constantly attend to her, as formerly, and could have some recreation of my own in the evenings. With my sister and Miss Jones, I resumed an old alphabet game, Logomachy (word-taking and word-making).

On Thursday, the 18th, in the *Evangeline,* we all went on an excursion. We picnicked on Njoli Island; and then went on to Alâriga, "Mary's sand-bank," where I debarked with her to play with Keva and Ombagho, while my sister went with the boat to hold meetings in the Asange villages. While we were on the sand-bank, the *Pionnier* passed up, making an attractive show, as it plowed against the swift current. We all enjoyed the day.

On Saturday, the 20th, late in the afternoon, came the *Gambia* with the Gaboon photographer, Mr. Joaque, a box of gifts from my Lawrenceville, N. J., relatives, a cask of dried fish, a large foreign mail, and letters from Mr. Good and Mr. Sinclair urging that we use the *Gambia* instead of my boat, in which to come down to Kângwe for the quarterly communion. As the launch was to return from Asange on Monday, I had to haste in making preparations, and only at night found time to read my large mail.

Many Fañwe were present at services on Sunday, the 21st. There came to me the first two instances, in my four years at Talaguga, of profession of personal interest in the Gospel, by any Fañwe. After the usual sermon in Mpongwe, they asked me why I did not speak also in their dialect for them. (Most of the Fañwe who came to me could understand somewhat of Mpongwe; the majority of my audience were always Mpongwe-speaking; and, although I used Fañwe for conversation, I had not yet felt free to preach in it.) In the afternoon, some of the Bindubi clan came to say that they wanted to hear God's Word.

On Monday, the 22d, the *Gambia* returned from Asange, by 8 A. M.; but I detained it until noon, that Mr. Joaque could take some photographs. He did so, very successfully: of Talaguga station; Mary in my arms; Mary with Keva, myself and my sister; the east end of the house; and of the lower end of the ravine. Then, the *Gambia* left, taking with it Mary and Keva, and two playmate boys, and Miss Jones and my sister. Mr. Joaque remained with me, to take more photographs. That evening was very lonely to me. I missed my baby. At night,

for a long time, I could not go to sleep. I was listening for the sound of her breathing in her cot by my bedside. The next day, Mr. Joaque and I went to Mrs. Nassau's Pool; but, he did not succeed in photographing it. He took several other views.

On Wednesday, the 24th, with my boat and crew, Mr. Joaque and I made an early start down-river; stopping only to eat, in the forest. Opposite the Ngunye mouth, the *Gambia,* which had been on an errand to one of the adjacent trader's houses overtook us, and towed us to Andĕndĕ by 6 P. M., where Mary was on the lookout for me. Mr. Sinclair was there sick. Next day, I wanted a photo of Mary by herself; and Mr. Joaque had promised me one. But, his films were almost exhausted; and, other promises were demanding his attention. However, in the afternoon, he offered a sitting. But, the child was willful, and was so enjoying racing with her new playmate, Bertie Good, that she would not stand alone before the camera. After a hot chase, I caught and held her. But, I had not wished to appear in the picture, least of all, heated as I was, in my working clothes, and with no time even to arrange my hair.

At the Friday afternoon service in the church, I preached; and, then, a congregational meeting was held, at which, Yongwe was elected a ruling elder. The ordination and installation were held in the evening. And, a preparatory service on Saturday afternoon.

On Sunday, the 28th, three natives were baptized at the communion; at which I preached, and administered the bread, and Mr. Good the wine. Mr. Smith (Mr. Sinclair's successor) and a Mr. Bramwell of the island "factory," were present; and (a very unusual act among traders) they communed. In the evening, there was an open meeting, with addresses, prayers, and hymns, conducted by the native church-members. It was a pleasant, bright, happy day. The two children, Mary and Bertie, had a happy romp in the evening.

I remained at Andĕndĕ a week, waiting for the *Gambia* to tow me back to Talaguga. I still hoped for a photo of Mary by herself; but, Mr. Joaque failed me. He was using all his films for views which he expected to sell to the public. Meanwhile, I wished to occupy myself in copying a manuscript translation of an Infant Catechism made by Mr. Good into Fañwe, he having obtained a very competent translator to assist him. He had adopted an orthography of his own, which he required me to follow, as a condition of my being allowed to use the copy. This, I could not promise to do, as I did not approve of his

CAUGHT!

Facing page 520

spelling; and therefore I never saw or used his translation. I had been helpless to get any aid of that kind at Talaguga; for, there was then not a single Fañwe who had any education or training whatever. So, I applied to Rev. Mr. Marling, of Gaboon, the best Fañwe scholar in the mission; and he sent me some material.

I bought of Mr. Joaque, and mailed, with short description lists, ninety of his photographs, which I sent to different relatives in the United States. I took my people to the Lembarene trading-houses, to give them, for their monthly pay, their choice from the very large stock of the houses. In my little store at Talaguga, I had American goods, which were of better quality than most of the slazy and ill-finished English and German cloths. My people were disappointed in the quality; would not take their pay; and then murmured, as if *I* was the cause of their disappointment!

RETURN TO TALAGUGA WITH THE *Gambia*.

On Tuesday, April 6, the *Gambia* came for us at Andĕndĕ. Leaving Miss Jones there, we were taken in tow, my sister, Keva and Mary, Ombagho and myself sitting in the stern of the *Nelly-Howard,* under a thatch roof I had built over it. I had a supply of two hundred bunches of plantains, bought from the ample Andĕndĕ market. Some, doubtless, would not have done so; but, for once, I wished to justify myself with the complaining Galwas, and have even a superabundance of rations. Messrs. Smith and Bramwell were on the deck of the *Gambia*. And, I had four new employees. We reached Laseni's that evening.

The next morning, after a hasty breakfast, we started again, reaching Talaguga early in the afternoon. A comfortable day-and-a-half, instead of the unsafe and uncomfortable boat-journey of three and a half days! Of course, in either case, there was to be a prompt drying of the contents of our boxes. Everybody was happy at our arrival. Mary was lively and strong; but, she had not increased in weight over the twenty-four pounds of the preceding month.

By Tuesday, the 13th, all the various jobs of out-house building were going on successfully. Nyamba came bringing Bilâgá back to school. She begged for a present of a cloth, for a mosquito-net. I gave it.

The old first hut, hastily built at the brookside, four years before, had fallen down. I felt a tender sentiment for that rem-

nant of my pioneer days. Instead of ruthlessly burning it, I selected the portions, especially the thatch, that were still available, and placed them on the goat-house I was building. The old door became the goat-shed door. Baby was well; but, freed from Handi's good control, she was developing querulous habits, especially as she did not like her Galwa nurse, Keva.

Another Fañwe child Bakala was brought, on the 14th, to live at the station. Changed Mary from the use of her feeding-bottle to drinking from a tumbler. But, she did not accept the change, refused her food; and, therefore, at night was restless. The hundreds of bunches of plantains I had brought from Kângwe, were, of course, all gradually ripening. Naturally, I gave out the rations from the riper ones, to save out the supply longer. Then, some of my people complained! I knew indeed that natives preferred the unripe. But, I thought I was pleasing them in providing *any* kind of plantains rather than the objectionable farinya. I was not tired of sickness, or danger, or work; but, I was becoming tired of workmen's complaints. On Tuesday, the 20th, the two children, Bilâgâ and Bakala, ran away; I did not know for what reason.

On Wednesday, the 21st, I prepared a journey to the forest, back of Njomu, for bamboo building-materials. Near Yeña, met the *Akĕle*, which informed me that the *Okota* was on its way up, with goods for me. At Sika's little trading-house, we left our belongings, and went into the forest to the bamboo swamp. There, I set the crew to work, in orderly three gangs of three each: one to cut the fronds, one to strip off the leaves, and the third to carry to me. A little boy had followed us, out of curiosity. He sat by me. I was interested to notice, that though he had never been at school, nor (as far as I knew) at my house, he had picked up the alphabet, and was pointing them out on a piece of wrapping-paper. I heard the whistle of the *Okota;* and, Sika's little boy came to call me. I left the men with directions to return with their bamboo load next day. At Sika's, the *Okota* was at anchor. Mr. Schiff told me that the stones for Mrs. Nassau's grave were on board. I took passage with him, reaching Talaguga that night. The precious stones made the little steamer's deck seem sacred.

Next day, Captain Lindt, with his large canoe and stout Kru-men, kindly superintended their landing. Even if my men had been present, no three of them could equal the strength of one Kru-man in handling the stones, and my small canoe would probably have been swamped by their weight. Until my people re-

KANGWE HILL AND ANDENDE HOUSE

Facing page 522

turned, I could do no work at placing the stones. I played with Mary; and went to the cottage with thoughts of her mother. Two days were required, slowly and carefully to push the three large heavy stones up the steep slope, to the grave, and to put them in position. And, then there was the slow unskilled work of chiseling into four corner-stones, cavities for inserting the posts of the iron-fence around the grave; the posts to be kept in place by melted lead. Two of the stones, at the base, were each 4 ft. x 3 ft. x 1 ft.; and, on them, the third, was 4 ft. x 3 ft. x 1½ ft., Mrs. Nassau's name deeply carved on one side; the date of birth and death, at the ends; without any other inscription.

On the 28th, the *Gambia* came bringing Mrs. Good and her Bertie, on a visit from Kângwe. Mary was so occupied with her little visitor that she did not fret, all the afternoon. On May 1, Mrs. Good, with the two children and their attendants went to the Hill, to Mary's mother's pool. I followed them; and found an enormous citron on the tree I had planted four years previously.

At night of the 5th, in a heavy storm, came Mr. Good in his *Montclair*, from Kângwe. With him came Charity, the widow of Sâmbunaga, to work for me, in the care of Mary, in place of Keva. (Sâmbunaga, on his marriage, had called her by a very long name; for which, my sister had substituted, "Charity," in memory of her devoted Liberian assistant, Charity Sneed, in 1869, who subsequently had become the first wife of Mr. Menkel.) By Saturday, the 8th, the work of the erection of the iron-fence around the grave was completed, including the sodding of the bank, and cutting of paths for approach to the spot. The fence was of ornamental castings, in size about 10 ft. x 6 ft. x 4 ft.

On Sunday, the 9th, Re-Ndiva reported to me that the big canoe had floated away under the heavy rise of water during the night. I held him responsible; the key for locking the chain was in his charge. I sent him with three others, to search for the lost canoe. Mr. Good preached for me; people coming to service, from across the river. Re-Ndiva returned, not having found the canoe. I sent him, the next day, with direction to spend even two days in the search. The river continued to rise, unprecedently. It flooded under the house, and into the out-kitchen; so that I removed the stove onto the rear porch of the dwelling-house.

In the evening of Tuesday, the 11th, Re-Ndiva returned, hav-

ing found the canoe at Mavyañe's village; but, reported that the villagers there refused to release it.

Had Mavyañe's people, on finding the floating canoe, brought it to me, or sent me word, I would have paid them, on the principle of civilized "salvage." Or, had they been ignorant as to who was the owner, I would not have blamed them for holding possession of it. But, the canoe was so distinctly marked, that I was sure that all adjacent villages knew to whom it belonged. I knew that it was the old native idea to appropriate all strays. But, at the point of civilization and professed personal friendship that Talaguga region had even then reached, I determined not to submit to (what I considered) stealing. In company with Mr. Good, on the 12th, I visited Asange Post, and inquired whether the French would endorse me in my proposed attempt to retake the canoe by force. They replied that they would be pleased to do so.

Next day, with ten of my men, I went to Mavyañe's; and, after a short talk, the villagers yielded the canoe, not even demanding any "ransom" for it. As they yielded without difficulty, I voluntarily promised to send them a few gifts; held prayers with them; and returned safely. On Friday, the 14th, under a sharp rain, Mr. Good and his family returned to Kângwe. I sent messengers to Asange Post, with a note of thanks to Mons. Kerraoul for his offer of aid, and informed him that the canoe was recovered.

Our orders to England and the United States had to be made six months in advance. We anxiously looked for their coming, we gladly landed them from the little river steamers; but, with some anxiety we opened the boxes. For, the contents were often damaged or broken, because of insufficient packing and rough handling, or exposure to rain. The *Gambia* came on Friday, the 21st, with a mail, and some boxes. In one box, were six dozen bottles of an English health-drink. "Zoedone"; exactly one-half of them were broken. A clinical thermometer came from England; but, on opening its case it was found broken. My watch, sent to England for repair, was so poorly packed, that it needed at once to be sent back again, for repair. On Monday, the 24th, for the first time, I found a Fañwe, Ngemi, bright enough in understanding his own language, and with enough of a smattering of English, to help me in my Fañwe translations.

Mary's love for water was becoming almost a passion. She was always happy when allowed to wade in the brook. I would

sit with her a long time in a canoe, watching her dabble over the gunwale with her hands in the stream.

On Monday, the 31st, Nyamba came, with a present of a bunch of plantains and two very small chickens; perhaps, as atonement for some of her people having attempted on Sunday to cross my premises, on the way to their gardens. My men, while dragging a log, for a bridge over one of the two brooks around the little island, found a mygale spider's nest. It was quite a prize. I had found mygales; but never a nest. For certain entomological specimens I had offered my workmen a standing reward. I was collecting for scientific friends in England. This nest had four young ones.

On Saturday, June 5, the *Gambia* came, with news from Mr. Good, that his Bertie had been seriously ill, and, that though the child was better, Mrs. Good expected to take him away from Africa. Re-Ndiva, whom, for great disrespect, I had ordered to leave my service, at once by the *Gambia,* said that he did not wish to go, and asked to stay. So, I forgave him, and allowed him to remain.

On Sunday, the 6th, at service, were several Galwa traders, from Antyuwa's and Walker's, and also several Galwa women. Among the Fañwe was Nyamba dressed in her frock, and little "Nassau" in his pantaloons (a child of Nyare, whom his mother, against my objection, had insisted on calling by my name).

The veranda was no longer convenient for holding the daily and Sunday religious services. I altered one of the bark-built out-houses (by the flower-garden at the west end of the house) into a prayer-room, until such time as it might seem right to erect a church-building.

On Thursday, the 10th, some of the Bise clan, in two canoes, stopped at the landing. One resumed its journey up-river, and was attacked and captured by Ntula's people; the other retreated to Yeña. That man Ntula had been one of the dozen who had accompanied Nyare, at the time of my fight with the latter in 1883. Since Nyare's death, Ntula had set himself up as his successor. But, he had learned well the lesson of that fight, and had not approached the Bise on my premises.

The dry season was, of all the year, the time when employees became restless and unsatisfactory. It was the season in which plantations were to be cut. Some of my young men really were needed by their parents, to assist in that work. Others wished to go and participate in the picnicking and fishing which

always were associated with the garden-work. So, my men always became uneasy, wanting to go away on a " vacation," even to the point of breaking time-contracts, and sometimes resulting in conduct so disobedient that I was relieved by dismissing them in disgrace. And, this too, in the case of some, who, in other parts of the year, had been good workmen.

My sister shared in my desire to extend our work interiorward. But, I was barred from all such itinerations by my duty to my little girl, especially since the loss of the reliable Handi. So, on the 15th, my sister was pleased to go in my place. I gave her all my men, in a large canoe, to stem the rapids on the 20-mile course to the Bakota of Isangaladi, at the foot of the beginning of the Elĕmbe Cataracts. With no work on the premises, and with only my child to care for, I wrote while she slept; and prepared two boxes of curios I was sending to relatives in the United States.

Next day, the *Akĕle* came, with Messrs. Wichula and Letz, bringing a small mail. On the following day the two gentlemen left; and, in the afternoon, my sister returned, delighted with her excursion.

With the very incompetent nurse, Charity, I did not feel it duty to go to the quarterly communion, at Kângwe. But, I equipped my sister, in her *Evangeline* with a very large crew of 10. And, on Monday, the 21st, she started down-river, there remaining with me 8 male and female assistants for the cooking, washing, ironing, nursing, and guarding. On the 24th, the river's flood had all receded, and I put the stove, from the rear veranda, back into the kitchen.

On Saturday, the 26th, I sent two of the men down as far as Sanjâla to fish. They returned early in the evening, successful. Mary was exceedingly interested in watching the counting and division. She was given one to handle, and became so attached to it that she was distressed when she had to give it up to the cook.

Mr. Letz came on Tuesday, the 29th, with letters from Kângwe, Gaboon, and Benita, and with a tin of eggs for Mary. I had had great difficulty in obtaining this food so needed by her. For, the Fañwe kept but few chickens, and sold mostly only eggs that were rotten. For the few good eggs that were brought, they almost always wanted tobacco. Still following Mrs. Nassau's principles on that subject, I declined to keep it on hand.

On Wednesday, June 30, the *Gambia* came, towing the *Evan-*

ENGLISH TRADING-HOUSE, ASANGE

Facing page 527

geline with its crew. Usually, I expected desertions on those quarterly journeys to Kângwe. But, they had all kept their promise, except one Ra-Vungu. He deserted at Andĕndĕ. I was glad to welcome back cook Etĕndi after his three months' absence, and two new young men seeking work. There were general welcomes and rejoicings.

By Thursday, July 1, the prayer-room, which I had been slowly building, was completed; and, for the first time I used it in the evening for that purpose. And, on Sunday, the 4th, I began to use it as a chapel, instead of the veranda of all the previous years.

On Wednesday, the 7th, Mr. Letz called, took dinner, and bought tools. He had musical skill, and kindly put in order some keys of my sister's little harmonium. He wished to buy Mrs. Nassau's organ; but, I would not think of parting with it; everything that was her mother's that could be preserved must be kept for little Mary. But, he promised to come again to put in order some of its keys. Because of his presence, the celebration of the twenty-third monthly-return of her birth, was deferred until next day. She weighed twenty-six pounds. An excursion was made up-river to *her* sand-bank, cooking and eating our dinner there. Then, we went on to Asange Island, and called on Messrs. Letz and Quayle, representatives of the German and English houses. On our return, I found Laseni's people from down-river, awaiting me. On Sunday, the 11th, there was a sudden wailing at Nyamba's. Next day, I was told that it was for the death of two aged visitors, a man and a woman, who had been drowned in crossing Lebo Creek, a small affluent of the Ogowe near Njoli, on the right bank.

Our friend, the *Okota*, had been wrecked; and, in its place, came, on the 13th, a new steamer, the *Duala*.

Next day, in the kongongo, I went down river for thatch, going to both the Akĕle Yeña (left) bank, and then to the Fañwe Njomu (right) bank. At the former, the people were few, and thin and hungry-looking. On the other side, I went to Sika's trading-house. There, I was told that a manatee had been killed in the Bitâgâ lagoon several miles lower down. It is such a delicious meat that I wanted some; and we pulled down to Bitâgâ. Guided by one of Sika's boys, we entered the lagoon for a long distance. We found the prey; and I bought forty-five pounds for $15 (trade). We made a camp and ate. On the way back, we passed the floating corpse of the woman drowned in Lebo. Stopping at Mavyañe's, we heard of the

drowning of another woman. At nightfall, we were in terror, being actually pursued by a hippopotamus. It was the first time I had been so pursued. Most of my travels were by day. Perhaps the animal felt more duty in guarding his household at night. We carried to Nyamba the report about her dead friend's corpse; and were home by 9 P. M.

To satisfy the longings of some of my people for a "vacation," to furnish an itineration for my sister, and an outing for Mary near the close of her second year, I planned a four days' picnic in the Bitâgâ Lagoon. On Tuesday, the 20th, leaving only a few to guard the house, with my sister, Charity and Mary, in the boat, and with two canoes and a force of ten men, we went down to a trading-house at the mouth of the lagoon, formerly occupied by Uduma, and at that time by a Portuguese, Manoel, one of Mr. Stein's men. We, of the boat, were in advance of the canoes. Manoel put his house at our service, and we were busy in setting up our bedding and arranging our boxes in two of his rooms. The Fañwe watched us with keen eyes. When the canoes arrived, they at once entered the lagoon, and fished; and, early in evening returned, successful. I arranged with the men that I would exact of them no work except to take me in the boat; that they might fish when and as they pleased, bringing me only enough for my family; all the remainder that they could catch and dry should be theirs. It was a happy arrangement. They were free from work; and I was free from superintendence.

Next day, Wednesday, the 21st, after a hasty breakfast we followed in the boat the two canoes which had preceded us by two hours, into the lagoon, to an island, where I put up the tent. It being dry season, there was no probability of rain. The men soon brought in fish. All day, there was only cooking, eating, fishing, reading, singing, resting, sleeping, playing, and talking with canoe-loads of Fañwe visitors. At 5 P. M. we of the boat left for Manoel's house, taking enough fish for our supper, and leaving the other men to their own devices for night-fishing. As the Fañwe had no plantains for sale, I sent Imunga to an adjacent Mpongwe trader, to enlist his aid. Next day, Thursday, the 22d, plantains came early. And, the occupations and amusements of the previous day were repeated. In the middle of the afternoon, we of the boat started to return to Manoel's, the canoes to follow later after some more fishing. Mary had enjoyed the playing; and, I was agreeably surprised that she had

endured so well the irregular hours, and the being out at night without apparent harm.

On Friday, the 23d, after breakfast we started homeward, stopping at Sika's to buy thatch. There was lying the French gunboat *Turquoise*, where it had arrested some trader. I had so given myself to play with Mary at the camp, that she missed me while I was busy ashore with the thatch. I found a companion for her in the person of a little Mpongwe girl, Ngwanji. Mary, in her own civilization, seemed to recognize the civilization of the Mpongwe as superior (as it really was) to that of the Fañwe. Nevertheless, with the latter, she was pleased to gratify their curiosity with her doll and little picture-book. We were at Talaguga comfortably before sun-down. A notably pleasant picnic. That function so successful, I repeated every year of the remainder of my stay at Talaguga.

On Tuesday, the 27th, I resumed the work of revision of Mr. Mackey's Benga grammar, for which I had been appointed by the mission, but on which I had done nothing during the previous two years.

With Mary, Charity and Ombagho, went the next day, to play on the little sand-bank in the cove in front of Nyare's former village. She enjoyed it. But, on the following day, I had to distress her by ordering her sheep to be killed. Its constant ba-a-ing became an unendurable rasp on my nerves.

On Monday, August 2d, Mr. Quayle passed up in a canoe, and his crew shouted word that Agonjo-amwenge, a former employee was dead. So, when the canoe returned, Akendenge and his wife went down in it to attend the mourning. And, on the 5th, as the *Turquoise* passed up, its crew left word that Akambie, one of the first two volunteers at Talaguga in 1882, was dead at Inenga. I made these deaths the subject of my remarks on Sunday, the 8th, the second anniversary of Mrs. Nassau's death.

On Friday, the 13th, in the *Evangeline*, with my sister and baby Mary, started for an excursion, intending to go as far as Asange; but on reaching Alâriga, Mary's sand-bank, I found that her food had been forgotten by Charity. And, the excursion had to be abandoned. Unless *I* attended to everything for her, things would be forgotten. How I missed good Handi, even with her occasional fits of sulking! The annoyance and the warm sun gave me a bad headache. In the evening inquiry class, Charity recited with us.

The next day, I went to the French Post, to try to buy milk

and tea, of which I was almost out. Mons. Kerraoul happened to have an abundance; and he loaned me tea, milk, coffee, and chocolate. He was making a treaty with the Fañwe. At the Post, I was interested in seeing a little boy, of the far-inland Bateke tribe. After eating my lunch on a forest path, I went to call on Mr. Letz at his house. I took Mary a little ride in the *Swan*. I thought that she was already beginning to recognize its name as her "mother's boat."

The passage of steamers was frequent. They generally had either a mail or a message. I valued their favors. But, on Sunday, the 22d, while I was conducting morning-prayers, a boat was sent ashore from a gunboat. The messenger bore a letter to me from Mr. Wichula. So little did the man seem to know about religion, that he stalked into the room and thrust the letter at me while I was reading the Scripture. I waved him aside for the few minutes until my service closed. As a soldier, he thought of nothing else but the discharge of his errand; probably also, dreading any delay of the vessel.

On Tuesday, the 24th, on our way down to Yeña for thatch, we captured a young antelope swimming across the river. And, at an Akĕle village, saw a fresh gorilla skull. On our return we stopped in the forest, to skin our antelope, which took a long time; for, I wished the skin to be carefully preserved. Fañwe, from passing canoes, stopped, and anxiously watched the process. (In butchering, the natives did not flay their prey; they ate skin and all.) We were back to Talaguga so late, that I had to defer the weekly prayer-meeting until next evening; for, I was only just in time to give a late attendance to Mary's food, and then to put her to sleep.

Next day, with the *Gambia,* came a great blessing, in the form of two carpenters, Benita men, the good Metyeba of 1884, and the faithful Ingumu of 1874. On the 30th, the *Gambia* came again, and left a letter from the doctor of the *Pionnier,* with a bill of $11 for surgical attendance on Imunga, in February. I was surprised, at a charge being made; for, I had at the time offered payment, and understood him to decline. I probably had not understood that the bill must first go through some red-tape department.

On Wednesday, September 8, to my great relief, there came Galwa canoes with plantains for sale. It was strange that the Galwas would come more than seventy miles for a market, the while that Fañwe at my side were not willing to grow plantations large enough to create a market. My Galwa employees had for

several days been sullenly uncomfortable with their farinya rations, I reserving my few plantains and cassava for the two carpenters. The Galwas seemed to resent what they called my favoritism of the superior Kombe tribe. But, that was not true. In my contract with the carpenters, I was bound to provide them a certain food. And, their work was, to me, so important and more needed than that of ordinary boat-rowing and grass-cutting. With this, I will dismiss further reference to the food question at Talaguga; the difficulty continued more or less during the remainder of my life there. Sometimes it was "a feast," at others, "a famine." On her return from a village visitation, my sister told me that the curiosity of one man was so great that, without her permission, he began to handle her hair. In my company, Mrs. Nassau had sometimes allowed them to gratify their curiosity in that way. On the return of the *Swan* from those visitations, Mary usually expected a little special ride for herself. She was in good health; but, still weighing only twenty-six pounds.

At noon of Friday, the 10th, one of my men, Agonjo ("Paul") seized a Fañwe canoe as hostage for his chest and goods stolen some weeks before. I permitted the seizure, as (1) it was made on the public highway, (2) the man and canoe belonged to the village of the offender. In African law *that* is sufficient ground for arrest. During the afternoon, a leopard's tracks were seen near one of the bridges over the brook. In the evening, Ntula came with Agonjo's goods that Aboga had stolen; and the canoe was released. There were signs of the coming rainy season; among others, the enormous flights of butterflies.

On Sunday, the 12th, made another change of hours with Mary. I gave her food, as heretofore, at 11.30 A. M.; but, instead of her then going to sleep, she sat at the table with us. And I did not lay her down, until 12.30 P. M. by which time, she herself was ready to go to sleep.

For my Sunday evening lecture, I gave some thoughts on the completion of twenty-five years of my mission-life; the day being the anniversary of my landing at Corisco.

My canoe, sent only as far as Laseni's, on a plantain search, returned successful, on the 16th. And, a Galwa canoe came with over 2,000 dried kondo fish (prepared only in the dry season), all of which I bought. And, my employees were happy. The Mpongwe parents of the little girl Ngwanji from Yeña, came to get worm-medicine for her. (The natives were all afflicted

with intestinal worms. Santonin was constantly asked for.)

I had Metyeba make an important change in Mary's bath-room. While it opened conveniently for me, into my bed-room, the nurse, in coming from her room up-stairs, had to descend into the sitting-room, and thence through the dining-room, to reach that bath-room. I had him cut through the up-stairs floor, and make a stairway directly down into the bath-room; a very much shorter route for the nurse, and a greater convenience for me, if I should need to call for her assistance.

My hen-coop had several times been invaded, and fowls killed. As the door was safely locked, I knew that the invader was not a human being. Nor, were there openings large enough to admit a civet ("bush"-cat). I suspected a snake. Just as I had begun the evening inquiry class meeting, on the 20th, there was an outcry in the yard, in the rear of the house, where were the nests of the setting hens. Hastening out, we saw the snake gliding away; and lost it in the darkness.

JOURNEY TO KÂNGWE.

On Tuesday, September 21, we were going to the Kângwe communion. I made special preparations for my little Mary's protection from rain, in the *Nelly-Howard*. I took a selected crew, with my sister, Charity and Mary, and the boy Ombagho. Hoping to make the sixty-five mile run in one day, I was up by 4 A. M. to load the boat; and off by 6 A. M. It was interesting to watch our progress, hour by hour, as we passed well-known points; and, at the fifth hour, stopped in the forest near Ngwilaka for lunch, and rest of two hours. Then, in the afternoon, other familiar points. At the Island "factory," we met the *Gambia* with Messrs. Quayle and Bramwell. But, the sun set at the twelfth hour near the Ngunye; and, we stopped for the night in a village near its mouth. Mary was a great curiosity to the villagers. And, I was interested in a little boy, whom Mrs. Nassau had noticed, as a babe, more than two years before. Mary had been restless all day, with confinement in the boat. Now, she was keen to watch the goats, and dogs, and babies.

We reached Andĕndĕ house, the next day, the 22d, by 10 A. M. Mr. Good was absent at Lembarene trading-houses. There was an afternoon church-service. After which, came a messenger from Lembarene with a mail, just brought by the *Falaba*, and word that that vessel had on board fifty boxes and packages of my English and American orders. Also, that my dear friend

Njivo, wife of Candidate Mbora, was there, awaiting transportation to Kângwe. I went at once, to see about my goods; and brought Njivo.

On Friday, the 24th, it was thrilling to witness, all day, the arrivals of the native Christians, and to listen to their welcomes. I preached, in the afternoon.

Next day, I went to Lembarene with my crew, to assist them in their "shopping." Those quarterly journeys were great occasions for my people to spend their month's wages. The supply of goods at Lembarene was so much greater in quantity and variety, in the thousands of dollars laden shelves of the English, German, and French houses, than I had at Talaguga in my few hundreds.

At the communion service on Sunday, the 26th, there were four baptisms; and, large accessions reported, to the catechumen class.

On the Monday, went with Mr. Good to call on the French commandant, in a conference about our mission affairs. Engaged new employees, and crew for the kongongo of Mr. Good, in which I was to take some of my new supplies.

RETURN TO TALAGUGA.

On Tuesday, the 28th, heavily laden, in the boat, so crowded that the six oars could not be used; instead, paddles for a crew of nine, and the kongongo, also laden, with seven paddles, we started homeward. Pulling was slow among the channels to the point on the right bank of the Ngunye mouth by 11 A. M. Resting there for two hours, we reached the Island "factory" after dark, for the night. The next morning, with the loan of a rain-coat from Mr. Bramwell, we started early, hoping to reach Laseni's by night; for, I was taking his niece Njivo to visit him. But, we failed to reach Laseni's; and stopped for the night in the miserable huts of a Bivum clan. The people were very rude and thievish. Ombagho and Njivo's little servant, Davis, had their sleeping mats and nets stolen. I complained to the chief; and, he restored a portion of them. It was a very trying night to Mary and to us all.

The next day, Thursday, we stopped at Laseni's, for Njivo to debark. Her uncle was absent, having gone down-river to meet her, not knowing that she was coming with me. For the night, we stopped at Bitâgâ, at our picnic hut, Manoel's comfortable house. But, the kongongo, under Akendenge, went on to Sika's, below Njomu, and was caught in a heavy rain. The

next day, Friday, October 1, a rudder-pin broke. I stopped at Ndoña-nyare's Njomu, for repairs. He was very helpful; he found in his hut, a meat-hook, which I was able to fasten into temporary service. On our farther way, near Walker's, I saw three of my people, whom I had left in charge, burying one of their relatives, who had been in the employ of the trader Antyuwa. As Ombagho included the dead man among his relatives, he at once lifted his voice in wailing. We were home again before sun-down.

The next day, was a bright hot day, and the wet boxes and goods were dried. A church-bell had arrived. Carpenter Metyeba was gone; but Ingumu erected the bell in good ringing order.

On Monday, the 4th, Mr. Good's kongongo was sent back to him, with Mr. Bramwell's coat to be returned on the way.

In the afternoon of Saturday, the 9th, with Mary in her mother's *Swan,* I went up-river to the Bindube clan villages. The first Saturday village-itineration I had made for a year! During that time I had been depending on my sister for that service. But, now, with my two-year-old little girl's increasing strength, I felt safe to go myself and take her with me.

Monday, the 11th, was my fifty-first anniversary birthday. In the afternoon, came the *Gambia* with my forty-nine cases, etc., of tools, provisions, and other supplies. Then, for several days, I was very busy unpacking, listing, labeling prices, and storing on shelves these treasures. To prevent the flooding of the kitchen, as in a year before, I had earth carried to fill in and raise the clay floor.

On Tuesday, the 19th, I was arranging to go down as far as Laseni's, for plantains, and to invite Njivo to come and visit us. Just then, some canoes came with plantains; and I doubted whether I needed to go. But, the next day, while I was deciding to go, there came to me such strong premonitions not to do so, that, had I been superstitious, I would have been afraid. Not believing in premonitions, I went. We had only rounded the point at Sika's, when I saw a steamer at anchor at Bitâgâ. As I proceeded, the vessel lifted anchor, and came to meet me. It was the *Akĕle*; and Njivo, with her two children, Abidi and Onyĕngĕ (by her first husband) were on board, coming to visit me. The *Akĕle* took me in tow; and we were home early in the afternoon. (My premonition was a good one; I need not have gone.) Mary was glad to see two new civilized playmates. And, Njivo's

presence, during her week's visit, was a great aid and comfort, in her devotion to myself, and in the motherly tact and love that she showed to my child.

One day, I took my visitor and her children to the hill, with my Mary, to show them her mother's cottage, and the Pool of the brook.

On Monday, the 25th, my friend announced that she would finish her visit, if I could send her down to Kângwe; which I did with her children on the 27th, in the kongongo, and a crew of six. Mary missed very much her motherly love, and the happy games with her well-trained little girl and boy. For myself, though I had known Njivo since she was a little child, and had had much intimate acquaintance with her during her girlhood and young womanhood, that week's association revealed to me her good traits more than ever before. She had a womanly character quite above all native women I had met. In her confidences with me, and the revelation of trials she had endured, I saw a secret heroism which I had not before known. She was the loveliest native Christian woman I met in Africa.

While we were at evening-prayers of November 3, my kongongo which I had sent on October 21, down-river for plantains, was heard with its boat-songs. On the crew landing, I found that they were accompanied by some of my former employees, Re-Mondo, Abumba and wife, Mâmbâ and wife and baby, and two new little boys. There was great rejoicing among my people. The presence of the two women would make Talaguga more home-like; and, I hoped that my employees would be less restless. The kongongo had brought also, besides its supply of plantains, a mail, and a long-expected box from my Lawrenceville, N. J., relatives, containing among other good things, a photograph of Mary's mother, and a copy of Stanley's "Kongo Free-State." I spent most of the 4th in paying the crew, rereading the mail, and arranging the papers and articles that had come in the box.

On Wednesday, the 10th, I sent the *Swan,* with my sister, to take the little Fañwe boy Biyĕ to visit his village. I sent Mâmbâ or Akendenge, on alternate Saturdays, to do the work of itineration in my stead. I had now twenty-five natives, men, women, and children, being fed on the premises. As some of the workmen were skilled, and did not need my constant supervision, and, as Charity affiliated with the three other women, taking Mary with her, I had time to resume my revision of the Benga grammar.

Nyamba had not come for a long time. I felt that it was a neglect; for, I had been kind to her. One day, she came, bringing a woman who wanted medicine. I gave it; but, I upbraided Nyamba, for coming to me only when she was in need. During those days, some Fañwe, from down-river, stayed over night and all of the next day, fearing to go on, because of enemies at a certain village beyond. They were safe while they remained with me. With the large number of employees, I had the grounds, all around the house, put in cleaner and neater order than they had been, for months.

On Thursday, the 18th, the *Akěle* came, with Mr. Good as passenger, a supply of plantains, and a mail. He came to consult about our future expected troubles from the French authorities, in regard to schools and other topics. He left early the next morning. The *Akěle* had brought also a precious box from my dear brother William and his wife, of Burlington, Iowa, with gifts of food, and other luxuries, and shoes and stockings for my little Mary.

To the services of Sunday, the 21st, came the trader Antyuwa and many Fañwe. They had had a quarrel about stealing, which he had reported to me on the Saturday night. But, they had settled it; and, to prove that, came together to the "peace-house."

Early in the evening of Monday, the 22d, a steamer's whistle was heard. And, after prayers, I went down to Walker's and found both the *Falaba* and *Gambia*. I chatted on the deck of the latter for an hour. And, then came away with gifts, a basket of potatoes and onions, and a package from kind Mrs. Good. I sat up late, writing a long letter to the president of our foreign mission board, Rev. Dr. Wells; which I carefully revised next day; and sent it by the *Gambia* on the 24th.

On Thursday, the 25th, Mâmbâ returned from a three days' itineration to Erere-volo, bringing word that friend Ndoña-mavuña was dead. I began to collect material, a year in advance, with which to build a chapel on the little island. The work though slowly, was decidedly growing for both school and church. Little trees and plants I had brought from Lembarene, were growing. Among others, a cherry-guava from Mr. Sinclair.

It was difficult sometimes to know the secret reasons for some of the actions of my people. They were expected to attend both morning and evening prayers. But, I had no hard and fast rule; individual absences were allowed, especially if any reasonable

excuse were given. But, when no one came from the "Nkâmi" hut, in the morning of December 2d, it looked like conspiracy. So, I gave them neither food nor work that morning. Then, spitefully, they stayed away from work in the afternoon. And, yet, with apparent piety, they came to inquiry class meeting in the evening! But, I was not deceived; for, I smelt the odor of liquor, and knew that some one had been drinking rum.

On one of those days came the *Gambia,* bringing as passenger, Laseni and a lot of plantains, with which he bought tools. I had much satisfaction in my order of American tools. Several white traders, Messrs. Letz, Wichula, and others had admired them; and, I parted with them for only plantains. So, the food-question was comfortably settled for a time.

On Wednesday, the 8th, with my sister, and Mary and her attendants, I went up-river in my large boat, on an excursion. I had adorned the boat with an American flag. We met a French gunboat. As it passed us, a native soldier shouted to us, "Igâvi!" (war). What he meant by that, I did not know; nor, was there time to inquire; for, the vessel's own motion, and the river's current rapidly carried her from us. My sister suggested, that, perhaps, offense was taken at my not having saluted with the flag. And, then, it occurred to me, that, perhaps, the flag itself was an offense. So, I took it down. [Subsequently, I learned, at Libreville, that, except at a consulate, foreign flags were allowable no where on the outdoor premises, and only indoors, as a decoration.] We ate our lunch in the forest, and leaving my sister with the little boy Biyĕ at his village, I went with Mary, on to Asange Post, to settle some bills for the year.

Saturday, December 11, was a busy day; all morning my annual inventory of "goods on hand"; and, in the afternoon, giving out rations of meat, etc., etc., to Mâmbâ and Ingumu, whom I had appointed in charge during my expected absence at the annual meetings at Gaboon.

JOURNEY TO KÂNGWE AND LIBREVILLE.

By 8 A. M. of Thursday, the 16th, in the *Nelly-Howard,* and a canoe, with a company of fourteen souls, men, women and children, we began our excited journey. Our noon meal and rest was in Njalĕle's trading-house at Erere-volo. We remembered days in the past when those Fañwe villages were passed in fear! Another little stop was made at Laseni's, near the mouth of Abange Creek. There, his wife Alida gave my Mary a plump little dog. "Don" became a great treasure. For the

night, we stopped in the comfortable shelter of Mr. Bramwell's "Island factory."

The next day, in company with a canoe of Mr. Bramwell's, we resumed journey, expecting to meet, at Lembarene, the *Falaba*, which, we heard, had arrived from Gaboon. But, in passing down one channel on a side of Walker's Island, opposite the Ngunye mouth, it happened, that that vessel, at that very time, was passing up on the other side, unseen by us. When we reached the lower end of the island, the *Falaba* was seen steaming up the Ngunye. And, perhaps, it had mail for me, on board! We reached the Andĕndĕ house during the morning. In the afternoon, went to the German house, on business; but, both Messrs. Lubcke and Schiff were absent.

Next day, in company with Mr. Good, I went to the French Post, to pay our official respects; and, to the English house, to inquire about passage on the *Falaba* to Libreville. At the German house again; and, paid my year's bills. The *Elobi* and *Duala* were both lying there. That house did much in collecting zoological specimens for Hamburg. Mr. Schiff had in hand, at that time, a young elephant.

On Sunday, the 19th, I preached for Mr. Good in the morning. My dear friend Njivo's husband, Evangelist Mbora, I had sent on Saturday in a canoe with five of my people, to speak in the Ajumba villages down the smaller branch of the river.

On Monday, the commandant came in his gunboat, to return our call of Saturday. He brought a sick man for medication; and, he inspected the station.

All the remainder of that week, we were awaiting the return of the *Falaba*. Changes of hours and food were having a bad effect on my child. It was unusually early for the quarterly communion; but, the distant members of the church had been notified; and, it was exceedingly interesting to watch the constant arrivals as they "came up to Jerusalem." Continuous daily religious services and session-meetings began on Thursday, the 23d.

My sister had offered to have Mary sleep with her, as I had brought no crib. But, the child was dissatisfied, and returned to my bed. That night, she had a fright. A cat, in its search for rats, leaped from an over-head beam (like most of our houses, at that time, Andĕndĕ had no ceilings) on to our mosquito-net. The force broke the net's suspending strings; and the whole net, frame, cat, and all fell on her in the bed. The terrified cat was

howling, and, in its efforts to escape from the net's meshes, was scratching Mary's face. The shock was very alarming.

Of Christmas, I took little note.

The *Falaba* returned from the Ngunye. On my going to the English house, Mr. Smith (Mr. Sinclair's successor) assured me that the vessel should not start on Sunday, but would wait for me until Monday. Although I had urged Njivo into her marriage with Mbora, I had afterwards many a regret. He was her inferior in every respect. They had a quarrel; and, she came to me, as her "father," to judge between them. Not a pleasant position for her or him or me.

Though it was showery on Sunday, the 26th, the church was full. There were eight additions on profession; and eighty more enrolled in the inquiry class, which already had a list of seventy. I was glad to see this reaping, under Mr. Good's watering, where I had first sown from 1876 to 1880.

In recognition of the trader's concession to my objection to Sabbath travel, by the delay of the *Falaba,* I made all haste to be on hand early on Monday morning the 27th. I was up by 2 A. M., to load the boat. At 4.15 A. M., with Mr. Good, my sister, my Mary and Pâwa, Abumba's young wife (temporarily in place of Charity), and several of my employees, we started on the hour's pull around the head of the island to the English house of H. & C., where we found that there had been a small-pox patient on the vessel. But, he had been put ashore before we arrived. There was also an insane man on board. Captain Bachman started at 6 A. M. Gliding uneventfully, we anchored for the night at Ñango.

And the next day, early and smoothly, on down past Angâla, emerging into Nazareth Bay, and out on to a quiet sea; and at night, anchored at sea, half-way to the Gaboon. On the 29th, the sea was still smooth, and nobody sick. (How often I had been sick on the painful *Hudson,* over that course!) Mary was enjoying the voyage. We entered the Gaboon estuary in company with the English ocean-steamer *Benguela,* just arrived from Liverpool, anchoring in the afternoon. Rev. W. C. Gault came for us. On the beach were welcomes from Mrs. Boardman and my excellent Mrs. Sneed. And, we were soon comfortably settled at Baraka.

Then, next day, Thursday, the 30th, began, and continued, for more than a month, a series of excitements on the side of Libreville civilization, that were like electric shocks, after my year's

seclusion in the Ogowe wilderness. The mail was to be read. There were formal calls of welcome, with much show of foreign etiquette mixed with native form, from the Mpongwe minister, Rev. Ntâkâ Truman, the American negro lady, Mrs. Boardman, photographer Joaque; Licentiate Kongolo and Elder Uhemba from Benita and others. Mrs. Gault presented Mary with a dress; and, the other Baraka ladies gave her New Year playthings. "New Year" was a new phrase to her. An American Methodist missionary, Edwin Small, M.D., from Maryland, a passenger from the *Benguela*, on his way south to the Kongo; and an English trader on his way to Camma; Rev. A. W. Marling, from his Angom station up the Gaboon; my tramping to the trading-houses of Holt, Sajoux, and Bettencourt, at the Plateau, seeking for supplies of milk, dried fish, and kerosene; Mrs. Boardman's intoxication at the church preparatory service on Friday afternoon. And, her outrageous conduct, when summoned before the session, the next morning. (She had been indulging too freely in New Year's celebration.) The French Governor Ballay's annual soirée, on Saturday night, January 1; which I attended, with Messrs. Gault and Marling. At church, on Sunday, the 2d, it was strange to see other than negro faces; among them was a Mr. Moyer, the chief in charge of the telegraph company. In the afternoon, I stayed by Mary, for her usual nap; but, reached the communion service with her, just in time. She was dressed very prettily. On Monday, the 3d, came into the harbor, the United States gunboat, *Quinnebaug*. The natives were familiar with French, English, German, and other national war-vessels. They had asked slightingly whether America "had no power." On one of my furloughs to the United States, I had called on the Secretary of the Navy, at Washington, and had requested that he occasionally order a vessel to show the United States flag in the Gaboon. He consented; and, thereafter, once in two or three years, a vessel was detached from the squadron in the Mediterranean, and visited the West Coast of Africa as far south as the equator. On Tuesday, the 4th, mission meeting began. Three officers from the *Quinnebaug*, called, Lieutenants Franklin J. Drake, Frederic Singer, and Randolph Dickens. They invited us to visit the vessel. We did so, on Wednesday, the 5th, my sister, Miss Lydia Jones, and Mary and I. We met Commander George W. Coffin, Lieutenant Commander Charles S. Sperry, Lieutenant Nelson T. Houston, and Surgeon James R. Tyson. (All these officers have since then been promoted, and most of them have retired.) My little

girl was a rare sight, on that coast, to the young ensigns. They petted her, carried her, and set her up as a little queen on one of the big cannon. As a memorial to Mrs. Nassau, at the suggestion of Secretary Ellinwood, the W. F. M. Societies had given to the mission, in 1886, a sailing vessel, the *Mary-Nassau,* in place of the old slow *Hudson.* While we were on the *Quinnebaug,* the *Mary-Nassau* came in from the north. We left the gunboat, and I took Mary to see her mother's "little ship." It had brought, for presbytery, Rev. F. S. Myongo, and other natives. And Rev. Mr. Ibiya had come in his own boat from Corisco. Presbytery adjourned on afternoon of Monday, the 10th; and mission on Wednesday, the 12th. My duties as stated clerk left Mary to many irresponsible hands, with whom, irregular eating and sleeping caused her a week's illness, a bilious attack, that made me anxious. Arranging with Joaque for a photo of Mary, who had a strange unwillingness to have a camera pointed at her. The sailing north of the *Mary-Nassau,* with the Benita visitors. I preached in the church on Sunday, the 16th. Several steamers going and coming during those days. A new line, from Havre to the Kongo. The steamer *Ella-Wöermann,* from Hamburg, came, bringing me a box from my Nassau relatives in Warsaw, N. Y., with gifts for Mary. One day, I walked far beyond the Plateau, inquiring in vain, at every little shop, for children's toys. On Wednesday, the 19th, came the *Nubia,* Captain Davis, having passengers for Bp. Wm. Taylor's Methodist mission in the Kongo. I visited the *Nubia,* and brought two of them ashore for the day, Mr. and Mrs. Hicks and their two little children. Another day, I took tea with Mary, at Mrs. Sneed's. The harbor was alive with the coming and going of vessels. At the Plateau dispensary, I supplied myself with vaccine matter, for possible need in the Ogowe. On Sunday, the 30th, I preached at both the English and the Mpongwe services, and assisted in the Sabbath school singing, and at Mr. Gault's Benga song-service. Mary had a slight cough that made me suspect whooping-cough.

RETURN JOURNEY TO THE OGOWE, ON *Falaba.*

Finally, on Saturday, February 5th, I found a steamer, the *Falaba,* returning to the Ogowe, on which we could take passage. In my earlier Ogowe years, I never thought of depending on steamers; for, they were, at that time, few. If one happened to coincide with my date, I was glad to take it. But, I never waited for it. I depended on the mission cutter and my own

boat. But, with a little child, I would not risk the seventy-five miles to Nazareth Bay in an open boat. We hurried away, early in the morning, from Baraka, so as not to detain the vessel, and were on board by sun-rise. Even, then, however, there was a delay in taking up the anchor, it being fouled with an old cast-away. The ocean was smooth; and we anchored at night at sea.

The next day, Sunday, in attempting to enter Nazareth Bay, the vessel grounded; but, moved off with the rising tide; and, at night, anchored at Angâla. The *Akĕle* was lying there. I would have transferred to it, as a more comfortable vessel; but, it intended to go slowly, stopping at all villages, to buy thatch.

The next day, after going a short distance, the worn-out engine (of the wearied old *Pioneer*) was out of order; and a stop was made all day for repairs. The following day, we reached Kamaranga, a little below the seventy-mile point of Ngumbe. On the 9th, Wednesday, we passed Igenja. There, two of my people, Re-Ndiva and Etĕndi, recognized and hailed us. I told them to follow in their canoe, and join us at night. Which they did, near Nandipo. Mary was glad to see Etĕndi; his services as cook she remembered. There was a Roman Catholic priest on board, who made advances which I would have accepted as sincere, if I could have forgotten the machinations of his associates against me at Talaguga, and their tearing to pieces the Bible and school-books of Mr. Good's pupils.

The next day, Thursday, the 10th, at Orânga, stopping for wood, we found Mr. Good and his boat, on an itineration. The steamer took him in tow. And, by night, we reached Lembarene. Leaving my company on board, I hasted along the shore path to the new German house, to ask Mr. Stein for passage to Talaguga, on the *Akĕle* expected next day. He refused. (The only unkindnesses I received from traders in the Ogowe, were from Germans.) It was late, and I was not well. I returned to the *Falaba* for Mary; and, leaving my baggage, went with Mr. Good in his boat, to the Andĕndĕ house, by 9 P. M.

The next day, with Mr. Good, I went to get my baggage. Though not feeling very well, I walked with him in the afternoon to the hill-house, by a route that he had opened. Though circuitous, it was really easier than my old steep zig-zag path; for, by a long gradual ascent it went around the heads of the two ravines. We called it "Mr. Good's Path." The following day, I had fever, and was unable to go to the French house,

in order to ask Mr. Sajou for passage up-river. Mr. Good went for me. And, I preached for him on Sunday.

As Mr. Sajou's vessel was not going up the Ogowe, I would not wait longer. I already had been almost two months from my Talaguga work. With my own boat and eight crew, and my own canoe with four of Mr. Good's men, and only a portion of my goods, I decided, on Monday, the 14th, to go, hoping that we might escape the occasional hot-dry season storms. My company was my sister, and Mary with Pâwa. And, I engaged Aveya's sister Aziza (another incompetent) in place of Charity, who, during my absence, had accepted a position as "temporary wife" of the trader at the "Island factory." While I felt indignant at him, my feeling toward her was only of pity. Her relation with the white man, and that of hundreds of other civilized young women on the coast, many of them educated in the various mission schools, was one which, I thought (and still think) called in many ways for a charitable explanation, and not an indiscriminate denunciation of them as "fallen women." True; there was a class of native women, who, in their readiness for solicitation by any white man at any time, were only harlots. Also, there was another and higher class, who, knowing, from universal native custom, no other mode of marriage than sale by their parents, did accept a white man's contract, at a stipulated monthly price. But, they were faithful to the one man. Then, there were a few, in a still higher class, who accepted offers from a white man, not for money, but because their affections dictated, precisely as among any other civilized young women. They accepted love and respect and protection and comfort, far beyond what a native husband could or would offer (most of whom claimed the right to beat a wife). Those young women were modest, and, I believe virtuous. They were faithful to the white man, as his wife. When he went on his European furlough, they virtuously held themselves in reserve for his return. True, there was no marriage ceremony. But, at that time, a church-ceremony was not required of even our church-members, except of church-officers. Those young women I regarded as modest and true. They knew that, in Europe, there were recognized "morganatic" marriages; and, in some of the United States, valid "common-law" marriages. Their misfortune was that the white "husband" was not as true as they. He expected, some day, to abandon the woman, when he should finally return to Europe, where, possibly, he had a white wife.

The white trader at the "Island factory" had seen Charity when I had stopped there on former journeys, and had been given hospitality by him. But, it would have been trying for me to go there again, and find her in his hands. So, for the night, I stopped at a village of Ovenga. But, it was a wretched night. Hot, and the huts close. And, a man, in a hut next to ours, was savagely beating his wife. The sound of her screams rang in my ears long after her sobbings had ceased.

Next morning, Tuesday, the 15th, before leaving, I denounced the chief and his people. Stopped, for the night, at Belambla. On the 16th, rain prevented an early start; but, we reached the civilization and courtesy of Laseni and his niece Njivo, for the mid-day meal and rest. When we resumed journey in the afternoon, I added Njivo and her little boy Onyĕnge, on my invitation for a visit to Talaguga. A very heavy rain caught us; and we huddled under the little stern shelter, where I held the rudder, my sister, Mary and Pâwa and Aziza, Njivo and Onyĕnge, barely keeping dry, while the crew and my boxes were thoroughly wet. The night was passed at the Nkogo village, where we were well-received. The next day, rain again hindered an early start. But, a good run was made to Yeña, for the noon rest. And, then, a fine long pull brought us late at night to our Talaguga home.

On Friday, the 18th, after settling accounts with the crews, I started my large canoe, with eleven of my own people, under Mâmbâ, to take back Mr. Good's three men, and to return with the boxes I had left at Kângwe.

Mary's symptoms, which I had suspected at Libreville, as whooping-cough, became more pronounced.

On Monday, the 21st, to my surprise, Mâmbâ returned, with the canoe-load of goods! On his way down, on Friday, he had met the *Gambia* bringing those goods; had, on Saturday, been towed up as far as Walker's; and had remained there over Sunday.

My little Mary was oppressed with her whooping-cough, and needed much nursing. So incompetent were the young Galwa assistants, and the strain on my nursing-care so great, since Handi had left, that I wrote to Mrs. Gault at Libreville, to endeavor to obtain for me, A-nye-ntyu-wa (Jenny Harrington) the elder sister of my friend Njivo.

On Friday, the 25th, Mr. Letz came, just before dinner, for me to examine his swollen ear. After dinner, he kindly tried

to fix some of the silent keys on Mrs. Nassau's organ. But, that organ was too complicated to be repaired on a short examination. A storm was coming, and he had to leave. Mâmbâ, wife and child, all of them sick, left on Saturday, the 26th, to return to their home at Igenja. I felt a doubt whether he would return, even if he should recover. He was a good worker, and a faithful friend; but, his Christian life was not growing. I sent Paul Agonjo on Monday with canoe and crew, to return my pleasant visitor Njivo to her uncle Laseni at Abange, and to buy provisions. I remained those days watching my little Mary, whose cough was making her weak.

On Thursday, March 3, Agonjo returned. But, I was displeased with his being absent so long; and, for having given an extravagant price for *odika*. As he said that he thought it was worth the price he had paid, I took him at his word, and made him keep the odika, and pay me from his wages. Also, I fined him, not for *delay*, but for delaying on errands of his own; and for loading the canoe with goods that were not mine. (His old *trading* habit still clung to him.) I was depressed at his lack of faithfulness. Pâwa, Mary's nurse, had been sick for some time, and was not well enough to help me in the care of the child. So, on Sunday I told my sister that I had written for either Anyentyuwa or Handi to come to my aid.

On Wednesday, the 9th, with my sister, Mary and her nurse, I went on an excursion to Asange. But, on the way, as rain came, I left them at a Fañwe village, and went on to the Post, where I was received courteously.

I went to Ndoña-nyare's to buy thatch. The people had none, except what was owned on trust, by the Asange officials. As my need was great, I yielded, for the first time among the Fañwe in the Ogowe, to the necessity of custom, and gave out $25 (goods) "in trust." It was a "system" that I had always opposed.

Mary's cough was improving; the paroxysms were less frequent; and she seemed more lively. During those days, there were heavy tornadoes. Some large trees were blown down near the dwelling-house.

With the season so rainy, and Mary still coughing, I did not think it my duty to go to the Kângwe quarterly communion. But, giving my sister a crew of seven, she went, in her *Evangeline*, on Wednesday, the 23d. Mary, now in her third year, had become a pleasant little play-mate, with whom to recreate herself out of her teaching hours. The child said "Ta!" (her

word for "good-by") as her aunt entered the boat; but, she did not cry, and was satisfied with Pâwa.

Shortly after my sister had gone, came Mr. Letz from Asange, with Mons. Du Val and another Frenchman. They remained to dinner. I made a special draft on my canned provisions: mutton, pork cutlets, sausage, lima beans, rice; and, for the dessert, plum-pudding, pie, cherries; and tea, limeade, and sherbet. Mary sat on my lap almost through the meal. Before dinner, I had showed the gentlemen through the house. After dinner, I took them over the premises, past the grave, to the brook, up the hill to my old cottage (used by Mâmbâ), down again to the boat-shed; and returned, showing them my fruit trees; and gave them young trees of orange, pitanga, and Avocado pear. Then, Mary asked for her milk, and went to sleep. Etĕndi had done well in cooking the dinner; Ombagho and Aziza served. And, Mary had not fretted.

I had carpenter Ingumu cut up the old kongongo, as it was too rotten to be mended. Thus, some of the land-marks of 1882 were disappearing: the original hut had fallen in 1886, next, the kongongo just gone, and the boat-shed was threatening to go.

Friday, April 1. At night, I had a strange sleeplessness. I felt eerie. I imagined that I heard strange sounds. While lying thus intensely awake, at 11.30 P. M. I heard the front-porch door slowly open and shut. My sister was still absent at Kângwe; and, besides myself and little Mary there was no one in the house, but Aziza. Suspecting her, I rose and dressed; and, at midnight, found that she was not in her up-stairs room. I studied what might be her object in leaving the house, and, remembering that she was often unnecessarily in the kitchen with cook Etĕndi, I went out-doors. And, at 12.30 A. M. I found her at his hut in his bed. He was speechless; and she fled to one of the other out-houses where was one of her relatives. I said nothing; and left investigation until the next day.

In the afternoon of Saturday, the 2d, my sister returned from Kângwe with a mail. At night, I read my mail, especially a letter from Mrs. Gault, about my request for Handi to return to my service. But, there was not much hope. She was unwilling to expose herself to my sister's authority. And, I was debating with myself about the probable necessity of dismissing both Etĕndi and Aziza.

On Sunday, the 3d, Mary, for the first time, sat throughout the entire morning service. At night, I arranged for the journey of the canoe to take to their homes the two delinquents, and

Akendenge and his wife on a vacation. Next day, the canoe and company left. It was a doleful beginning of the week.

On Wednesday, the 6th, in the afternoon, in the *Swan*, I went to visit my friend Count De Brazza, at the post. On the way, I found him at Njoli, on his gunboat *Saphire*. He took me on board, towed the *Swan*, and very affably told me his plans of removing the Post from Asange down to Njoli (his originally chosen site). On my return, I gave Mary a litte ride in "her" boat. This decision of De Brazza (though never carried out) more than ever confirmed me in my belief in the correctness of my refusal to locate my Talaguga station on Njoli. (True, at the present day, my successors, the French Protestant mission, have removed old Talaguga to Njoli; but, they as French, might do what I could not. Also, when they did make their change, there were no signs of government claim on Njoli; which was not the case in 1882.)

Early in the morning of Wednesday, the 13th, a Frenchman, who gave his name as Louis Dunod, stopped to salute us, and took breakfast with us. He said that he held the office of chief inspector of the Upper Ogowe. His speech and manner were unlike that of other Frenchmen; and I imagined him to be a spy. After he was gone, I went to Njomu, for thatch. Chief Njĕgâ was absent in the forest; and I had to wait for him two hours. In the house where I sat, were marks of the slugs where, the night before, Bĕnayel clan had come, and shooting through the bark wall, had killed a man. While I was loading my thatch in the canoe, the *Akĕlc* came on its way. Mr. Busch, on board, kindly offered to tow the canoe, which was too overloaded for my crew properly to paddle. On board also was the Portuguese Manoel, coming to relieve the trader Antyuwa. Mary unusually fretful in her evening bath. I had only a short inquiry class meeting. I was informed of an action of the Asange officials (including even my friend De Brazza) in their shooting the chief of a Fañwe village near Njoli, that seemed to me not only arbitrary, but treacherous. The *Gambia* came on Wednesday, the 27th, with mail, and two boxes, one of medicines from Burroughs & Welcome; the other from Lawrenceville, N. J., relatives, containing, among other good things, books that I had ordered, and shoes for Mary.

Just after dinner of the 29th, three traders, Messrs. Letz, Mooney, and Rene, made a short call. Mr. Rene came from a far interior place, as De Brazza had ordered the river to be closed to all white men, other than French, beyond Njoli.

On Monday, May 2, a Fañwe brought a fowl for sale; a very unusual event! By that time the tribe near me had become so engrossed with the largely increased number of trading-houses, that they ceased almost entirely to come to me.

On Thursday, the 5th, went to Njomu for thatch. Njĕgâ was not at home. I went to Sika's to call him. Returned; bought the thatch; and held a meeting. On my previous journey there, I had seen a little child with a bad case of inguinal hernia. The villagers were doing nothing for it; they rather laughed at it, as if it was something funny. Now, the child was dead. While I was at Njomu, the *Duala* passed down, having aboard Mr. Schiff, who, I was told, was finally leaving the river.

Tapoyo, Mr. Letz's new Mpongwe trader at Ntula's, came to see me, with several of Nyare's people, who had not visited me for a long while. One of them was the tall man, the one of Nyare's dozen, who had most efficiently interfered for me in my fight against him in November, 1883.

Many signs of the coming cool dry season; murky atmosphere, cool winds, the birds of the season, though rains had not entirely ceased.

There being some reported cases of small-pox, I vaccinated Mary. But, though she really tried to bear it, she was so afraid of the lancet, that she cried, and, in her resistance, the lancet cut too deeply. From the amount of blood, I feared that the vaccine had not been able to enter her system. Next day, I heard bad news about Mâmbâ and Akendenge. On Saturday, the 14th, Mr. Letz came to say good-by, as he had been promoted to Lembarene, to take Mr. Schiff's place. He left Alionet, a Goree Mohammedan, in charge of the Asange house.

The *Conquez* came slowly by in the evening of Monday, the 23d; and Count De Brazza came ashore, just as we were at tea. He joined us at the table, and petted Mary, who took his attentions very nicely.

On the 25th, I sent to Asange houses to obtain a duplicate of a vessel I had accidentally broken. My messenger was successful; but, on his way, had been hindered by the French, who were working at their new premises on the upper end of Njoli Island. I had a bad headache, most of the day; and, Mary's tenderness was very touching in her wishing to kiss away the pain, as I had often done for her.

Sunday, the 29th, was a clear beautiful day, reminding me of September days in the United States. In the afternoon, the

Falaba passed up; the first time she had ventured to go farther than my house.

On Thursday, June 2, I made a call on the trader Alionet. I saw De Brazza's photographer, and two enormous mastiffs, and carrier-pigeons; which he was taking with him to the Kongo interior. As I returned, I saw the sites which were assigned for traders' houses, near Njoli, when the post should be removed thither from Asange.

I saw some Fañwe children trespassing at the mouth of the brook. Of course, I encouraged all natives to come to my house; but I did not allow them to wander over the premises, and cut trees, or dig, or otherwise appropriate the ground. When I ordered the children away, one of them, a girl, said that she thought she had a right to be there, because she was " Ntula's daughter! "

JOURNEY TO KÂNGWE.

It being the dry season, it was safe to travel with Mary. So, on Wednesday, the 22d, I went to the quarterly communion at Kângwe. With my sister, and Mary, Abumba and wife, Agonjo and child, and four other men, and stopping on errands at various places, we were at Erere-volo, for lunch with Njalĕle; and, then, before sunset, to Aveya, who still was in charge of Belambla. The night was very bad with mosquitoes; my Mary was kept awake by them, and crying.

The next day, stopping at a village below the Ngunye, we were at Andĕndĕ early in the afternoon. Church-members were already beginning to come. The following day there were the glad welcomes of the constantly arriving native friends; and consultations with Mr. Good, about the interests of the station.

On Saturday, the 25th, I was buying food for my expected return journey; bought a new canoe; and tied up, for use in the United States, a hippopotamus head, which Njivo's husband Mbora had bought for me.

On Sunday, the 26th, the church was crowded. There were six baptisms; among them, Agonjo. [He subsequently became an elder.] My part of the exercises was the distribution of the elements. Mary needing her food at her regular hours, I was rather late in my arrival with her at the church. She sat well during the remainder of the services. Next day, the crowd of visitors rapidly departed.

On Tuesday, the 28th, I went around the island to the trading-houses; and bought a mouth-organ as a toy for Mary, and shoes

for myself and Njivo. Mr. Letz offered me passage on the *Duala* for the following Tuesday. Though this called for a week's delay, I preferred it to the four days' boat-trip, so trying to Mary, in its confinement.

Next day, some of my crew, seeing that there was to be a delay, applied for leave to visit their homes at various points from fifteen to forty-five miles down-river. One of them Re-Mondo being thus given permission, stole one of Mr. Good's canoes, for the trip. To assure the return of those who went, I declined to pay them their month's wages (though only one day) in advance. The next day, I paid those who remained.

As I was to return home on the *Duala,* I utilized my crew, on Friday, July 1, by sending them in my newly-purchased canoe, ahead as far as Laseni's, there to gather plantains by the time the *Duala* should overtake them.

In compliance with the French government requisition that no school should exist in our mission without instruction being given in the French language, the Board made efforts to obtain, in the United States and Canada, a Christian teacher, who, possessing a knowledge of French, was willing to devote it to the foreign missionary cause. Not one could be found. So, as an alternative to having our schools closed, French laymen, nominal Christians, were sent to us. They were very unsatisfactory. We Americans, for the sake of example to the weak native Christians, on the Pauline principle, drank no liquor. Those Frenchmen had their daily wine; and, having attended church in the Sunday morning, spent the afternoon in amusements, following their habit of the "continental Sabbath." Also, the particular man who was just at that time in charge of the Andĕndĕ school, was a trial to Mr. and Mrs. Good. He was so severe that the pupils frequently rebelled. One day, while I was sitting with Mrs. Good in the "parlor," a school-boy rushed in and hid himself behind her chair. Immediately followed the teacher in pursuit, with a rod in his hand. The boy had fled from punishment to the sanctuary of the lady's presence. But, the irate teacher, regardless of her, struck at the boy; the latter dodged, and the blow fell on gentle Mrs. Good!

Messrs. Letz and Wichula were at church, on Sunday, the 3d, and remained to dinner. But, they left immediately afterwards, as they thought they heard the whistle of their steamer. It was so; both the *Falaba* and the *Duala* had come. In the afternoon, a mail was sent to us. Among other news was that of the probable return of Mr. Reading to Africa. Next day, I went around

to Lembarene, to see about boards that I expected for my proposed church-building; and to the post, to have witnessed a power of attorney, in regard to some property of Mrs. Nassau. Three years after her death, and at the thousands of miles distance from Utica, N. Y., and with law's delay and red-tape!

RETURN TO TALAGUGA BY *Duala*.

Appreciating the favor of transportation on the *Duala*, and fearful of delaying it even one minute, I did not sleep all Monday night. At 4 A. M. of Tuesday, the 5th, I was up and dressed, and started with my boat and company, at 5.30. I was in ample time at the vessel; and, our pleasant steamer journey began. Though the dry season shallows were numerous, especially near the Goree Island (Nenge-sika) they were all successfully passed. Near Ngwilaka, we overtook my canoe and crew under Agonjo, and took them in tow. Which was quite a relief to them; for, they had heard that the people of Isosa intended to attack them. (The reason was, not any complaint against me; but, Agonjo, in his trader-days at that village, had had relations with one of the women of the chief, and was charged with not having paid for the privilege. Now, though he had become a Christian, and was forgiven of God, he was, nevertheless, to bear the natural consequences of his sins.) Reached Talaguga before the 6 P. M. sunset, with glad welcomes; and the vessel proceeded to Asange.

In the afternoon of the next day, it returned, and stopping, hastily landed my boards and boxes. Mr. Letz was on board; he was anxious about some trade-charge made against him by the spy Dunod. Busy storing away the boards, opening the boxes, and arranging their contents.

On Thursday, the 7th, sent to Mavyañe's village, for my thatch-trust in Ziña's hands. The crew returned late, having had difficulty with his people, who wanted to dispute the agreed-upon price of the axe and cloth already paid to them. Then, my crew had gone on down to Njomu, to see if they could get some of Njĕgâ's trust. There was plenty of thatch; but he was away, and they could not take it without his permission.

So, on Saturday, the 9th, I went myself very early. Stopped at Mavyañe's to notify him to be ready; on to Njomu; found abundance of thatch, cleared off my old loan, and one hundred pieces on the new. On the way back, had an amicable talk with Mavyañe. Near Talaguga, at Nyare's old ozĕgĕ, found Mary

and her attendants playing on the sand; took them in the canoe, and was at the end of a successful day by 4 P. M.

On Sunday, the 10th, the trader Manoel sent word that he could not come to services, because an attack was expected on their village, in consequence of the shooting of a man of another village by a hunter who in the forest mistook him for a gorilla. My sister went itinerating as far down as Mavyañe's. The crew returned bringing with them forty of the fifty pieces of thatch due me. Considering that I had been so irenic with him, this action of his was plainly insulting. Those natives could scarcely complete a bargain without an attempt to overreach. I returned the forty pieces, next day, refusing them until I should be given the entire fifty.

For several months, I had been gathering logs for the foundation-posts, and sills, and sleepers for the floor of the proposed chapel. Finally, on the 14th, I began a busy day, with all my men at the site on the little island at the mouth of the brook, boring auger holes, and mortising. Also, warned by the danger the dwelling-house had been in by the felling of trees near it after (rather than before) its erection, I decided to fell a very large tree that was on the brook's lower side; lest, some day it should fall on the chapel. The tree-trunk was very thick, and its wood hard. One man worked at it all day; but did not accomplish much. The next day, Saturday, the 16th, Agonjo took the job, to finish it before Sunday. But, by the 5 P. M. rest-hour, the tree still stood. The situation by this time was dangerous, and the young men voluntarily stayed to complete the task. My entire family came to see the sight. My sister with Mary stood on the hill-side, by Mrs. Nassau's grave, in fine view of the tall tree. It fell, with a tremendous crash, exactly at sunset, and in an utterly opposite direction from what I had expected. Its trunk lay across the site of the chapel (thus making additional work) while the end of its top branch almost touched the grave. However, its log made a useful bridge over one of the two branches of the brook's mouth.

On Sunday, the 24th, services were disturbed by two Galwa employees of the French Post coming late to meeting, bringing with them bottles of liquor, for two of my men, their friends, Re-Benje and Re-Mondo. The former accepted; but, I ordered both the liquor and the visitors into their canoe and away. The next day, Re-Benje, who, for a long time had been lazy and troublesome, left. As usual with my deserters, he at once went to get employment with the adjacent traders.

On the 27th, I went on the hill, to inspect my old cottage. While there, Mary followed me with her nurse, to tell me that one of the little boys, Ngelisani, had struck her. It was the first unkindness I had known of her receiving, from any native. At evening-prayers, I spoke feelingly about it to the assembled household. And, at the usual inquiry meeting that followed, two of the members, Mburu and Monkâmi, spoke of the matter in a very sympathizing manner.

JOURNEY TO KÂNGWE.

Mr. Good had gone to England, for his health, and had left the quarterly care of the Kângwe church, and the monthly inspection of the station with me. It much increased my work and responsibility. It was a thankless task, and compelled an absence from my own station and family, of one-fourth of each month. In order to accomplish most in the given space of time, I planned for the journey down of one day, and yet, to include a number of necessary business stoppages. Arising at 3 A. M. of Friday, the 29th, to load the boat, etc., I was off by daylight. A stop at Njomu, to give out "trust" for bamboo; at Bitâgâ, to give notice that my sister would soon come for our annual vacation picnic; at trader Bigman's, and at Erere-volo Beach, to give "trust" for plantains; at Ompomo-Isosa, to eat. There, Agonjo's enemy would have assaulted him, my Winchester alone preventing his capture. We left, in an unpleasant state of mind. At Belambla, to inspect Aveya's good care of the place. Reached Andĕndĕ, at 9 P. M. The night was cold; I was shivering. But, was welcomed by all. Next day, I made out the monthly accounts, and took reports of station affairs (for my eventual report to Mr. Good). Went with Agonjo to the Lembarene Post, and had a satisfactory interview with the commandant, in favor of Agonjo; who, though he had been a sinner, had now repented; and the action of the Isosa man and woman against him was regarded as a case of black-mail. Candidate Mbora was employed by Mr. Good as an evangelist. As there was no need of his presence at Andĕndĕ during my week there, I arranged that, whenever I came, he should go away to Ajumba, and spend the Sunday in services there.

On Sunday, July 31, only twenty-three people at church. The weather was very cold. Thermometer marked 61°; the lowest mark I ever saw in my forty-five years under the equator.

Monday, August 1, was a very busy trying day. I was paying Mr. Good's employees their monthly wages. (Not a pleas-

ant task.) *I* was on the lookout for deception; and *they* expecting injustice. But, I had no trouble with any of them; excepting with his chief employee, Ra-Nyiko, who himself had employees under him; and, I strongly suspected "graft." Mbora returned from Ajumba. Though he had been my protégé, and Mrs. Nassau's theological pupil, and Mr. Reading and I had induced Njivo to accept him in marriage, he was treating her unkindly, his coarseness was resented by her refinement; she was unhappy, and all my sympathies were with her.

BACK TO TALAGUGA.

Next day, Tuesday, the 2d, I woke with a headache. But, after morning prayers, began to load my canoe, in which my crew, without permission, had stowed, to a point of inconvenience to me, a quantity of their own dried fish. I endured it. Had I ordered their goods out, most of them would probably have taken themselves out also. I could not begin a contest, or accept a delay; for, I had promised my sister to meet her at Bitâgâ on a certain day. And, with all their fish, the crew would be happy, and perhaps would pull better. So, I accepted; and we proceeded; and were at Belambla that night.

The following day, after our lunch in the forest near Isosa, I called to the people of the village, as we passed, telling them the commandant's message. Farther on, we stopped opposite Nkogo, and at Erere-volo, for the plantains, for which I had given "trust." With my field-glass, I could see my boat lying at Bitâgâ Beach; and, I knew that my sister was there according to appointment. On my arrival, there was a warm welcome from the awaiting company. Never before had my little Mary been so demonstrative. On the 4th, we went to our camp on the island in the lagoon; and repeated the pleasures of the previous year, reading, resting, playing, fishing, and doing nothing. Abundance of fish were caught in my net. Crowds of Fañwe came to visit us. Leaving a guard at the camp, sister and I with Mary, spent the night in the more comfortable trading-house. Friday was a repetition at the camp. Mary enjoyed flinging pebbles into the water, and in watching the flocks of pelicans. Of fish, there was a surfeit. And, again, the night was passed in the village. And, on Saturday, the 6th, the boat was loaded, and all started in good spirits.

While we were stopping at Njomu, Agonjo's enemy (who happened to have removed from Isosa to Yeña), came across the river to talk about the quarrel. He was rather startled at the

message I gave him from the French commandant. And, late in the afternoon the (anticipated) celebration of Mary's third anniversary birthday ended, and, we were comfortably at home.

On Sunday, August 7, the *Duala*, on its way down from the Post, anchored, and sent ashore four small bags of rice, and a request from Mr. Letz to buy Mrs. Nassau's organ. Such Sabbath businesses very much annoyed me. But, my trader-friends traveled, regardless of days. And, as they kindly brought my mails and supplies, I had to *receive*. But, that *I* should *sell* anything on Sunday was my own matter and under my control. I never did it. Nor would I have sold that organ under any consideration. It was a sacred souvenir for Mary Foster's daughter, who was that day three years old. [Years afterward it passed safely into the hands of that daughter.]

On Tuesday, the 16th, I began to set the foundation-posts of the chapel. I felt quite elated with success. And, still more so, as, in the evening, there arrived from their vacation, in two canoes, Abumba, Awora, and their wives, and two new men, and a lad. There were happy rejoicings at the arrivals.

The French gunboat *Saphir,* came from the Post, and sent a boat ashore, with word for me to go aboard. I hastily went off in my canoe,with a crew of four; on reaching Yeña, the people of the village fled to the forest. We had to wait a long while for Agonjo's enemies, Akumu-lekwe and Akâtyani, to be summoned from the forest. They came; and the captain very shortly settled the affair. The *Saphir* went on its way, unfortunately, in the low water, going on to a snag. And, I returned in my canoe, stopping at Mavyañe's, and was given all the thatch due me. (About which, the women had made difficulty, when I had sent for it, a few days before.) I was pleased to meet there, the man, Igwĕra, who had so politely entertained Mrs. Nassau, on her journey (in December, 1883, and February, 1884) when he was living near the Ngunye.

On Sunday, the 21st, a number of employees of the government at the services; my deserter Re-Benje with them. At Sabbath school there was a canoe-load of Fañwe from Sanjâla. I had a good Bible class. And, my little Mary was well and hearty and happy.

Though I made occasional short journeys, under necessity of business, I did not yet feel that I was free to leave my child, and go on itinerations, on which she could not accompany me. Mâmbâ had apparently done well that work for me, before he

left me (under the temptation of liquor and trade). So, as Abumba and Awora had returned, I occasionally sent them, on that work. (They subsequently were employed as evangelists in larger fields.)

INSPECTION JOURNEY TO KÂNGWE.

The month had come around again, for my inspection of Kângwe station. I was off by 5 A. M. of Saturday, the 27th. One of the necessary stops was at Bitâgâ, to inform the trader there, Njambi (one of my former employees), that my sister would meet me there on my return, a week later, for another outing for Mary. At Erere-volo, where trader Njalĕle offered me some of the delicious meat of a manatee (dugong) that had just then been caught by the people of that village. At Belambla, where Ompwenge was in charge, in place of Aveya. Was welcomed, on my arrival at Andĕndĕ at night; and sat up late, reading a mail which had come the day before, by the *Falaba*. On Sunday, the 28th, there were sixty people at church; a good Bible class in the afternoon; and, in the evening, I enjoyed singing with my friend Njivo. Captain Birchman and Mr. Smith were visiting Miss Harding, on the Hill. I sat up late, past midnight, reading general assembly reports from Omaha, United States, sent by Mr. Reading, who had been attending there, as elder of Corisco presbytery.

I was on my feet, all day of Monday, paying wages, buying supplies; and receiving reports from Mr. Good's evangelists. One of them, Ra-Nyiko was so insubordinate, that I suspended him. Those employees were Mr. Good's appointees; but, as I was (even temporarily) in charge, they were, just then, under my orders. Two others, Bigman (a former employee of Mr. Reading and of myself) and Jakob, made commendable inquiries as to how to conduct their inquiry classes.

The next day, I was very busy preparing for my return journey. My crew, whom I had allowed to visit their homes, were returned in time. One of my ankles had been abscessed for some time. At night, good Njivo skillfully opened it, and let out some pus.

RETURN TO TALAGUGA.

Remembering the inconveniences of the journey of the month before, I had announced in advance that I would allow nothing but my own goods in the canoe. On our way, on Wednesday, the 31st, we passed the *Gambia* aground. So low was the river,

in that dry season, that even our canoe several times grounded. But, we were at Belambla, by 8 P. M. Just twelve hours in coming eighteen miles; so slow had been our course in the tortuous channels.

The next day, September 1, we were at Erere-volo by 5 P. M.; took from Njalĕle thirty bunches of plantains, a fowl, manatee meat, and some eggs. The plantains made the canoe dangerously overladen; so that pulling through the winding channels had to be slow, making our arrival at Bitâgâ as late as 7 P. M. My sister was just then holding evening-prayers. I was given a glad welcome by my little Mary. Then, next day was spent in vacation, at our camp in the lagoon. The following day, Saturday, all three crafts started homeward, stopping at Njomu for a hearty lunch. Later, at a sand-bank, for Mary to play awhile; the restrictions of the boat, comfortable as it was, were trying to her energies.

The rush and responsibilities of the preceding eight days had their reaction. Rising with a headache, I had to sit while conducting Sunday morning services of the 4th. And, another necessary rest made Sabbath school late. For some time, our difficulties with the French government, about the compulsory use of the French language in our schools, had led to negotiations with the Paris Evangelical Society, with reference to their taking the Ogowe portion of the mission off of our hands. Mr. Good had been very desirous of this; for, he and Baraka at Libreville were especially affected. But, I did not wish to give up my Ogowe. Though annoyed by Roman Catholic obstructions, Talaguga was not touched on the school question. I had no school at all; and, my sister's class consisted of only four pupils. (Less than the "school.") At the evening monthly concert, I informed the household, that the probability was that we would continue to hold the Ogowe; and that, for some time, at least, there would be no transfer to the Paris society. My people (who knew of "French" only as government officials) expressed themselves in a gratifying manner.

On Monday, the 5th, I resumed my chapel-building. Agonjo's little boy made a pleasant playmate for Mary. I was very particular about her associates. The village children were none of them fit, either in dress or civilization. When they came, they were treated kindly; but, she and they were only curiosities to each other. I paid also Ingumu's wife for occasional aid to the unworthy Aziza, whom, at her earnest pleading (and in my

otherwise helplessness) I had allowed to return. A large canoe, on its way to Asange, stopped with a letter from a man down-river, who wished to marry Aziza, asking her to come to him in that canoe on its return. She declined; wisely taking the position that he should come to her. I still was doing my village itineration vicariously, by sending Abumba and Agonjo on a tour of exhortation. By Thursday, the 15th, work on the chapel progressed, so that the frames of the walls were put in place.

As Mr. Letz had not been able to put in working-order all the keys of Mrs. Nassau's organ, and the longer retention of the instrument in the African climate would still further deteriorate it, I boxed it, on the 16th, to have it ready to be sent to the United States, there to be repaired. [This was subsequently done, at the Mason & Hamlin repair-shop in New York.] In the evening, I was rejoiced by Paul Agonjo requesting enrollment in my sister's class, for instruction in the work of an evangelist.

DOWN TO KÂNGWE.

I had barely rested from my previous month's trip to Kângwe, when it became necessary to prepare for the quarterly communion journey. My sister was not well, and did not feel able to remain in charge during my absence. So, she was going with me, though my *Nelly-Howard* was out of repair, and her smaller *Evangeline*, in which I was taking the organ, would be crowded. So, on Tuesday, the 20th, we started, with boat and canoe, crews of fifteen, and my sister, myself, and Mary and her new nurse Irândi (the fifth of the eight incompetents). There was a dry season drizzle, premonitory of the coming rains. With stops, we were at Belambla shortly after sundown. Neither Ompwenge nor his assistant were at their post; only two Bakĕle. I had a heavy job of lifting the organ-box out of the boat, to house it over-night against rain.

The next day, Wednesday, the 21st, we reached Andĕndĕ in the middle of the afternoon. Discharging my passengers and goods, I went on at once with the organ around to Lembarene, to leave it at the house of H. & C. ready for shipment to Libreville and thence to Liverpool and the United States. When I returned at dusk, the premises were already beginning to be crowded with the evangelists, Yongwe, Okendo, Ogula, and their companies of inquirers, and other church-members, gathering for "the feast." Mary had already made herself at home with

my friend Njivo's little son Onyĕnge and daughter Lena (Abidi).

During all those days, Thursday, the 22d, to Saturday, the 25th, I had no time to read the newspapers that were awaiting me, or to write letters for the mail. There were daily church-session meetings from 9 A. M. until 11 A. M.; and from 2 P. M. until 3 P. M. Then preaching services from 3.30 P. M. until 4.30 P. M. And, session again, from 7 P. M. until 11 P. M. During the intervals, I was occupied with buying the abundance of food brought for sale (besides what the crowd had for their own feeding), and the reception and recording of gifts of vegetables, eggs, etc., for monthly concert (before the days of the introduction of foreign coin). One of the new members, Osamuwa-mani, had with him his little child whom he had named Mary. She was very sick. Leaving her, he had gone away, to bring his wife, and returned on evening of the 23d. The next day, near noon, the child died. Such heart-rending wailing! I thought much; had it been my own little Mary! She was too young to understand; but, nevertheless, was impressed by the prevalent sadness. My sister made herself very helpful, by her sympathy with the parents, and by presiding over the funeral arrangements. The burial was that same evening. In the tropics, interment follows death, within twenty-four hours.

There was a large crowd at church on Sunday; and all the program was carefully made and followed, in a solemn and orderly manner, without confusion. There were ten baptisms.

During Monday, the 26th, to Wednesday, the 28th, I was under great physical and mental strain. The crowd were leaving for their homes. I was wanted by a waiting line, each of whom wished to be first, with some request for medicine or information, or for inquiry or advice. I was busy from early in the morning of Monday. All day, I was paying wages of the "Bible-readers" (evangelists), Bigman, Elder Yongwe, Aveya, and their companies, and some of my own people. It is easy to pay wages, when they are counted in coin. But, those were the days when we paid in goods. So much time was taken by the native in deciding what *kind* of goods he should take, whether calico-cloth, or tools, or a dozen other things.

On Tuesday, the crowd had largely dispersed. It took a long time to satisfy Elder Yongwe. Not that he disputed my account; but, he was slow in his selections. I paid the incompetent Irândi, and dismissed her.

On Wednesday, payments were complete, and the crowd were all gone. Then, I was to attend to my own needs. Went in the boat to the trading-houses, taking with me my child, to whom I had been able to give little attention during the previous week. She was pleased, in seeing so many civilized houses, the two German, the English H. & C., the French Post, and the Roman Catholic mission. (Which had followed me, and had located on the high bluff at the upper end of the island, in the rear of the Eyĕnano villages.) She was attracted by leopard and monkey skins at the English house; where also she was presented with a little drinking-cup. And, at Mr. Letz's, she was given a mouth-organ. The white gentlemen were pleased with the rare sight of a white child in their homes. The return up-river could not be made on Thursday, as my sister was not well.

BACK TO TALAGUGA.

As she was better on Friday, the 30th, the start was made. I had obtained several new employees; they worked better than any previous crew. At a very picturesque spot in the forest, we lunched, my sister reclining in the boat, and Mary glad to get a chance to romp ashore. At night, rather than ask hospitality at the Island "factory" (under its then conditions) we slept at Byam's Fañwe village.

The next day, our nooning was in the forest, at an exceedingly pretty spot beyond the "Goree" islands. My sister was better, and was carried ashore in a hammock, in which she reclined under the shade of the trees, and without fear of rain. We were at Belambla early in the afternoon, arriving not much later than Ompwenge, who had started from Kângwe on Thursday.

The rest on Sunday, October 2, was a relief to my sister, who still was feverish. We saw the *Duala* pass up. My principle against Sunday-travel would have had a justifiable exception, if I could have placed her on it. But, it was in vain to make any sign to the vessel, as we watched it from the boat-landing. While there, Mary was thrilled to see a hippopotamus swim by.

The next day, starting early, and, for my sister's sake, avoiding stops at villages, we ate, after a long run, in a forest camp below Sakuma. But, people came from the village into the forest to satisfy their curiosity in gazing at the white lady and child. We enjoyed eating a bread-fruit, which I had brought from Belambla, from a tree of my own planting. The rest, at

night was at Erere-volo, in Njalĕle's house. Unfortunately, he was drunk; for which he seemed ashamed.

On Tuesday, the 4th, my sister was worse, and in much pain. We hasted; but, had to stop at Njomu Beach to eat; where we were annoyed by the people staring at our eating. Then, we pulled rapidly on to our home by 4 P. M. I had mislaid the front-door key; and, in my anxiety to get my sister to her bed, I did not take time to search. So, I climbed into the house through a broken window-pane, to open the door and windows. (It was an evil example, that was followed by thieves, on the occasion of my subsequent absence at Kângwe.) Everything was safely landed. I counted twenty-three natives in my household.

As my sister was better on Thursday, the 6th, I ventured to leave her; and, with two canoes and twelve men, went to Njomu for bamboo-rafters for the chapel roof. We went into the swamp at the rear of the village, first leaving there two to teach and exhort, while I superintended work in the forest. After a successful day; and a night's rest, we ten went again, next day, to the forest, carried the ninety fronds to the canoes, ate our lunch, and at noon started to return. In the more lightly-laden canoe I was at home by 4 P. M., and my little girl at the landing to welcome me; and, my sister was better, and able to move about the house.

On Saturday, the 8th, the *Duala* brought a letter from Ompwenge, telling of the accidental burning of the Belambla kitchen. Poor Belambla! By Thursday, the 13th, I was pushing the work on the chapel roof. Three Fañwe came to ask employment; and a Fañwe lad came to live at the house to learn to read. This pleased me much. Mary's cat "Falaba" had three kittens, which added greatly to her amusement.

I had continued pressing the chapel work under my personal direction; and the roof was entirely completed in the afternoon of Saturday, the 15th. It was a great relief to me; for, the rains were falling heavily, every night. That night, the clouds and thunder were alarming. There were other things which gratified me; Fañwe were willing to work for me; and, they brought me food in exchange for dried fish; the little girl Bitâgâ, who had run away, more than a year before, returned; and two boys also came to live and be taught. The entire working force busy at the chapel, in squads of two or three, at a variety of

jobs; some, tying bamboo on to the walls, squaring logs for sleepers, raking up rubbish, etc.

We had intended making an excursion to the Asange villages. But, Mary was not well. So, I went alone, to inquire at the trading-houses, for condensed milk. On the way, stopped to see the steam saw-mill which De Brazza had erected on the upper end of Njoli Island. How I longed for the industrial school, for which I had been pleading for almost twenty years! At the Post, were a company of Frenchmen with their crews of one hundred and fifty men, just arrived from the Interior.

On Friday, the 21st, the *Gambia* came, with a mail, and my American order of soap, rice, tools, etc., etc. And, on Monday, the 24th, the *Duala*, which had passed up on Sunday, stopped to buy tools. I felt a great satisfaction in contributing to the industries of the Ogowe. The presence of the four Fañwe children, permanently in my household, was an incentive to their people to sell me food. But, at once, tribal jealousies were aroused. For years, my household had consisted almost solely of Galwas. Ngelisani began to oppress the Fañwe boys, by taking away their mosquito-net at night. I soon stopped that. At the chapel, the men worked well, according to their own standard. But, I had, in my long experience, adopted some esthetic styles in bamboo. What was fit for a hut, I did not think fit for a chapel; and, I was exact and strict in my requirements about straight lines. (My protégé, Rev. Mr. Itongolo, years later, in his erection of the church at Uběnji, in the Batanga region, imitated me.) On Saturday, the 22d, two of the young men Ndongo and Anome-go-nkala (men-in-town) fell from the scaffolding, and were unable to work for several days. One of them died at his home, several months later (I am not sure, due entirely to his fall).

TO KÂNGWE.

In filling my trying task of monthly inspection, I had another journey to Kângwe, on Friday, the 28th. I took advantage of the *Gambia*, and joined it with my canoe and crew. In such a rainy season, I would not take either my sister or Mary; and, when unaccompanied by them, I preferred a canoe to the *Nelly-Howard*. The latter, indeed, gave protection from rain; but the former was more rapid. The *Gambia* stopped for the night at Mr. Jones', a new trader, near Ngwilaka. He gave a doleful account of his troubles with the natives. The *Akěle* was there also, on her way up-river. In the morning, I sent by it a little

letter to Mary. The *Gambia* resumed her journey; but, she soon broke one of her valves, and was helpless. So, I left her, in my canoe, giving passage to the trader, Mr. Mooney. Ate at Belambla; deposited Mr. Mooney at his Aguma house, Lembarene; and was at Andĕndĕ by 6 P. M. sunset. According to arrangement, candidate Mbora was away at Ajumba; and my friend Njivo, his wife, was visiting in Lake Onanga. I was relieved, at hearing that Mr. and Mrs. Good were soon expected to return. Andĕndĕ seemed very quiet and lonely, with no voices of children.

On Monday, the 31st, I paid Mr. Good's employees their monthly wages. Had trouble with one of them, "Abraham," whom I had refused to accept for baptism at the previous communion. Presbytery had a rule that ability to read should be required as a condition of baptism except, (1) when the candidate was too old to learn. (What was "too old," twenty or forty?) (2) Or, having tried, had proved unable to learn. ("Trying," for how long; six months or two years?) (3) Or, was too far from opportunity of instruction. (What was "too far"; two miles or ten?) Mr. Good interpreted all these exceptions much more leniently than I. The result was that double the number of candidates passed his examination, who could not have passed mine. Naturally, they praised him. But, the church-records later showed that persons baptized in their accepted inability to read God's Word were not likely to grow in their Christian life.

RETURN.

Next day, Tuesday, November 1, I went on my own errands to Lembarene. And, then, hurried back to Andĕndĕ; and hastily got my canoe ready. But, there was the usual trouble, of the crew crowding, not simply their necessary baggage, but offensive-odored dried-fish, etc., which they intended (not to eat but) to sell for gain. When I ordered these out, one of the crew, Ogula (a Shĕkyiani) rebelled and deserted. I went on, with the remaining five paddles. But, it was slow disheartening work. Stopping for the night at an Akĕle village, there were only five people there. Next day, reached Belambla in a heavy rain. Ompwenge was very helpful in drying our wet goods. And, I had fruit, of my own planting, Avocado pears and mangoes.

The following day, Wednesday, the 3d, when I reached old Osamu-'kita, I was overtaken by the *Duala*. I gladly ran alongside, knowing that my German trader friends usually would be

willing to give me a tow. To my surprise, objection was made, and I was warned off by a French officer. I felt very much humiliated. (I subsequently learned that the vessel had been chartered by the French, and, that, while they were willing to take myself as a passenger, they were unwilling to tow the canoe and crew.) I continued my journey with the canoe.

At the Akĕle village where I stopped to eat, the staring of the people was exceedingly offensive. In my early days in Africa, being stared at while I ate, amused me. But, after almost thirty years, it had become trying, especially from the Fañwe and Bakĕle; Benga, Kombe, and Mpongwe were more polite. At Nkogo, I could get no plantains; the gardens had been devastated by elephants. At Njalĕle's, I recovered some utensils, that had been forgotten on our last visit there. And, after dark, pulled on to Njambi's at Bitâgâ Lagoon. A woman, of the Biman clan welcomed us. But, there was little opportunity for religious services. A mourning for the dead was going on in the village.

Next day was very warm, and the crew wished to stop and bathe. But, I feared rain, and had to refuse. Reached Talaguga in a heavy rain. The *Duala* had left a mail; its best letter was from the Board telling of the expected coming of a new missionary, a Mr. Findley (or Finlay). My sister and I were beginning to feel the strain of years and the isolation of frontier-work, and looked with hope that the recruit would be our relief. (But, he never joined the mission.) Beginning with Sunday, the 6th, and then almost every day of the following week, there was some "palaver" with my employees. They seemed to be infused with a spirit of neglect and disobedience.

By the 12th, much of the carpenter work on the chapel-porch was done. The open space under the house became available for storing boats and canoes.

The *Gambia* came on Wednesday, the 16th, with a letter from Mr. Good announcing that he had arrived at Kângwe on the 7th. When the vessel returned from Asange, it stopped, and Mr. Mooney came ashore to buy some of my popular American tools. In the afternoon, De Brazza came down in a canoe. He neared my landing, and left his compliments as he passed. (I have ever had faith in the sincerity of his friendship.) I investigated my people's huts; and, at night, lectured them on the unclean conditions which they allowed. It was a great satisfaction, that for a month past, iguma and plantains had been brought in quantity so sufficient that I had not needed to give rations of

either rice or farinya. Thus removing a chief ground of complaint among my employees.

On Sunday, the 20th, just as I was commencing services, the *Elobi* passed up and whistled. I did not know whether it was a call or only a salutation. In either case, I took no notice. For, much as I valued the aid of the frequently passing vessels, in bringing me mail and goods (which sometimes I was compelled to *receive* on Sunday, when the vessels, against my wish, landed them) I consistently stood by my principle of doing no secular work on the Sabbath.

Next day, very early in the morning, I was awakened by Mary calling to me. She was coughing, as if in croup. I was alarmed, and watched her carefully during the day; for, the entire day was cold and rainy.

Aziza was not well for two days. Imperfect as she was, I missed her aid; for, I had to attend entirely to Mary, particularly as she was troubled with many small boils on her face. By Saturday, the 26th, work at the chapel was going on well without me, under care of the Kombe carpenter Ingumu. So, I stayed in my study, working on my final revision of the Benga grammar.

On Sunday, the 27th, the *Akĕle* passed up. When it came down next morning, it left for me a mail and a box of clothing and other presents for Mary; but there was no word or mark by which I could know from whom they had come. My poor child's boils so increased, that her face was almost covered with poultices. She wanted to be sung to, for her pains. And, had so many questions to ask, that I had to check myself from an attempt to check her.

On Thursday, December 1, while paying the month's wages, the little girl Bilâgâ actually asked pay for her small service in playing with and amusing Mary! The next day, she ran away, because I had required her to take the chigoes herself out of her own feet. I was pushing work at all points, so as to leave the house and grounds in order, when, at the month's end, I should start on the annual journey to the meetings at Libreville.

On Sunday, the 4th, Bilâgâ was brought back; but, she remained unwillingly. And, on the 7th, she ran away again. I regretted that. And, I was troubled by a variety of affairs: I was not well myself; and was pained at Mary's boils (though she bore them well); I suspected that Ingumu had been drinking; how should I arrange for the sewing, etc., of Mary's little garments, (the only work my sister had done for her since the loss of

Handi, and which she was no longer able to attend to). Heard that Mâmbâ and Akendenge were on their way to Talaguga; but, I did not suppose that they were coming with any intention of remaining. They arrived; and were, as always, polite and agreeable; but, left, the next day. I grieved for Mâmbâ. I never had a better employee; and, but for his weakness as to liquor, he might have been an elder, and a power in the church.

On Wednesday, the 14th, Mr. Mooney sent, asking for the loan of my copy of Stanley's "Kongo Free-State." Next day, I heard that little Bilâgâ had been sold into marriage!

I was hurrying the completion of the chapel-seats. And, I put up an arbor, by the gully at the east end of the house, for a granadilla vine, a job I had been wishing to do, for a whole year; but, had been delayed by so many more imperative needs. I enjoyed much the granadilla fruit. A large number of Fañwe, on a journey, had stopped over Saturday night; and were present at Sunday services of the 18th.

By the afternoon of the 21st, all the various jobs I had laid out for Ingumu and the other workmen, were successfully completed. And, all arrangements were made for the long journey that was to begin next day.

JOURNEY TO KÂNGWE.

Leaving several men in charge, we were all ready for the start by 9 A. M. of Thursday, December 22. The *Nelly-Howard* and passengers, and crew of five; Ingumu, leaving, in a canoe and small crew; and Abumba suddenly appearing in a small canoe, and demanding a crew. He had annoyed me by leaving the question of his going undecided, to the last. I gave him one man. It was an unpleasant ending of a service of many years, that should have been more honorable. With the usual stops, we were, by sundown, for the night at Belambla. Ompwenge had already gone to Kângwe; but, had left written direction, in a notice posted on the door, how to enter. (Quite safe, in a country where few could write or read!) There were abundance of mangoes on the trees. At night, Mary had the usual Belambla sad time with mosquitoes.

Next day, we were at Andĕndĕ house early in the afternoon; and, welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Good and little Albert. Candidate Mbora's wife Njivo and family were still absent. I missed her and them for aid with Mary.

On Saturday, the 24th, went to the trading-houses, to call on the gentlemen there; to pay my year's bills; and to inquire about

TALAGUGA CHAPEL

Facing page 566

possible steamer passage to Libreville. It being the close of the fiscal year, two of the general agents, from Libreville, were on a visit of inspection; Mr. Allam, of the English house of H. & C., and Mr. Lubcke of the German Wöermann. I preached for Mr. Good at the preparatory service of Saturday, the 24th. But, on Sunday, I had a bilious attack, and could not attend communion; but, remained with Mary, who also was not well. The day had little of the traditional Christmas appearance.

On Monday, the 26th, went around to Lembarene, with Mr. Good, to engage passage on the German *Elobi*. Then, I hurried back to Andĕndĕ, and sent Agonjo and Okendo to the *Akĕle*, to ask their passage to Talaguga. They had come down, only to attend communion; and, they were to go back, to be in charge of the station during my absence. Sent to Lembarene some of our baggage for the Gaboon journey. Paid my people their month's wage; and, most of them at once dispersed to their homes. Abumba again disappointed me. I thought that he had come only to attend communion. But, he had deceived me; he declined to return to Talaguga. And, the day closed unpleasantly.

I had reported to Mr. Good my superintending of his station during his absence. It had been done at his request, rather than that he should close the station entirely. It had been hard, responsible work; and, I thought that I had been comparatively successful. But, inevitably, there would be some regrets; and, knowing our antipodal points of view, I said pleasantly to him, in a deprecatory way, "Mr. Good, I hope that you do not find the station affairs in a very bad state?" "No worse than I expected!" he curtly replied. It was one of the few occasions on which he was unkind to me. For, with all our differences of view, I never had a quarrel or altercation with him. I felt hurt. My hard journeys to and from Kângwe, involving so much self-sacrifice in regard to my child, seemed to have become harder. I said nothing. I quietly resolved never again to fill that vacancy, even if Kângwe station should be closed.

On Tuesday, sent a canoe with more baggage for the *Elobi*. To my surprise, Agonjo returned, saying that the engineer of the *Akĕle* refused to give him passage. I thought that I saw there the hand of Mr. Lubcke. He did not like me, since an altercation he had had with me at Libreville, when he was drunk. (The Germans were becoming less generous than the English.) I at once sent Agonjo to Mr. Smith of the house of H. & C., who, I was sure would give him passage on the *Gambia*.

JOURNEY TO GABOON ON THE *Elobi.*

By noon of the 27th, all our company, Mr. and Mrs. Good and Albert, and my sister, and Mary and myself, started for the *Elobi,* in boat and canoe, at the German house, Mr. Lubcke was in an ill-humor; for, Mr. Letz, his subordinate, was having a difficulty with the French Post, about some Kru-men passengers. (And, that ill-humor directed itself toward me, during the voyage.) We anchored, for the night, near Ashuka. The accommodations were narrow. Mary had to sleep with her aunt in a little cabin. I was given no quarters, and slept on the upper deck, in the open. Mary waking during the night, and missing me (for, her crib had always been in reach of my hand) cried for me, and would not be comforted, until I came down and soothed her.

About noon, the next day, we reached Angâla, where the *Duala* was lying. The expectation had been that we would all be transferred to that vessel, and proceed to Libreville on it. But, Mr. Lubcke changed his plans, and ordered the *Elobi* to go on with him and us. Then, we lay at Angâla until 11 P. M., in order that when we should reach the river's mouth, we would find the tide at its best stage for immediately putting out to sea. Mary was much amused during the afternoon, by the antics of a chimpanzee that was put on board at Angâla.

Emerged at the mouth, before 2 A. M. of the 29th, and put out to sea. I was not seasick; Mary was, slightly. We anchored in the Gaboon harbor, at noon. I never have known why my sister, myself, and Mary, had to wait for a permit to land. (It never was required before or since.) Mr. and Mrs. Good and their child were taken at once ashore by Mr. Lubcke in the captain's boat. When it returned, we landed. Arrived at Baraka, we were welcomed by Mrs. Ogden and other missionaries. I found awaiting me a mail, which informed me that the box of gifts for Mary which reached Talaguga on November 28, was from the Hightstown, N. J., Mission Band.

In the afternoon of Friday, the 30th, arrived the *Mary-Nassau,* from Benita, bringing Mrs. Reutlinger. And, on Saturday, came Rev. Mr. Marling from his Angom station, up the Gaboon River.

On Sunday, January 1, 1888, though I was not well, I preached in the morning for Mr. Gault. He was in charge of Baraka, having been transferred from Benita, to take the place of Rev. G. C. Campbell, who had returned to the United States.

But, I was detained from the afternoon communion, by Mary's long nap. I would never interrupt her sleep. She wished me near her; for, she was still troubled with boils on different parts of her body; and, she was shy of strangers.

Then, after Monday, the 2d, there was a whole month made busy with varied occupations: Attending meetings of mission in the mornings, and of presbytery in the afternoons; a visit to the Plateau, to make an official call on the lieutenant-governor, and to consult the doctor about my child; efforts to induce Joaque to take a photo of her; Elder Etiyani went to the French hospital to have a tumor extirpated behind his ear near the base of the brain, and fainted, from the loss of blood; closed our meetings on the 9th and 10th; and, the members began to scatter. I took an eight-mile walk with Mr. Good, to the place Sibange, on an affluent of the Munda River, where Wöermann had an extensive coffee plantation of 40,000 trees. Mary did not wish me to leave her, and consented to my going only on my promise that I would return before sunset. I told her to watch the sun. There would have been no difficulty about the return, had we come back the same route. But, Mr. Good said that he knew another. As I knew neither, I had to follow him. He missed the path; and, finally we emerged at the Plateau, two miles distant from Baraka. I was fearfully tired. But, the sun was sinking; the promise to my child must be fulfilled; for, father's "Yes" was never doubted. I was staggering. I do not know how I accomplished those two miles. But, Mary was awaiting me on the Baraka path; and, I reached her just before the sun sank under the horizon of the sea. And, I had a chill in the evening. At the trading-houses, getting supplies, among the rest, 1200 pounds of dried fish, with which to stop food-complaints.

On Sunday, the 22d, I preached in the morning; but, all the afternoon, sat with my sick child on my lap. Next day, Mr. Good and his family returned to his Kângwe, on the *Falaba*. I remained with my sister, who needed the continued rest at the seaside; and, for my Mary still under the doctor's treatment. On Sunday, the 29th, Rev. F. S. Myongo preached in Benga, Mr. Gault in English; and, in the evening, I, in Mpongwe. On Monday, Aziza was sick, and could not help me. Took Mary to good old Mrs. Sneed's, to play with the kittens; and, in the evening, she was well enough to sit up at prayers. The ocean-steamer *Africa*, from Liverpool, arrived, having on board, my friend Mr. Reading, who had again joined the mission. The

Falaba came from the Ogowe, bringing Njivo and her two children. I was glad for their arrival; they were company for Mary. In the boat to the Plateau on February 6, with sister, Mrs. Gault, and Mary and Aziza; and Njivo and her daughter following along the beach. The *Mary-Nassau* brought Rev. Mr. Marling from his Gaboon River station, Angom, for a called presbytery meeting on the 11th; at which Mr. Reading, and Candidate Iguwi were licensed to preach. Meetings of mission and presbytery were continued on the 13th. Took Mary in the boat to the plateau, to have her vaccinated.

RETURN TO THE OGOWE BY *Falaba.*

On Friday, February 17, gathered together the last things, for the return in the *Falaba,* having with me new assistants, a Fañwe young man Nkâmâ, and a Mpongwe young woman Lucy. The steamer started late in the afternoon. The captain kindly gave up his room for my sister and Mary to sleep in. But, the child, unaccustomed to sleeping with her aunt, it was necessary for me to be near her, by sleeping on the deck at her door.

The next morning, we entered the Ogowe; and, by night anchored near Kamaranga. And, the following night, anchored near Ndogo. As we passed Igenja in afternoon of Monday, the 20th, we took on board three of my people; and anchored at Orânga, where Etĕndi (restored to my service) and three others were taken. We were finally at Lembarene by middle of afternoon of the 21st. The steamer's whistles were always distinctly heard at Andĕndĕ; and, the custom was for the mission-boat to be promptly sent around. But, Mr. Good failed to do so. And, after we had waited two hours, the captain kindly gave us his boat; and we and my people and all their and our luggage were at Andĕndĕ by 7 o'clock at night.

The next day, Wednesday, the 22d, I started my seven crew in the canoe on their way to Talaguga. And, in the afternoon, I went with Mr. Good and his mason, to see the site he had chosen for his proposed new house on the Hill. Though Andĕndĕ house had been built by Mr. Reading as a protest against the so-called "hill-fever" (of which he had read in some book) and, for convenience of a market at the water-side, in Mr. Good's mind (and I endorsed him) the evil of the proximity of the mosquito-infested low grounds of Andĕndĕ Creek outweighed the labor of hill-climbing (particularly since he had made the easier circuitous path). His site was a hundred yards

to the rear of my old house, and on the very apex of the Hill. On the 23d, Mr. Good asked me to accompany him in a formal call on Miss Harding on the Hill, relative to some difficulties between him and her, as to station control. Was surprised to find that two of the men I had left in charge of Talaguga had come down for food. Took my goods to Mr. Letz at Lembarene, to be ready for the first steamer chance up-river. And, in the evening came word from Mr. Wichula, that the *Akĕle* would take us on the following day. That night, I was busy packing and arranging, for the morning.

TO TALAGUGA ON THE *Akĕle*.

On Friday, the 24th, was awake before 4 A. M.; loaded up, and was off shortly after 5 A. M. And, at Mr. Letz's before 6 A. M. Transferred my belongings from the boats to the vessel, and started for our home by 7.30 A. M., my boat being towed. A French traveler, Mons. Froment, was on board. My man Monkâmi steered the boat so unskillfully, that, on reaching Bitágâ, I entered it, and took the rudder-lines myself. Finally, reached Talaguga after dark. Welcomed by the four in charge; and discharged everything that night. I was glad to get to my own bed; and grateful to be told that all was right at the station, after my two months' absence.

On Sunday, the 26th, for the first time, worshiped in the recently-constructed chapel. The trader Manoel and his people, and a boat-load of natives from the Post, were present.

I had brought the Fañwe young man, Nkâmâ, professedly a Christian, from Mr. Marling's station, in the hope that he might influence the Talaguga Fañwe, none of whom, after my six years with them, had made any Christian profession. The guavas I had planted (of the "strawberry" variety) were in abundant fruitage; Mary was extravagantly fond of them. I sent a number of plants to the Post. Mons. Kerraoul, on his way to Lembarene, stopped to leave a letter for me from Mons. Froment. I had found my Mpongwe so available, that I had somewhat neglected the study of Fañwe, especially since Mr. Good had said to me, shortly after his first coming to the Ogowe, "Dr. Nassau, you have the Benga and the Mpongwe; leave Fañwe for me!" But, as the tribe was now coming more regularly to Sunday services, I began to use Nkâmâ as an aid, he being able to communicate with me both in English and Mpongwe, besides his own tongue, his teacher, Mr. Marling,

being the best Fañwe linguist in the mission. Nkâmâ seemed to be zealous; for, he asked permission to address the visitors on religion.

On Thursday, March 1, Chief Njĕgâ (Nzĕ) and his people came with a present of plantains; and, I made a return gift. But, he was so greedy in asking for more, that, according to my rule, I took back mine, and restored his. This was my invariable lesson. But, it was a difficult one. The majority could not learn it.

Nkâmâ voluntarily preached to and prayed with the company. At monthly concert, of Sunday, the 4th, in the evening, I told the people of their being so different from heathen of other countries, in that they were unwilling to do anything for God, without pay. There was I, even before there was a church-organization, or a single Christian Fañwe, presenting the duty of native self-help! (A duty which I never failed to press, wherever I lived, during the remainder of my life in Africa.)

Mr. Wichula, of the German house of Stein & Co. (a rival of Wöermann) came in the *Akĕle* on the 7th, to settle accounts with me. He was selling out to Mr. Letz (Wöermann's representative) and was closing his trading-houses. I had, for my own recreation, written a history of Corisco presbytery. I wrote to my brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. Gosman, asking his advice as to its publication. [It was subsequently published, in pamphlet form, under the generosity of Mr. J. H. Pratt, of Albany. And, it is included in the chapters of my "Corisco Days."]

The young woman, Aziza, was kindly intentioned, but, she was heedlessly neglectful. As she and I were starting to the prayer-room, on evening of the 8th, she allowed Mary to fall. She evidently was hurt. I carried her to the room, and held her during the service.

It was a trial to me that so many of the Galwa young men, even church-members, in leaving my service, went at once into trade, with its inevitable association with liquor. Not all left as deserters. The parting of most was apparently friendly. Some wearied of the continuity of service, and wished a change; some wanted higher wages; for almost all, the old food question (of *variety*, not *sufficiency*) was still a problem. In trade, also, they would have many idle hours and days; the work was comparatively easy; food was always obtainable, for, the other natives, in their superior interest in trade, and for rum, would sell their produce to the trader rather than to me; and, the wages were higher than what the mission could give. And, yet, much

of the competency which those young men brought to the white trader came from their experience with me. From me, they had learned a little English to speak or to read; some ideas about obedience and civilized manners; and, an ambition "to rise." There came one such young man, Re-Ndiva, on the 9th, with a company of Sika's people from near Njomu, to occupy the trading-house on the opposite side of the river, just then vacated by Mr. Wichula's man. I had been reading, with much interest, "Ramona."

On Sunday, the 11th, Sika, his wife Mbâgâ, and their people were at chapel. Messrs. Mooney and Lubcke, Jr., called on the 13th, on their way down to Njomu; they accepted my invitation to stop for supper when they should return. Sika, also on his way back to Njomu, left his wife with me, for a few days' visit with Lucy. I had prepared quite an extra supper; but the expected guests did not return. They passed up-river the next morning, and forgot the courtesy of stopping to leave their apologies. I was grateful for the character of the service I was being given by my young men, better than I formerly had. But, the unreliability of both Lucy and Aziza, in their service to my child, was more than a daily care to me; it was an anxiety.

In the evening of Monday, the 19th, in the moonlight, on the veranda, I gave the children a fine romp and play, which they all enjoyed, except, when I exploded a torpedo near Aziza, Mary, thinking it was a "gun," was frightened lest her nurse was being killed.

Thursday, the 22d, a memorable day! I started Re-Njogo and a crew of five in a canoe to Kângwe. With that many employees away, I took a day off, in my study. While I was there, Mary strolled in by herself, and wanted to handle my guitar. It was standing unused in the corner; it had been untouched for months. She must have often seen it there. I do not know why it attracted her that day. To please her, I set to repairing the broken strings. And, then, at her wish, I accompanied myself in a ballad, "There came a gypsy on her way," the refrain of which, "A-ri-a-ru, a-ru," had been one of my most frequent lullabies in her infancy. She had always liked it. That day, she reclined on the lounge near me, listening intently. Her attitude and the song brought a startling memory of how I had sung and played that same song for her mother one evening in her "Cosy Nook" home at Holmanville, N. J., in 1881, she reclining on a lounge, in that same attitude.

In the trying responsibilities, cares, and annoyances of my

life in the African forest, I had failed to observe how I was becoming narrowed to just one line. The music brought back the civilized past. And, all the blessed things of that past were still trooping in my thought, when, near noon, the *Duala* came, with Mr. Letz and his captain. They could not remain for dinner; but, they joined me in music. I played for them on the guitar, Mr. Letz on my sister's Baby organ, and the captain on my cornet. I enjoyed a hearty dinner; and, after it, practiced on the cornet, sitting on the front veranda. The guitar strings, so long unused, needed a good deal of tuning during the afternoon. In the twilight, before evening-prayers, I was again with the cornet out of doors. The echoes struck against the hills across the river in a romantic manner, as I played "Annie Laurie," "'Tis midnight hour," and other songs of my serenading days at Princeton. After Mary had been placed in her cot, the employees asked me to show them my wooden snake. I did, as I had done, years before. They knew that it was only joints of wood. But, I juggled so well that its twistings and turnings were alarmingly natural. They would not touch it. And, I played for them, on the guitar. After they were gone to their huts, and I was alone, the excitement of the day was still in possession of me, the instrument was in perfect tune, and I sat out in the moonlight, and sang, "Stars of the summer night," "From the Tyrol I've come," "I'll watch for three," and other of the ballads I had learned at my Lawrenceville home more than 30 years before. I was alone, but I sang to quivering leaves, to the fairies of the flowers, and to the stars. I felt as I had not felt for years. A great load from the years seemed to roll away from me. (That day also, I had discovered a new flower in my garden.) And, other flowers seemed to have bloomed in my heart. It was a rare day. My little Mary had brought it to me.

A few of the young men who left my service, had left under dismissal and prohibition of my premises. They immediately obtained employment with the traders near me. Thence, they became thorns in my side. For, that prohibition did not hold on Sundays. I invited any sinner to come to chapel. They came, not for any reverence of the service, but to visit their former companions, and to foment disturbance among them.

There was a singular character, Frederick Pratt, a Sierra Leone negro, handsome, polite, educated, who was trading in the vicinity. As far as civilized conversation counted, he was equal to almost any of the white traders who visited us. My

sister actually enjoyed his company. But, there was always a suspicion with me, that, natives who came so far to obtain work were of the class who "leave their country for their country's good." He was at chapel and afternoon Sabbath school, on the 25th; and then went down to Walker's to buy food. On returning, in a storm, he was upset in his canoe and almost drowned by the waves which any strong wind soon raised in the Ogowe. Some years later, he married one of our best Baraka Mpongwe school-girls, Gertrude, widow of the recreant Elder Komanandi.

For several months, I had tried to collect a "trust" from Chief Nzĕ, of Njomu. Traders rarely succeeded in collecting all their "trust" for ivory, rubber, etc. They were satisfied with the gain they made on the portion paid. And, they advanced new loans to the debtor. At first, I had kept out of the trust system entirely. But, had finally entered it, unable to obtain what I needed, in any other way. But, not in its entirety. I declined to advance any new loan until the old one was paid in full. Fañwe did not understand that. And, my friend Nzĕ had taken no notice of the messages I had sent him. So, on Thursday, the 29th, I went myself to Njomu. I was not cordially received. But, finally Nzĕ changed tactics, and yielded to my demand. While I was there, the *Falaba* came, and handed me a small bundle, and box of limes, and apple-butter. When I reached home, Mary was as frantically happy over that apple-butter as most children are with any jam.

At 5.30 A. M. of Friday, the 30th, I sent a canoe and five young men with letters, giving them 2½ hours to reach the *Falaba* at the Post. At 8 A. M. that vessel passed down. I believed that my canoe had not reached it in time. But, only about five minutes later, my crew also came down, in rapid pursuit, and followed the steamer down-river. At 7 P. M., the crew returned, bringing back the letters. They told me that they had overtaken the vessel, but that the captain (a new one) would not allow them to come alongside, and had refused the letters. It was very rare that unkindness was shown me by any trader, English, German, or French, immoral as some of them were, and with as little sympathy as most of them had for our mission-work. I had joined in denouncing this man's seduction of one of our Baraka school-girls. Naturally, he was taking revenge. But, in asking him to carry my mail, I did not consider that I was asking a favor of *him*, but of his Liverpool firm of H. & C., who were invariably courteous and helpful.

That same day, the canoe I had sent to Kângwe, on the 22d, returned, bringing again Paul Agonjo and his little son. I was glad for Agonjo's return. His boy made another playmate for my child. And, himself I at once utilized to do the village visitation, which I could not regularly go away to do, the while I had only the unreliable Lucy and Aziza in charge of my child. Agonjo also assisted me in my Sunday services, and, I gave him Nkâmâ as his assistant in the village work.

In the evening of Saturday, April 7, Ntula (who considered himself as Nyare's successor in chieftainship, but whom I had declined to so recognize), came to ask me to receive and forward to the Post, a government canoe which he had found floating, and which hitherto he had refused to give up; but, which he was finally anxious to get rid of, as he heard that his village was to be burned for it. I refused to interfere. I had suffered annoyances on my premises from him, and was quite willing that he should get some punishment.

On Sunday, the 8th, I preached with unusual ease. But, during the remainder of the day, I had an unusually strange fever; and, by evening had to ask my sister to take charge of the service. It is quite distinctive of the African fever, that one of of its preceding symptoms is a bright mentality. When I felt brilliant in conversation, or especially fluent in letter-writing, I learned to suspect that fever was coming.

On Monday, the 9th, the *Duala*, that had been expected for several days, passed up-river. The next day, it returned, and anchoring, discharged a valuable mail, and fifty-four boxes and bags of my semi-annual supply of goods and provisions. On board were Messrs. Kerraoul, Mooney and Williams. The latter two came ashore to drink from my brook, of whose clear, sparkling water they had heard, as it dashed down the Hill. (There was iron in it; so much, that the edges of the banks were colored by it, and a distinct deposit was left in my cooking vessels. But, it was not obvious to taste.) Re-Njogo, whom I had sent to Kângwe on the 6th returned on Friday, the 13th, bringing with him Abumba. I hoped he would again be useful as an evangelist. But, after his desertion in the preceding December, I had not immediate perfect faith in him.

On Monday, the 16th, two of my people were sick, and wished to go to their homes. Four others offered to take them, one of whom was Etĕndi. Their offer was voluntary, and their going was not for my service, but, for their sick companions. Never-

theless, I promised that if they returned in fourteen days, I would pay their wages as usual.

On Thursday, the 19th, a small canoe with two young men upset in the swift current opposite the house. Little Ombagho and another of my people hasted out to them in a larger canoe, and saved them. Late in the afternoon of Saturday, the 21st, my sister returned from a four days' itineration, bringing with her a welcome lot of food, and two Fañwe boy-pupils. [One of them was Adzâ, now a Christian, in the service of my French successors.]

Friday, the 27th, I rose well; but, about 9 A. M. was suddenly seized with a violent nausea and vertigo, so that I was unable to stand, and remained lying until afternoon. I do not remember the cause of the vertigo (doubtless, indigestion). But, I failed to recognize it as an evil. [I have in these late years learned what it means. But, that was the first time that I remember being so affected.]

In the afternoon of Sunday, the 29th, I discovered Nyamba (who had been at chapel in the morning), at work in her old garden, the *ground* of which had reverted to me, by purchase. I had no objection to her taking plantain-sets from her old stocks; but, I ordered her away from work on Sabbath. On Wednesday, May 2, my canoe with a crew of three returned from Kângwe; but two days over the time-limit I had given them, and without Etĕndi. They told a tale of his drinking liquor, and fighting, and deserting them. I felt sorry for him, for, he had been a pleasant servant.

By Thursday, May 10, Mary, who had been sick and feverish for a week, was again herself. I heard that there were people from the Interior selling ground-nuts at the villages across the river, and that they had curiosity to visit the white man's house, but were afraid to do so; for, they were drunk, and had heard of my attitude toward drunkards. Lucy agreeably surprised me by asking to join my inquiry class. She had been so frivolous, that I was not looking for so serious a step by her. The kindly disposed but unreliable Aziza involved herself in another scandal. On Sunday, the 20th, some fifteen Fañwe from Njomu, were present at chapel in the morning, and at Sabbath school in the afternoon.

On Monday, the 21st, came trader Sika, in a large canoe, bringing as passenger, a former employee, Okendo, a Christian, returning to my service. I hoped much from him, as an aid in

Agonjo's evangelistic work. When the canoe was first sighted, the children mistook it, and shouted, "Mr. Good's people!" There was at once excitement and preparation to receive Mrs. Good. But, presently the disappointment was so great that my sister broke down. She was needing civilized female companionship. She was sick on Sunday, the 27th, and unable to come to chapel. But, Mary sat very quietly by herself. About fifteen strangers were present. Paul Agonjo's little boy did not prove to be a proper playmate for my child. I had to send him out of Sabbath school for filthiness.

By Friday, June 1, the dry season had come. The river had fallen, so that several feet of the rock (opposite the brook's mouth) were visible. The water had not been unusually high in May; at no time had it covered my front path. Lightning and thunder had ceased. Only slight showers at night; and menyĕngĕ drizzles in the mornings.

On Monday, the 4th, eight Galwa canoes passed up, carrying thatch for sale at the Post. One of them rested at my landing. I watched the crew, and moralized on their rum-sodden faces. For my useful tools and other helpful goods, I could with difficulty obtain thatch even by going for it myself. Then, those Galwas were making a 70-mile journey to sell theirs for rum.

My sister had recovered, and, on Wednesday, the 6th, she went down to Ngwilaka, on another three-days' evangelizing journey. She took with her her two Fañwe lads, to visit their village; and also the girl Bilâgâ, who, though she had run away to be married, was only betrothed, and had returned to school. While I was playing with Mary on Friday, the 8th, she asked me to show her how to jump rope. I had not forgotten some long-ago skill in that line, and my gymnastics amused her and the servants, who then were all excited, and went out on the lawn, to practice for themselves. The next day, the cat Falaba, who had promised us a litter of kittens, appeared in the house with one, much to Mary's delight.

In the evening of Sunday, the 10th, the *Duala* anchored at my landing. And, next morning, I, appreciating that the vessel had recognized my Sabbath principle, went off, before daylight, and received some sixteen boxes of goods and supplies, and a mail. There were constantly things that I added to the house and grounds, in the way of conveniences. So that the house was a very much more comfortable one than even in 1884. Besides the chapel, and employees' enlarged dormitories, there was a

new prayer-room, and better bridges over the brook, and over the gully (east of the house).

All morning of Thursday, the 14th, I felt dull and feverish. But, in the afternoon, Mary asked me to play on the cornet. She actually sang, to my accompaniment, the tune "Greenville," and the Sabbath school songs, "In the sweet by-and-by," and "'Tis the promise of God, full salvation to give."

On Saturday, the 16th, a canoe of Sika's, on its way up-river, came with a basket of oranges from Mr. Reading at Libreville. Some river steamer had probably dropped it at Sika's. It was a very honest native friend who had refrained from eating the fruit! Later, in the day, several government canoes, on their way to the Post, stopped to buy and sell. Best of all, they told the news that Anyentynwa, the Mpongwe woman whom a year before Mrs. Gault had failed to obtain as governess for my child, was on her way to me, having arrived at one of the Lembarene trading-houses. My great burden began to be lifted from me!

On Wednesday, the 20th, I started my best canoe in charge of Agonjo, down-river to Kângwe, for the several purposes of getting rid of two young men, who were leaving my service; to take away Lucy and Nkâmâ, whom I was dismissing; and, in hope that there might be brought back with them my friend Anyentyuwa.

Lucy's desire to join the inquiry class was only a case of "the morning dew." She was an accomplished dancer, and found admiring spectators among my workmen in the evenings, her exhibitions being very suggestive. And, poor Nkâmâ, whom Mr. Marling had sent to me, to save him from similar temptations at his own place, fell under her fascinations. It was a veritable Providence that was sending Anyentyuwa to my aid at that very time!

In my gladness, I took a holiday, next day. Leaving only three men at the house, I took the remainder of the household, with my sister, in her boat, and went up-river a few miles to the sand-bank which, long before, Ombagho had called "Mary's Ozĕgĕ." The occasion was especially for her pleasure. On the way, we stopped to inspect the government saw-mill on the upper end of Njoli. Then, on, to the Ozĕgĕ. How delighted the child was to land there! How fast she ran! Fañwe passers-by stopped to look, and annoyed me by the intensity of their stare, as if we were wild beasts. We made our dinner on the Ozĕgĕ.

Young Mr. Lubcke passing, stopped to take a cup of coffee with us.

On my return, I planted oil-palms on the lawn at the east end of the house, and in other places. (I had seen no oil-palms in the Talaguga region, when I located there in 1882.)

On Sunday, the 24th, Sika and his people were at chapel and Sabbath school. Mary's dog Don always behaved himself well during services, lying quietly at her feet. But, that day, Sika had brought his dog Dick. This was too much for Don's equanimity; and, there was some confusion. In the afternoon, Mary was still accustomed to take her nap, and therefore would not be present at Sabbath school. When I returned from school, I found her awake, but, patiently waiting for me; she had not cried, or been unhappy. She gratified me by often speaking of her mother. I had talked to her of her mother's photograph. For, she was hearing other children called to or for their mothers; and, I wished her to know that she had one. This had so impressed her, that in speaking to me of her mother, it seemed as if she herself remembered one whom she had known, and not simply one of whom she had been told.

On Thursday, the 28th, went with my sister and the children to Mary's Ozĕgĕ. Mary, now that she had passed the trials of infancy, and the tests of whooping-cough and boils, and I had learned to adjust my treatment to her fevers, was growing large and heavy. After lunch, I went on alone with the boat and crew, to the Post, to buy some of the government boards of its saw-mill. I was told that none could be spared. At this I wondered, considering that I saw the piles, unprotected by a shed, wasting in the exposure of alternate heat and rain. There were great changes on Asange Island, where the Post was still located. Many houses were built, almost the entire island cleared of underbrush; lawns sown; paths laid out; and even a cemetery enclosed.

On Saturday, the 30th, Candidate Mbora came again into my service. It was a refreshing assistance to have him in the pulpit with me the next day. And, on the following Wednesday, July 4, he took charge of the work of itinerating. But, almost as if our enemies knew of this stronger step in evangelism on our part, that very day, I saw a Roman Catholic priest passing in a canoe. I changed the weekly prayer-meeting from Tuesday to Wednesday, and held it in the chapel, having torn down the old bark prayer-room, in order to build on that same site a larger and stronger one.

PALM-OIL TREES

Facing page 580

I had kept goats, during Mary's infancy, for the sake of their fresh milk. Now, that she no longer depended on milk, I decided not to keep the animals. They had served their day. I wished the little fruit trees and other plants to have their turn for life; the goats were very destructive.

On Sunday, the 8th, both Mbora and Agonjo assisted me in the morning services, the latter in Fañwe. My little girl sat so prettily, dressed in a white merino, sent to her by my dear brother William. Next evening, Mary and the children had an unusually thrilling play of a native game, "Ilâge," enacted very dramatically by Aziza.

On Wednesday, the 11th, though it was dry season, the day was showery. I think that Mary felt the unseasonable weather; for, she did not wish to play; and, at dinner, preferred my lap to her own seat. Messrs. Mooney and Lubcke, Jr., called just at dinner time, and sat down with us. In the evening, Mbora conducted the prayer-meeting in the chapel. I had him make the exercises longer than in the former days when I had to attend to all the parts myself alone.

My sister with boat and crew went on Wednesday, the 18th, for a four-days' itineration. During her absence, the frisky Bilâgâ ran away. But, she came back when my sister returned. On Sunday, the 22d, Mary was present at Sabbath school. Impressed with the sight of so much teaching being done by her father and her aunt and others, she voluntarily took three little Fañwe children, and in regular formal manner began to tell them about a picture in her little book. (She used both English and Mpongwe.) I wondered if her mother saw the touching sight!

I ventured, on Monday, the 23d, to go away for two days, to Sika's, to get bamboo, for the roof of the new prayer-room. It was a successful day in the bamboo-swamp. After supper, I had preaching service for the villagers; which was somewhat spoiled by Sika's violent efforts to make the active Fañwe behave. It was a long time before I fell asleep in the midst of the village drumming and dancing. The next day, with my load of bamboo, after going homeward about a mile, I found the overloaded canoe leaking so badly, that, stopping in the forest, I sent men back by land to borrow a canoe of Sika. When it came, I divided my load; and we safely reached home.

In the afternoon of Wednesday, the 25th, I heard that the Fañwe across the river had seized and threatened to kill for "witchcraft" two of the little boys who had attended Sabbath

school on the Sunday. I immediately sent Agonjo and crew to try and save them. But, Mamaga (an old man, Nyare's successor) treated them roughly, and declared his intention to kill the children. Mary was quite distressed for the little boys. The next day, though I had a bad headache, I went, taking her with me, to Nyamba's (not Mamaga's) village, to intercede for their lives. [I have no farther record in reference to this incident. Nor have I any memory of the result. But, I judge that my intercession was effective; for, I do not think that I would have no memory of the fact, if the children were finally killed; nor do I think that I would have failed to appeal to the French, if I had not been successful.] Fully expecting the arrival of Mrs. Good on a visit from Kângwe, I sat on the front veranda after 7 P. M., awaiting the coming of a steamer. I had prepared candles in the six Chinese lanterns (which I kept for great occasions) hanging them on the front of the house. Before the *Duala* blew its warning whistle, I had heard the beat of its engines, and hasted to light the candles. Then I pushed off in my boat, and brought ashore, Mrs. Good and her Albert, and Angentyuwa and her little girl Iga. There was great rejoicing! Mary made a frantic demonstration! This woman, known as Fando (the name given by her mother), as Jane (by her father), Janie (by Mrs. Bushnell), Anyentyuwa (by herself), Jane Harrington (by most white people), and her younger sister, my dear friend Njivo, were the noblest native Christian ladies I met with in my entire African life. I had known them intimately for twenty-five years, since they were little children. Their father, a wealthy educated (but non-Christian) Mpongwe, had given Anyentyuwa, when only four years old, to Mrs. Bushnell, as her "daughter." Thenceforward, she remained at Baraka school as her home (but, supported by her father). She was proud of it, as she grew from childhood to womanhood, attached to Mrs. Bushnell as daughter, assistant, teacher in the school, companion, nurse, friend, adviser. Nothing was too hard for her to do for her Baraka home, and for the succession of missionaries who came during those twenty years. Of the two sisters, Njivo was the more beautiful, and witty; but, Anyentyuwa was a stronger character, as a leader, and more intellectually brilliant, her education having been carried far by Mrs. Bushnell. In that respect, she was superior to two of the missionaries. As to her truth and honesty, I have ever held her equal to any member of the mission. She had been sought by a score of white men, as a mistress. But, her virtue scorned their offers of wealth.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE TASK ENDED, AUGUST, 1888–FEBRUARY, 1891

BUT, this lady, when she came to me, "had a past." Appreciating from what she had come, and to what she was coming, she sought an interview the day after her arrival at Talaguga, and honorably making me her father-confessor, she revealed to me the true story of events in her previous five years, of which all the missionaries had heard many false and unjust statements. I am perfectly certain that she told me the truth:

In November, 1882, when she was twenty-four years of age, and still a virgin (a rarity, at that age, in that part of Africa), an educated native suspended church-member raped her. At first, she thought that her resistance had been partly successful, and she told no one. When she found that she was to become a mother, she told good "mother" Bushnell, who believed her. But the Rev. Wm. Walker did not; and, she was driven from her Baraka home. After her child was born in August, 1883, he summoned her before the church session, pointing to the child as proof of her guilt. He would not believe her protest. Apparently, the old man was not aware of the physiological fact that fertility does not depend solely on the consent of the female. She was suspended. Her long years of civilization had made her unable to support herself in the rough manual labor of garden-making; and, she tried to support herself in laundering and dress-making. Her own people she offended, because she refused to enrich them by selling herself. She still went to church. But, even there, Mr. Walker pointed her out as an evil example. So, she ceased to go to church. In this distressed state of mind, the advances of a certain white gentleman, that came in a respectful way, without naming a price, but offering love, protection, and support as *wife* was accepted. On her part, I believe that she meant no wrong. She knew that in civilization there were "common-law" wives; and that some of the States of America accepted the contract as a valid marriage.

In our mission (at that time) a church-ceremony was *required* only of male church-members. (Other Christian women were wives of polygamists.) In the Gaboon church, at that very time, were a score of men and women, living as husband and wife, with only the native ceremony accepted as valid. She lived virtuously with that English gentleman as his wife. But, unfortunately, she was spoken of, in traders' dissolute circles, and on the steamers, as in the same class of women who sold themselves for a price to any man. Which never was true of her, in any sense.

Mr. Walker's successor in the church summoned her. Her explanations were not listened to. She asked, at least to be allowed to retain a suspended church-membership (as was allowed, at that same time, to a man under suspension for drunkenness), especially as she still clung to her Bible and prayer. She was excommunicated. Later, when she found that the gentleman was unfaithful to her, she considered their contract broken. And, she accepted the offer of a French officer, on a promise of a marriage-ceremony. When he went to France on his furlough, asking her to reserve herself for him on his return, she refused, as he had failed to keep his promise. In order to return to the church, she refused continued offers from *white* men, and accepted a Sierra Leone negro trader, who fully expected to have a church ceremony. But, because it was (unwisely) deferred until he could build a fine house in which to make a display of the wedding, she was refused by the session. The man died before his house was finished. The insults that had been heaped on her by Baraka hardened her heart. And, she accepted the offer of a Scotchman living one hundred miles down the coast. In a few months he was recalled to England. At once, again, she had an offer. But, she refused it, determining to refuse all marriage, in order to be again accepted in the church. The man, to compel her, accused her of theft (a crime impossible for her). The local French magistrate sent her for trial to Libreville. Even in that court-room, the judge solicited her. She refused him; and he condemned her. That one act of hers, for me, condoned her previous errors. She went to jail for righteousness' sake. It was a shame; but, I regarded it as a crown. The affair was so outrageously unjust that the excellent Governor Ballay paroled her; and, the judge released her, in response to the protests of the French community who had known and respected her. Just at that time, her sister Njivo, Mr. Reading's housekeeper at Baraka, was intending to

leave him, for my greater need. Mr. Reading, who believed in Anyentyuwa, advised her to go to me. And, she came. Her little girl, Iga-nâmbe, or "Josephine," or simply Iga, was just two years senior of my Mary, and became her best playmate.

After this wonderful confession, I gave Anyentyuwa absolution. I believed her more sinned against than sinning. I had the example of my Master, at the well of Samaria.

Then I told Anyentyuwa the whole history of the causes of Handi's having left me. I gave her control of my child, with authority equal to my own in the daytime. I still retaining sole charge during the night. I told her that, while she was not under my sister's authority, I wished her to give her all respect. But, that in case of a conflict I would endorse her. I called Mary, and told her that I would not require her to come to me for permissions, as hitherto; but, that she might go anywhere or do anything that her governess "Ma" Janie allowed. ("Ma" is a native word, a title of respect.) Aziza, I retained, as Anyentyuwa's assistant, to save her steps, and to do her bidding. Then, I went to my sister, and reminding her of all I had suffered for two years through the loss of Handi, and of her own inability farther to assist me, even as to Mary's garments, I told her of the authority I had entrusted to Anyentyuwa, and begged her to give her no orders of any kind whatever. I warned her that if any difficulty arose, I would not compromise, as I had done, in order to save her, as in the case of Handi, but would justify Anyentyuwa in any refusal to obey. But, I assured her that the latter would always be respectful. And she was. She never failed. The situation was a delicate one; but, she carried herself with rare skill, tact, courtesy, and womanly dignity. [Unfortunately, there came a day, when my sister failed in her promise to me. I did not fail in my promise to Anyentyuwa. When the choice came between my duty to my sister, and my duty to my child, there was no doubt as to my child's priority.] Though my mother-care was not ended, the mother task was.

In the evening of Tuesday, July 31, came Messrs. Carrothers and Deemin, who, at my invitation stayed to tea, and remained overnight. I mention them particularly; for, they represented the English firm of J. Holt & Co., which had entered the river several years before, had retired, and now was returned, and was located, not with the other firms at Lembarene Post, but three miles farther up-river on the other (left) bank, in the Inenga tribe. And, to that firm, and to Mr. Deemin, personally,

I was subsequently often indebted for many favors and assistances in the use of their little river-steamers, and in other ways. On Wednesday, August 1, with my household, and my guests, we went on an excursion to the Ozĕgĕ; and thence to the Post. There we met Messrs. Kerraoul and Gazengel; and, I showed Mary the domestic animals that were gathered there for breeding.

TO BITÂGÂ LAGOON.

On Tuesday, the 7th, started on the annual excursion to Bitâgâ Lagoon, as an entertainment for my guests; and especially as a celebration of Mary's fourth anniversary birthday. We in the boat, and Abumba in the canoe. Being short-handed, I gave him Aziza and Bilâgâ to help him paddle.

Njambi, a former employee, but then trader at Bitâgâ, was not there when we arrived; but, when he came later, he at once gave us fish. About the same time arrived Agonjo from Kângwe. After evening-prayers, there was an ugly talk with some of the Fañwe, who wanted to make me pay for the privilege of fishing in the lagoon. (A strange demand for a tribe who had so outraged my property rights!) I recognized the right of *private* property in their towns and gardens; but, I told them that the lagoon was part of the river, which belonged to the French, to whom only would I pay tribute. The demand was not insisted on.

The next day, sending the two canoes in advance to prepare the camp in the same spot as the year before, the rest of us followed in the boat. The day was given up to amusement, all rules off. Abundance of fish; reading, resting, talking, children playing, eating with good appetites. And, returned to Njambi's for the night. The following day was a repetition. In the morning of Friday, the 10th, starting the two canoes in advance, we followed slowly in the boat, stopping for a few minutes each, to salute and recreate at seven different places. At the last place, Ogombe's village, we recovered Don, who had persisted in following us along the bank on Tuesday, and who had lost us when we crossed to the other side of the river. Ogombe had found him, and detained him for me.

The *Gambia* came on Saturday, the 11th, bringing Mr. Good, and a large valuable mail. Between the reaction from the responsibilities of the excursion, and the excitement of the mail, I had a bad headache. On Monday, gave Mr. Good a canoe and crew, to visit the Post.

Next day, Mr. Good was disappointed in no steamer coming; and, as he was anxious to return to his post, I sent him with his family, in my best canoe and crew, under the care of Abumba. Although the day was showery, Mr. Good preferred the canoe, as it was more rapid than a boat, and would have less difficulty over the shallows, which were unusually numerous.

On the 15th, I was troubled with an eye-worm. I had a disagreement with Mbora, on Friday, the 17th. In his trips to the villages, I gave him a man, to paddle; but, I expected that he also should work, and not sit idle, as if he was superior to manual labor. I felt disappointed in him, as he showed little energy or interest in his work.

On Sunday, the 19th, a large number of Fañwe at chapel.

In the evening of Monday, Abumba returned from Kângwe, bringing news of the rebellion of the school-boys against the brutality of the French teacher. Mr. Good, in his large school, had complied with the government requisition for the teaching of French. At Talaguga, I had not felt that the law applied to my sister's few irregular pupils.

On Wednesday, the 29th, Agonjo and Mbora came back so late from their itineration, that the latter was unable to assist me in the prayer-meeting. And, I was annoyed at Agonjo's clandestinely taking with him on his trips, bottles of palm-oil for sale. (The remains of his old trading habits.) Selling was right; but, I objected to his mixing it with his Bible-work. I spoke to him about it, next day; and his acknowledgments were satisfactory.

On Friday, September 7, Mr. Carrothers, of Holt's, stopped, in a small boat, on his way to Asange. He brought word that he had overtaken a canoe containing a Mr. Gacon, who was on his way to me, and who would expect a canoe from me to meet him. I at once sent it. To my agreeable surprise, the crew went so rapidly that they returned by 5 P. M. of Saturday, the 8th, with Mr. Gacon, who had come to repair the *Nelly-Howard*. In the evening, I enjoyed singing duets with him. He also had his flute; but, I could not play with him, as he followed his ear, and not notes. Mr. Gacon was a Swiss, whose trade had been that of a cabinet-maker. He had come to Africa, as a mechanic-assistant to Rev. Messieurs Allegret and Teisseres, agents of the Paris Evangelical Society, who were on a tour of inspection of the French-Kongo, with expectation of locating a new mission. They were following De Brazza's route to the Kongo via the Ogowe. While waiting to perfect their plans, they

were the guests of our mission, at Kângwe station. Not just then requiring the services of Mr. Gacon, they had allowed him temporarily to enter our service. And, he was making himself very useful as a carpenter in various repairs. On Monday, the 10th, he began work on shaping new timbers for the boat, out of curved branches of trees which I had collected for that purpose.

I allowed Anyentyuwa to go for several days' visit to her brother at Njomu. In a desire to accomplish several objects on the journey, I also sent Mbora, on his exhortation duty at the villages that would be stopped at. But, on the crew's return, they complained that he delayed them by visits to native traders. So, he objected to going any more on village-visitation, when I had any secular business for the crew. This *sounded* very well; but, it was not his real reason. So, I discontinued his village-work.

On Saturday, the 15th, I sent a crew to Yeña for thatch; and to bring Anyentyuwa, whom my Mary was anxious to have return, she having become already very much attached to her. Mbora came on Tuesday, the 18th, to apologize for his language; and, I allowed him to resume his village-work. Next day, the place was very quiet. One canoe and crew to Njomu for bamboo; and, in another, Mr. Gacon had gone to visit the Post, as he had almost completed the repairs and painting of the boat. I sent to Asange, to obtain from the Post, watercress for propagation at Talaguga. By Monday, the 24th, the boat repairs were entirely completed. Mr. Gacon had given it a new lease of life; it leaked only a little.

JOURNEY TO KÂNGWE.

On Wednesday, the 26th, late in the morning, in the *Nelly-Howard*, heavily laden with baggage, and crowded with twenty souls. My Kângwe journey was always associated with a variety of errands at villages on the way. At the end of two hours, for dinner at Njomu, at Anyentyuwa's brother's trading-house, and left her and her little Iga there until we should return. At Njambi's, at Batâgâ; he offered Mary a little monkey. At Sakuma village (a very large one of Njâgu and Mana) a woman gave her some sugar-cane. And, another, who was pregnant, came to gaze steadily on my little girl, in order that her expected child might resemble her. (Those natives were firm believers in "maternal impressions.") Dropped at their villages the boys Adzâ and Njĕgâ. And, at the village of

another boy, Angwe, stopped, for the night. Those Fañwe were very rude. I had to rebuke them, before they would give me a seat to sit on, or huts for me and my people to sleep in. Very rare inhospitality! I had a headache, and slept but little that night.

The next day, early on to Belambla. And, on, with intention to visit the new trader, Mr. Wheeler, at the Island "factory"; but, the channels were too shallow. At the Andĕndĕ house, by 4 P. M. and was met by the two French teachers, Messieurs Carmien and Lesage, and little Albert Good, who came to welcome my Mary.

The following day, Friday, the 28th, walked to the Hill, to see Mr. Good's new house on the hill-top. Preached for him at the afternoon preparatory service. And, sat up late at night discussing the question of native marriage-ceremony. Of course, he differed from me.

On Saturday, went to the trading-houses, to settle bills at each place. Did not attend the afternoon church-service, being occupied with my little Mary, who, in her play on the veranda, had run against a chair, and cut her lip. She cried herself to sleep on my lap. After the meeting, I paid my men their month's wage; and, to Aziza and Nami, Mary's attendants, their year's dues. Mary was not well at night. So that, next day, at the Sunday service, after I had preached the sermon, I did not remain to the communion, but, left, to sit with my sick little girl, all the remainder of the day. Several additions to the church; among them, one of my employees, Mañandi, whom I considered very unworthy.

On Monday, October 1, Mary was better; and, I went to Inenga, to Holt's, to inquire about purchasing their deserted trading-house up-river, as Agonjo's proposed out-station for Scripture-reading work. Returning in the afternoon, I walked to the Hill, with Mary, my sister, and Mrs. Good, to inspect the new house. From the bread-fruit which I had originally planted there, I got a young set to be planted at Talaguga. We had expected to return to Talaguga on Tuesday, the 2d; but, a note came from Mr. Letz, delaying the *Akĕle* until Thursday.

Next day, Mary was playing, and apparently well, excepting that she had a red rash; which, however, was not irritating. I supposed it to be the outcome of some intestinal disturbance. In the afternoon I packed the largest portion of our luggage, and sent it around the island to Mr. Letz, for the journey of the

next day. And as the transportation given me was a great favor, in fear of detaining the vessel even one minute (because of its early start), I did not go to bed, but dozed in a chair until 3.30 A. M. of Thursday. Then, I wakened the crew, and loaded the boat. Kind Mrs. Good prepared some tea. I wakened and dressed my Mary; and was off from the landing by 5 A. M. With Aziza's newly-married husband, Ogandaga, and a new employee, and a passenger, I had a crew of eight paddles. We reached Wöermann's by exactly 6 A. M.; and twenty minutes later, the *Akĕlc* started, we on the little deck, and the boat in tow. In passing Holt's house at Inenga, Mr. Carrothers sent off a letter generously giving me possession of their deserted trading-house at Mâgeněně. Passage was slow; for, a surf boat, heavily laden with salt, was also in tow, and, the channels were very tortuous, so that there was no hope of reaching Talaguga that day. As the hours slowly passed, my expectations receded from Njomu, Erere-volo, Ngwilaka, until finally, only by running after dark, did we reach Adzâ's village, the place at which I wished to stop to inspect the Mâgeněně house. When we left Anděndě in the morning, Mary seemed well; and, on the steamer, she ate well, and slept on rugs on the deck, a very long time in the afternoon. But, when she awoke, she was seized with vomiting and purging. I was startled, and could not account for the sudden change. Evidently she needed better watching than I had been able to give. I regretted having left Anyentyuwa. Perhaps the recession of her rash had something to do with the case. We all went ashore. I held meeting with the people, and informed them that the house was mine, and that I would send them a teacher. I passed a miserable night with my little daughter. The vomiting and purging continued. I feared she had dysentery. Under the medical idea of those days, I withheld the drinking-water, for which she begged, fearing it was not pure. Few memories in my life are as bitter as that of my refusal to her pleadings, "O! father! I'm your thirsty little daughter!"

We were up by 5 A. M. of Friday, the 5th, and off on the *Akĕle* by 6 A. M. Mary's nausea was diminishing, but her diarrhœa continued. I gave her, alternating, little sips of lemonade, of water, of spirits of nitre, and of rice-water. I was anxious for the steamer to go; and did not ask it to stop for the Fañwe lads. (Angwe had come, in time.) There was a report that two villages were in ambush for my boat, in revenge for the death of three of their people drowned in Mons. Kerraoul's

service. At Erere-volo, the vessel stopped for fire-wood; and, at Njomu for Anyentyuwa and Iga. Mary was still distressed with thirst for water, which I feared to give her until we should reach our perfect brook; but Ma Janie's coming aroused her. Finally, at Talaguga, shortly after 3 P. M., she revived immediately. With thirst satisfied, and a hot bath, she slept well. The next day, Saturday, the 6th, she awoke with sudden energy; but, soon fell back with the weakness inevitable after her severe purgation, which was not entirely stopped; but, otherwise she seemed well. Her symptoms were improved; but, she was still so weak, that she was willing to lie in her carriage, and ride slowly through the bedroom and my adjoining study.

On Sunday, October 7th, there was a large audience in the chapel. Anyentyuwa and my sister stayed all day with Mary, who was dozing most of the time; would eat nothing; her diarrhœa, though still too frequent, was improved in character by the careful medicines and food I was giving. But, she had a cough that had become frequent and spasmodic.

On Monday, the 8th, the rainy season was fully come, with thunder and lightning. Mary was better; but, still with no appetite. I stayed with her most of the day. In the evening, I gave her quinin; it eructated; but, she bravely swallowed it down again. For so young a child, she was very brave about medicine.

She rose in the morning of Thursday, the 9th, suddenly better, talking and trying to play; and this energy she kept up all day. On Thursday, the 11th, I remained a good deal in the house with her, as she had not entirely recovered from the effects of her sickness. The cause of that sickness has always been a mystery to me. Sometimes I have thought that perhaps the canned food of the *Akĕle* may have had ptomaine poisoning; though I knew only of her eating asparagus and bananas. Now that Aziza was married, I dignified her position by building a little hut for her and her husband, separate from the other workmen.

On Sunday, the 14th, though the day was showery, there was a good audience in the chapel. Among the company was the former trader, Ongâmu, now a government agent, and his little sister. He was an uncle of Anyentyuwa; and, they stayed during the remainder of the day. Angwe's Fañwe relatives came to visit him. And, in the evening, came friend Chief Nzĕ, to beg for a canoe with which to complete a journey with a sick woman of his company.

Next day, I loaned him the canoe, taking as hostages his gun and fetish. Ongâmu had gone to some villages; and, on his way back to Asange, he stopped to get flower sets, seeds, and young trees, to plant at the Post. He told me that, near a Bindube village, he had rescued a Fañwe who was about to be sold to Fañwe near me, to be eaten, as a punishment for his persistent solicitation of women!

On Tuesday, the 16th, for the first time in her life, complaint was made to me against Mary, that she had "tâwâ-d" (insulted) any one. The complainant was little Adzâ. The other children were indignant at his making the charge. I record with pleasure, that, during my little daughter's life at Talaguga, she was treated by all natives with uniform kindness and respect. And, she also (though from her position as my child, she might have assumed offensive superiority) did not do so, but conducted herself in a spirit of affiliation. The natives were her playmates, their language hers. (I required her to use English to me.) And, her governess, Ma Janie, was wonderfully wise and tactful with her, in her dealings with the Fañwe.

JOURNEY TO MÂGENĔNĔ.

On Wednesday, the 17th, started, with Abumba and three others in one canoe, and myself with Agonjo and four others in another. As usual, there were stoppages. At Yeña, Chief Alukijame was away, on a war with some interior Bakĕle. On to Bitâgâ, where I was saddened by the news of the death of Njambi's little daughter. Mine had recovered; his had died! Shortly below Ngwilaka, to Njâgu's. I walked through the street, and two young men engaged themselves to come and work for me. How different from my Talaguga Fañwe. The latter had no interest in school, or church, or work for me. They were engrossed in "trade." Parted company with Abumba and his crew; he was to take Angwe to his village, hold a meeting, and join me next morning.

At the Mâgenĕnĕ house, where Agonjo was to be stationed, found that a door had been stolen; but, it was soon returned. Made measurements and calculation of building material needed for repairs. Held a meeting in the evening; but, I was so sleepy, that I shortened the service. After, I had gone to bed, Agonjo held another meeting. This kept me awake, as I listened to the interested inquiries of some men who were talking with him. And, after quiet had come, I was wide awake and could not

sleep because of the bitter memory of Mary's piteous cries for water, only two weeks previously, on that very spot.

Next day, arose early; and, after prayers, started homeward. I was not anxious about Mary; she was guarded by the perfect governess. And, I was free to go on errands of other duty. At Njâgu's village, was joined by Abumba, the two young men, and two new boys. As I had no matches, at Nkogo I got a firebrand, for our stop in the forest, for the noon lunch.

At Bitâgâ, I had a serious talk with Njambe about his intemperance. He had been a pleasant workman while in my service; and, I found him tender over the loss of his child. He gave me a monkey (which, once before he had offered her) for my Mary. On to Njomu, and stayed overnight with Anyentyuwa's brother Antyuwa. He was a well-educated Mpongwe. I slept in the very neatly kept room of his dead wife; the neatest native room I had occupied in the Ogowe.

On Friday, the 19th, ate no breakfast, and started immediately after prayers. My crew were vexed that I had given the best paddles to Abumba's crew (who had the heaviest load) and they pulled sullenly for an hour, until they got over their spite. Then, we overtook Abumba, and passed him at Sanjâla. I had taken no notice of their sullenness; and, when they came to their senses, I myself took a paddle for quarter of a mile. All in good spirits, we moved rapidly, and were at home before 11 A. M. Mary was in ecstasies at my return. Then there was great rejoicing over the monkey. Anyentyuwa's welcome was most courteous; and, she prepared a strong band, to which to fasten the little chain I had provided. Mary was again in her usual good health.

On Sunday, the 21st, some of the strangers at chapel brought word that one of the employees of the trader Mpaga, on the opposite side of the river, had been killed, on a journey in the forest, to the interior Fañwe, and had been eaten by them. This created great excitement among my people.

On Monday, the 22d, an unusual show of steamers, four of them. One brought a letter from Mr. Good, and several little things I had been needing; among others, a folding-chair, most convenient for travel. Agonjo was preparing to leave, to get his wife, and be ready for his Bible-reading work. Mbora too, was about to go on a visit down-river. On Monday, the 29th, the *Akĕle*, on its way from Asange, landed two big cases of cloth, and a missing case of tools, 1000 dried fish, and a mail. In the afternoon, I opened the boxes, and arranged their con-

tents in my little "store." There came also two Mpongwe traders for medicine; one, for a felon on his finger; the other, with a toothache.

Next day, leaving one of the men painting Anyentyuwa's room up-stairs, I went in the *Swan,* to take her and Iga to visit their uncle Ongâmu at Asange. Mary, of course, went along, and behaved very nicely. I was over three hours on that five-mile way, against the strong swift current of the rainy season. At Asange, the houses were very busy buying ivory and rubber from the crews of the government canoes which had just arrived from the Interior, and thatch from Galwas. A Mr. McTaggart gave Mary a kitten (for which she had asked him) while I was absent at another house. I left Anyentyuwa and her Iga with Ongâmu (to be sent for next day). The return ride with Mary down-stream was a rapid one. She particularly enjoyed that ride in her mother's boat.

JOURNEY TO MÂGENĔNĔ.

On Monday, November 12, prepared the two canoes for a journey, to put in order Agonjo's Scripture-reading out-station. As usual, there were necessary stops, at Walker's; at Yeña; at Bitâgâ. Near Ngwilaka, I changed crews (with Abumba of the other canoe) because my Fañwe feared the Bemijige clan; and stopped there to arrange with trader Jones, that Agonjo should get his monthly wages paid by him. By 5 P. M., were at Mâgenĕnĕ. But, the night was a lonely sad one, with the memory of the dreadful time of Mary's sickness there two months before.

Before daylight of the 13th, started Abumba and the Galwa crew back to Bitâgâ for thatch. I allowed the three Fañwe lads of my sister's little school to visit their villages. Agonjo arrived from down-river in the afternoon; and Abumba returned satisfactorily. Glad welcomes all around. I had been busy all day with Monkâmi, putting in door-frames and doors, and repairing broken bamboo walls. But, there was an old rubber-pit, which, in the darkness, I did not see. I fell into it, and seriously hurt my knee.

The next day, continued busy at the repairs. But, was displeased at Agonjo's commercial traits. He had brought a canoe of people who had fish for sale, and was allowing them to use the house for that purpose. This occupying of a mission-house for trade, became so annoying, with its noisy adjuncts, that I publicly rebuked him, and ordered the fish-company to leave the house.

FRENCH TRADING-HOUSE, ASANGE

Facing page 594

Finally, on the 15th, I left one of my canoes with Agonjo, for his use; sent Abumba to gather the Fañwe lads; said good-by to Agonjo, near Mr. Jones'; and, with the combined crews of eleven paddles, entered my canoe, and hastened homeward. I had never traveled so rapidly, by either oar or paddle. The 6 P. M. sun set on the way; but, the crew pulled well under the moonlight. And, I was home by 7 P. M., and frantically welcomed by my little girl.

In the evening of Sunday, the 18th, after dark, the *Duala* anchored near the house, and a Mpongwe woman came ashore, to spend the night with Anyentyuwa. Such visits of her relatives and friends were helpful to her (as she had no fellowship with the Fañwe) and removed some of the loneliness of which Handi had complained. (But, Anyentyuwa was a stronger character, and would not have failed me, for *that* reason.)

As I understood that the vessel had freight for me, I justified my unwillingness to receive it on Sunday, by rising at 3 A. M. of Monday; and, watching for any sign of movement on the vessel, I went off at 5 A. M., and brought ashore four bags of rice, eight boxes of goods, twenty boards, and a small mail. On opening the boxes, I was rejoiced to find long-expected shoes for Mary, her underclothing, a little wagon and other playthings. Her duck came off with six little ones. I tried to work at laying the floorboards of the new prayer-room; but, my knee, as the result of the accident at Agonjo's the week before, had become very painful, an ulcer having formed. I poulticed it, and had to sit, a prisoner. My sister also was sick.

On Sunday, the 25th, unable to walk to the chapel, I held service on the front veranda. But, a storm arose; and we had to remove into the sitting-room of the house. Two Fañwe boys, Bakara and Biduli, from across the river, came drenched with rain. But, in the afternoon, while sister, in my place, was conducting Sabbath school in the chapel, they broke into one of the Galwas' huts, and stole their fish. During all the remainder of the week, I was confined almost to my chair. But, on the 29th, the swelling began to discharge; and, as a result, I was free from pain.

Saturday, December 1, being pay-day, and "pay," to the employees, meaning more than an employer's comfort, I sat in the store-room, and, with the aid of Mbala to hand me articles from the shelves, and of Anyentyuwa to skillfully measure off yards of cloth, I paid the month's wages.

Ovanga ("Effie"), Ongâmu's wife, who was visiting at

another Mpongwe trader's, Râpântyâmbâ, a short distance down-river at Walker's old place, came to sew for herself on Anyentyuwa's sewing-machine, expecting to stay over Sunday. But, in the evening, as she found that she would not be allowed to use the machine on that day, she changed her mind, and asked for a canoe to take her home.

On Monday, the 3d, the *Gambia* came, bringing Mbora. But, during all that week, I was continuing my poulticing. The discharge was favorable, and the healing process began even sooner than I had hoped for. So, that, on Sunday, the 9th, I was able to limp to chapel and to Sabbath school. And, on Monday, the 10th, I resumed work in the prayer-room, sitting in a chair, and directing the putting-up of doors, etc. My sister, on the 11th, went in her *Evangeline,* on an itineration to Agonjo, to whom I sent, as his canoe-helper, a young man Ndâmbe, and some building materials.

Next day, the former Fañwe school-girl Bilâgâ, and a young Galwa girl, came, fleeing from Ntula's village, in fear of a fight, in which an Akĕle man had been killed and two others wounded. This was just before morning-prayers; afterwards, came two little boys, also in fear. The two girls remained all day and the following night. Two young men who the evening before, had gone up-river with a white man, on their way down-river the next day, stopped and gave me a letter purporting to be from Agonjo, telling of troubles which the people of Mâgeněně were making him. [It afterward proved to be a forgery, concocted by our Roman Catholic enemies, who were jealous of my having established a Bible-reader's out-station, and who hoped to frighten me into closing it.] I was not alarmed; but, just at the time, it did disconcert me, even though (according to the habit I had learned, of discounting all native reports) I did not fully believe the letter at its first coming. Later, when I learned its source, I quite recognized its Jesuitism. The next day, Friday, the 14th, my sister returned from Agonjo's; there had been no trouble there.

It had been agreed that the next annual meetings of mission and presbytery, to occur in January, 1889, should be held at Talaguga. Libreville was central, and Baraka had ample quarters for entertaining the entire gathering of white and native members, coming from the extremes of our field, Benita, ninety miles north, and Talaguga, 275 miles south. I had been traveling all that distance annually for many years, and I had asked the brethren to do me the justice to come and inspect my work.

I did not know how many would come, though I could scarcely expect as many as usually came to Libreville. My house was small. But, hospitality is not measured by the size of one's house. With my sister, I planned for possibilities, and made a number of impromptu bed-frames, especially for the native elders.

As Mbora was looking toward the ministry, on Sunday, the 16th, I placed the superintendence of the Sabbath school in his hands. Before my guests should come, I wished all the records of the year to be closed; therefore, I went to Asange, to settle my accounts there. Many items of this kind I had attended to during the week; and, by Saturday, the 22d, I felt quite elated at my success. And, on Monday, with the aid of Abumba and Mbora, took account of stock in the little store-room.

In the afternoon of Wednesday, the 26th, took Mary on an excursion to her Ozĕgĕ, and allowed her to bathe to her full delight in the river. I had never before allowed this, with her former attendants. But, with my perfect faith in Anyentyuwa, I felt safe for my child. Her governess stood near her, but on the deeper water side, and devoted her watchful eyes and hands to the child's play, not attempting for herself, as any other attendant would have done.

JOURNEY TO KÂNGWE.

There were still parts of the year's accounts to be settled, at Kângwe, before the coming of my guests. I determined to make the journey with no stoppages. Leaving the station in my sister's hands; and my child in the care of her governess, I started down-river, on Thursday, the 27th, reaching Agonjo's for the night. At the noon lunch in the forest next day I had an unusual dinner; the remains of a Christmas mince-pie, onions, and a pineapple. And, was at Andĕndĕ, early in the afternoon. Mr. Gacon's room, which I was to occupy, was not quite ready for me. Miss Harding, on the Hill, seemed surprised that my sister had not come with me. Next day, I went to the trading-houses, and settled my accounts. Mr. Carrothers, of Holt's house, was at Andĕndĕ, ill with fever. In the afternoon, the *Akĕlc* came; and, it was decided that he should go to Cape Lopez, in hope of reaching a physician at Libreville.

The next morning, Sunday, the 30th, he was carried on a cot to the vessel; and, Mr. Good went with him, to take care of him. It was a sad sight. I feared that the sick man would not recover. [He did not; he died on the voyage.] In Mr.

Good's absence, I conducted the day's communion services, baptizing eight persons. Miss Harding scandalized the occasion, by disorderly proceedings, in distributing, at the close of the services, picture-cards, not in a quiet way, but by holding an auction for chances.

On Monday, settled with Agonjo, the accounts which he had disputed on Saturday. I was almost on the point of a break with him, because of his demands for extras, and that I should provide him with lights. But, he receded. My man, Re-Njogo arrived from his home, with a new man Londo. [Londo became very useful and reliable]. He was going up-river, with a canoe-load of dried fish, for sale to the Fañwe.

RETURN TO TALAGUGA.

On Tuesday, January 1, 1889, my men were early getting the two canoes ready. Two of them, Mbala and Ogandaga, had returned during the night, from their homes, the former bringing his wife, Mwanyeno. I was pleased to have the young men bring their wives. It meant that they expected to remain with me. Thus was relieved much of the discontent that had marked the earlier years of Talaguga life. The presence of the young women made a home-life, not only for their husbands, but also for the entire working company. They helped also to make a living for themselves, by service to me, in sewing, or laundry, or as assistants to Anyentyuwa. For, while I placed in her hands the entire responsibility for the day-care of my Mary, I did not expect her to do all the child's errands or to furnish all her play; for these minor duties I gave her the Galwa assistant. With my two canoes and eleven people, we were accompanied by the fish canoe. One of my Galwas, Mburu, had some fear (I did not know why) as we passed a village of my former Akĕle friend Kasa's people. I did not often yield to such fears; I expected my presence to be a sufficient protection anywhere. All three canoes stopped for the night, at an Orungu trader's, opposite the head of Nenge-sika (the "Goree" Island).

Next day, all three canoes started, with fine progress. A trader's canoe, in fear of the Fañwe of Agonjo's out-station, joined my company and passed that village safely, though I stopped there to pick up Njĕgâ and Adzâ, who were ready and willing to go back to school. At the 6 P. M. sunset stopped for the night at Erere-volo! Never had I made so rapid an Ogowe journey from Kângwe. A usual three days' distance, accomplished in two.

On the following day, Thursday, the 3d, we passed on rapidly, not stopping at villages (as, of course, I did when itinerating, for preaching). To stop to eat in a village always took time. So, we ate in the forest beyond Njomu. The crews having done so well, I allowed them to rest there two hours. Then, reaching Talaguga early in the afternoon, I was welcomed by my little child's ecstasies. But, I had to make a protest to Re-Njogo, about his fish. It was all right, for sale to the Fañwe; but, I would not have the noisy bargaining on my premises; he should take the fish and sell them in the villages himself.

On Friday, the 4th, I had a serious talk with Mbora, who was unwilling to go on his itinerating work. And, next day, when I sent a canoe and crew for Anyentyuwa to visit her brother at Njomu, I expected Mbora to join it. But, he still wished to argue about conditions. I was unwilling to delay the canoe. So, he did not go at all. He said many unsatisfactory things; and decided to leave Talaguga at the close of the expected presbytery meeting. The canoe returned that same day, as Anyentyuwa did not find her brother at home. There were fifty people at chapel services on Sunday, the 6th. I did not ask Mbora to assist. The *Oviro* passed up, bringing news of Mr. Carrother's death. Next day, I sent a messenger to Asange to inquire particulars of his death at Manji-Orungu (Cape Lopez). Was busy, putting up a variety of conveniences for the presbytery, whose coming I was looking for on the *Falaba* which was expected in a few days. I took time to make improvements in the neatness of the grounds, which I had omitted to do while occupied with the more strenuous needs of house-building. I rooted up stumps, graded the walks, and smoothed the lawn and flower-garden. All these I had wished to attend to before. I was not unmindful of esthetics. But, I had not found the time, especially during the previous two years, when I had had such wretched aid in the care of my child.

Angwe's people came for him on Tuesday, the 8th; he did not wish to go; so, I refused them. They left; but, returned at night, and took him away. Though I had fully recovered as to my knee, evidently there was something wrong in my system; for, large abscesses formed on a thigh and on each breast. It was touching to observe my little Mary's tenderness whenever she came to me, to avoid pressing against either of the painful spots. My preparations for the expected guests were all complete. And, now I feared that they might come before my boils

were healed, I had to lie on my back, in order to retain in position the poultices on the nipple of each breast. I never had known how painful an inflamed breast could be. I quite sympathized with the often sore nipple of young mothers.

On Sunday, the 13th, the *Duala* came and landed a mail. In it was a book for Mary, and a scrap-book sent her by little Mary King, daughter of a friend of her mother, at Barnegat, N. J.

By Friday, the 18th, my boils were so much better, that I did a little work in packing a box of native curiosities to be sent to the United States. And, I began to be anxious for the coming of the presbytery. I was almost well; everything was ready; the premises in fine order. When would the expected steamer come? My sister gave a magic-lantern exhibition, on Monday, the 21st, in the chapel, at which the native traders and their people from across the river were present.

I became so solicitous about the non-arrival of my expected guests, that, on the 22d, I sent a small canoe and crew of three, to go rapidly down to Kângwe, to inquire the news. That same day, the *Gaboon* passed up, and word was shouted ashore that the *Falaba* had arrived at Lembarene on the 21st. So, I was excited with the prospect of the vessel reading Talaguga, in probably a day or two later. Agonjo with Okendo (whom I had associated with him) arrived, to report their having finally occupied the out-station, and to get a supply of goods for their current expenses.

On Wednesday, the 23d, after a heavy rain, late in the afternoon, came the *Duala* (not the *Falaba*) with my guests, Rev. and Mrs. Marling with two infants and two servants; Rev. A. C. Good, and his boat and six crew, and his church elder Yongwe; Licentiate Etiyani and Elder Itongolo, from the Benita region; Elder Owondo-Lewis of the Gaboon church; Mrs. Ogden; Mr. J. H. Reading, and his housekeeper Njivo wife of Mbora; and Mr. Menkel and his little daughter Grace. I promptly went off to the steamer; and, with my boat and two canoes, brought all the visitors and their luggage ashore. I set the church-bell to ringing a welcome. After all were ashore and housed (by which time it was dusk) I hung out my Chinese lanterns on the veranda. All were comfortably located. And, there were glad welcomes, and hurried telling of news. It being the prayer-meeting evening, the usual meeting was held, though somewhat late. And, I sat up late, talking with Mr. Reading. Njivo, who had deserted Mbora a year previously, would have nothing to do with him; would not go to his house,

nor allow him even to speak to her. I gave her lodging with her sister. Njivo had no legal grounds for her desertion of her husband. She was wrong; and yet, in my love for her, I pitied her. The marriage had been an unhappy one. I blamed myself for having urged her into it.

On Thursday, the 24th, the fatted calf was killed (in the shape of a goat). And, the guests were allowed to look around them, before beginning the discussions of mission and presbytery. Meeting of the latter began in the afternoon.

On Friday, the 25th, sessions were held all day; of mission in the morning, and of presbytery in the afternoon. It was very strenuous work for me; as, besides my being clerk, there were certain duties I had to attend to as host. It would have been impossible, had I not had my sister, a skilled hostess, into whose hands I had placed all the food-supplies, direction of servants, and entire liberty of arrangements; and, also, as I was relieved from anxiety as to my Mary's interests, by her most capable governess.

On Saturday, the sessions of both bodies continued all day. During the session of presbytery Itongolo was licensed; Licentiate Etiyani was ordained; and Mr. Reading, as Licentiate, accepted a call from the Gaboon church; and presbytery adjourned at night.

On Sunday, the 27th, Mr. Marling went early to the villages, and, by his fluent use of the Fañwe language attracted a large crowd who came with him to chapel. There, both he and Mr. Good preached. In the afternoon, the Lord's Supper was administered (the first time at Talaguga). I presided and made the address. Mr. Good baptized (as Talaguga was a part of his parish), and Mr. Marling distributed the elements. In the evening, there was a native elders' meeting.

On Monday, the 28th, sessions of mission continued. When our meetings were held at Libreville, and there was no opportunity, for two or three weeks, for return to the Ogowe, Mr. Good submitted to the impossible, and remained during all the sessions. But, at Talaguga, with the river at his hand, and his Kângwe only a day's boat-ride distant, he could not control his restlessness. He declined to remain longer; and, before daylight of Tuesday, the 29th, he was up, loading his boat, and was off with his crew, Njivo, and Mr. Menkel and his little daughter. The rest of us took a vacation from the continued strain under which we had been driven, and went for an excursion to Mary's Ozĕgĕ. We all lunched there. I remaining there with Mary,

Aziza and Nkengani, for her to enjoy her river bath, the others, Mr. Reading, Rev. Messrs. Marling and Etiyani, Mrs. Ogden, and Licentiate Itongolo, with the crew went on to inspect the Asange Post. During their absence, I saw, but failed to catch, a specimen of the rare Antimachus butterfly.

Mission ended its sessions, on Wednesday, the 30th. I marked my boxes for the United States; wrote letters; and, at night made out orders for my next six months' supply of provisions, etc., from England and America. On the 31st, my boat was loaded, and it left for Kângwe, with Mr. Reading, Rev. Etiyani, Licentiate Itongolo, and Elder Owondo. My remaining employees felt lonely, at the depletion of the number of visitors; of the latter, there being only Rev. and Mrs. Marling and their children and servants, and Mrs. Ogden. We all walked to my old hill-side cottage; thence, I took my visitors to see Mrs. Nassau's Pool, up the course of the brook.

On Sunday, February 3, there was a goodly company of strangers present at chapel. I had not supposed that the Fañwe would come, assuming that their curiosity had been satisfied on the previous Sunday. The days of the middle dry were hot; but, during the week, Mr. and Mrs. Marling, in the *Swan,* went itinerating.

On Thursday, the 7th, we all, except Mr. Marling, went on a walk around the entire outline of the Talaguga property. My boat and crew returned from Kângwe. As they brought word that there was no prospect of any river-steamer going to Libreville until near the end of the month, Mr. and Mrs. Marling felt that there was no need for them to leave Talaguga.

On Sunday, the 10th, there was a good attendance at chapel, that was unexpected; for, I had seen a large canoe-load going a-fishing; and, Mr. Marling had not gone, as on the previous Sundays, to invite. My Mary was again suffering with a crop of boils. Had expected to go, on Wednesday, the 13th, for an excursion to Mary's Ozĕgĕ; but, my sister was not well; and, I too lay on my back with a poultice on my chest over a boil.

On Friday, the 15th, in her *Evangeline,* my sister went to Kângwe, to escort Mrs. Ogden. The steamer *Basilic* passed up in the morning of next day. Mr. and Mrs. Marling, in my boat, followed it to the Post, in order to inquire news from Libreville. The company at the station looked very small and weak, compared with the crowd of the previous week.

On Sunday, the 17th, a good attendance at chapel. In the afternoon Sabbath school, I baptized Mr. Marling's little boy,

ENGLISH TRADING HOUSE, IVORY AND TRATORS, ASANGE

Facing page 602

Cameron Adams. The Marlings were preparing for leaving on the expected *Akĕle*. But, late in the afternoon of the 19th, the *Gambia*, passing up, stopped to leave a letter from my sister, which said that she would arrive on the 20th. Also, Mr. McTaggart on the *Gambia* thought that the *Akĕle* was up the Ngunye. Fearing that that little steamer would not come in time for the Marlings to reach Cape Lopez before Sunday, I engaged the *Gambia* to stop for them, when it should return from Asange on the morrow. So, about 10 A. M. that vessel came, and took Mr. and Mrs. Marling and their children and two boy attendants. My remaining household looked very small. But, at sunset, the *Akĕle* unexpectedly came, towing my sister and her boat. She had met and communicated with the *Gambia*, and had been overtaken and aided by the *Akĕle*. The story of her rapid return was interesting. There were two new Germans on the vessel, Messrs. Czech and Haber, who came ashore for an hour in the evening. When the vessel came down from Asange next morning, it took as passenger Malango, the last of my sister's Kombe pupils. There remained only Galwas and Fañwe. Then, for two days, there was clearing away of the marks of our visitors, beds, and bedding, and food; and we returned to our usual family routine. The presence of the mission had been a great stimulation.

On Sunday, the 24th, an unexpected good attendance. Our visitors being gone, I had supposed that the Fañwe had nothing new to attract their attention. Agonjo, Okendo, and their people came on Tuesday, the 26th, to get their month's pay. Okendo was asking for advance in wages; which I promptly refused. My Mary made another forward step in growth. Instead of her regular childhood tumbler of milk and porridge immediately on awaking in the morning, she was first dressed, and then came to the breakfast-table with the rest of us.

Next day, Agonjo left; and the two lads, Njĕgâ and Adzâ, having completed their promised time, left with him, to return to their villages, where they would be near to his Sunday exhortations. At the presbytery meeting in January, I had been appointed chairman of a committee with Mr. Good, to set off from the Kângwe church, two separate organizations, one at Igenja, about fifty miles down from Kângwe, and one at Wâmbâlya, about fifteen. I was to go down to Kângwe at such time as suited Mr. Good's convenience. When on March 5, the *Akĕle* brought word from him, for me to join him a week later, I was suffering from boils on my thigh. But, I would go,

anyhow; for the *journey* and *boat* would be *his*. I could lie, even with the boils; my special duty was to direct the orderly and parliamentary erection of the new organizations according to church law. Notwithstanding my sore leg, I went, on Friday, the 8th, with my sister in her boat, to take Mary to her Ozĕgĕ. Her dog Don persisted in following us along the river-bank a long distance.

On Tuesday, the 12th, though I had been, for a week, poulticing my boils, I packed for the journey, which involved many details. There were Mary's clothing, for a long absence. And, Anyentyuwa needed to go to Libreville, to look after her house-affairs, which she had left unsettled in her sudden coming to the Ogowe. I planned to ask kind Mrs. Good to take care of my child during the expected ten days of Mr. Good's and my journey, if Anyentyuwa should have to leave Kângwe, by whatever river-steamer might be going to Libreville, before my return. I sent to Asange, for a supply of goods for my sister, who was to have charge of the station during my absence. The messenger, on his return, brought news that the *Falaba*, on its way up-river, was aground near Belambla; and, that Mr. Mooney was drowned.

JOURNEY FOR CHURCH ORGANIZATIONS.

On Wednesday, the 13th, in my boat, off at 6 A. M. sunrise, with a variety of baggage, and crew of eight, and my Mary, and Anyentyuwa and her Iga. Of course, there were to be stoppages. At Njomu, for Anyentyuwa to see her brother Nyilino. As we were passing Nkogo, I was allowing the men to rest on their oars, as we were drifting with the current. I was at the tiller-ropes, sitting with Anyentyuwa and the two children, under the thatch covering I had, as usually, made against rain and sun. I was chatting with them, and not noticing things ashore. My crew looked up, saying, "Do you not hear? You are being spoken to from shore." I looked over my shoulder, out of the boat's stern, to the village we had just passed. A man was standing at the landing, holding up something in his hand, and was shouting, "Come, buy meat! come, buy meat! We've been down to Abange Creek, and have killed two men. Come, buy meat!" The thing he was holding was a human arm, he grasping its wrist with his hand. I do not think that he was calling to me. I do not believe he would have dared. I do not suppose that he saw me hidden under the thatch. He evidently was calling to the crew. They resumed their oars. It

was the most open display I had ever seen of Fañwe cannibalism. At Ngwilaka, to see Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Jones' successor. At Agonjo's by 10.30 A. M. was rejoiced to meet a Fañwe inquirer, for enrolment into the class. After our noon meal, I took Agonjo and the inquirer with me. Thus, I had ten paddles, instead of six oars, and traveled very rapidly. At Mbomi, to inquire for a Goree trader "James," who had with him, as his wives, two cousins of Anyentyuwa. That was not his place; but, I found them at Osamu-Kita. She went ashore to see them; but, she was not well received by him. She returned with a sad story of the slavery in which they allowed themselves to live. We found the *Falaba* still aground; it was endeavoring to lighten itself, by discharging its government cargo into the little *Gambia* and canoes alongside. I found two packages of mail for Talaguga. I divided them, taking my share, and leaving the remainder to go on to my sister, when the *Falaba* should succeed in moving. I tried to make arrangement with the captain, Watkins, for Anyentyuwa, as a prospective passenger to Libreville. But, he was not very obliging. Farther on, the crew were enthusiastically singing a boat-song. I was not listening particularly to it. I was always pleased that they sang; for, then they rowed better. And, I could not always hear the words that were used. But, I noticed that Anyentyuwa was very uncomfortable. On my asking her what was the matter, she hesitated; and, then said that the song was a very obscene one. She did not say what were the words. I ordered the crew to be silent. They seemed surprised. I told them that I would have a rebuke for them, when we should reach Kângwe. She told me privately that she felt that the song was sung on purpose to insult her. (I knew that most of my employees had ill-will toward her, because of her superiority as a Mpongwe, and because of the authority I sometimes gave her, as a woman, over them.) We reached the Andĕndĕ beach at 7 P. M., dark, and cold, and rainy. No one there to meet us, or to welcome, or to tell us where to go to. Presently, a little boy, hearing our voices, came and said that Mr. Good had left word that we were to come to his house on the Hill. Then, the French teacher, Mr. Carmien, gave us a welcome; and Mr. Gacon followed. The boy having a lantern, I sent him as guide, with Anyentyuwa, Iga, and Mary carried by one of the crew. Then, I waited at Andĕndĕ, until all the luggage was carried and piled in the dining-room; and, then sent to the Hill certain pieces which I knew would be needed there at once. The school-boys, afraid of leopards, were unwilling

to carry anything for me on the long, dark path through the forest to the Hill. Then, I dismissed my tired crew. At Andĕndĕ was awaiting me a mail that had just arrived by the *Duala*, with a lot of freight, boxes of cloth, dried codfish, and other things to be examined and stored. Then, tired with the long day, I walked lamely up the dense, dark path alone. I was welcomed at Mr. Good's; and, I found my Mary happy, playing with Albert Good's young tamed bush-cat (a civet, or perhaps, genet). While I ate my supper, Anyentyuwa gave Mary her bath for the night. And, then I followed a long talk with Mr. Good about his plans for our journey, suggestions for the proposed two new churches, and nominations for the Elderships, etc., etc. Also, as to the probabilities of steamers for Anyentyuwa. In case of her having to leave while we should be away, I asked that Mrs. Good would care for my child during the few days until we should return. She, in her generosity was quite willing. But, he refused to allow her to assume any additional care, and insisted that Anyentyuwa should not go on the expected *Falaba* (in company with Miss Harding who was leaving the Mission); but, should wait for the *Duala* expected to leave later on the 23d; by which time he assumed that we would have returned. Of course, I assented. As to the time of return, the boat, crew, plans, and all were his; I was only a passenger. If we failed to return at the date himself had named, the entire responsibility lay with him. Then, I sat up, still later, reading my mail. My right thigh was painful, with a large phlegmon.

Next day, when a heavy rain diminished, I went with Anyentyuwa and the two children, to Andĕndĕ, to put away luggage, to divide hers and mine, to take what I needed for my journey, and to put in a separate pile what she needed on the Hill. Mr. and Mrs. Good followed us; she was packing the food-box for the journey. I investigated the matter of the obscene boat-song. I had assumed that a certain Atâkâ was the leader. I was amazed to find that it was Paul Agonjo! They all denied that the words had any reference to Anyentyuwa (perhaps *that* was true); and some of them denied that there was any obscene meaning. But, I then, as ever afterwards, with my utter faith in her, believed her word against any number of persons, native or foreign. It was a very ugly discussion. (They almost all became her enemies.) I gave them directions about carrying her baggage up the Hill. (When I returned ten days later, I was told that two of them had refused.)

IGENJA CHURCH

Facing page 607

THE JOURNEY.

We knew that the journey would be with rain, at least once every twenty-four hours. Mr. Good started his boat about 10 A. M. of Thursday, the 14th, and he went around the island on some errands to Lembarene. I took along my box of cloth, which I put ashore at Mr. Letz's, for it to be taken to Talaguga by the *Akčlc;* and engaged passage for Anyentyuwa on the *Duala,* whenever it should go down-river. And, at H. & C., Mr. Good engaged passage for Miss Harding to go on the soon-expected *Falaba.* On, down-river, to pick up Elder Yongwe. Ate in the boat. At Orânga, I landed two of the three of my own people (passengers) to their homes. On to Igenja, eating only a lunch in the boat; and landed after dark. My thigh was paining me very much. Was welcomed by Awora and other former employees. Mr. Good had a hearty supper prepared, the enjoyment of which was marred by the numerous mosquitoes.

The next day, Friday, the 15th, the *Oviro,* on its way up-river, stopped for wood. Mr. Deemin came ashore, and told us about the Roman Catholic priests at Cape Lopez buying slaves. As walking was painful for me, I sat, and very many old friends came to salute. After a good bath, I felt more comfortable. I held a private consultation with Elder Yongwe, Awora, and Mâmbâ, separately, about the meaning of my crew's boat-song. They all justified me in my interpretation of it. In the afternoon, meeting did not begin until 5 P. M. I preached a sermon, called a congregational meeting, and, according to the Book, organized fifty-two members from the Kângwe first Ogowe church, into a second Ogowe church. Then, nominations were made for elders; and, Awora, Abumba, and "Simcon" (a protégé of Mr. Good's) were elected. I felt happy that two of those men had had their first instructions from me, in my Kângwe days. Then Mr. Good ordained and installed them. On Saturday, the 16th, my boils kept me in my room, whither came many visitors; while Mr. Good, as moderator, was holding session examinations. In the afternoon, I preached a preparatory sermon.

On Sunday, the 17th, the Lord's Table was spread in the morning; one man and three women were baptized by Mr. Good. In the afternoon meeting I baptized a babe, while Mr. Good was off preaching in a Fañwe village. I had many applications from former employees to return to my service. In the evening,

I sat alone, from choice, with many thoughts of memory, under the starlight, and listening to the tropic leaves, shaking under a soft wind. I thought of the changes in that Igenja town, during the past ten years. A village, once heathen, now so quiet and civilized and respectful; with good houses; and our hospitable reception.

On Monday, the 18th, Mr. Good had the boat ready early. I had supposed that we would go at once to Wâmbâlya, for the church organization there, in order to be back at Kângwe by his date, the 23d. But, instead of that, he loaded the boat with plenty of food, for an itineration into the Three Lakes. That was an added trial to me.

He stopped to eat and preach at a village Lâmbe (where I remembered I had stopped for the same purpose, with my sister and Licentiate Kongolo, ten years before). A lad in that village, a member of the inquiry class, had his hand wounded by a gun. It was soon evident that Roman Catholic influence was strong in that village. Crossing to the left bank, to a Fañwe village near friend Azâze's old Nandi-Po (to whom I sent a present of a gun and powder, in thanks for his aid in collecting gorilla specimens), Mr. Good went ashore to preach. Those Fañwe were very savage-looking, and very dirty; their women were searching each other's heads for vermin, and eating the insects! On to Orânga, by 4 P. M. Mr. Good crossed to Ngomu, on the left bank, to preach. [Our mission's successors, the Paris Evangelical Society, have now a station at Ngomu; and, the Igenja church is removed there.] I remained in Orânga, in Simbuve's nice house, where he gave me a comfortable room, in which I could bathe my thigh with hot water. He had been a former employee, and like many others, had sometimes been disobedient, and even disrespectful, and had deserted me. But, not a single one of them, in meeting me in subsequent years, retained any grudge against me, or failed to give me a welcome and kind attention in their own homes. (I have felt that they were not largely to blame for that past. Nor myself, I had not *refused* them *food,* or failed to give them sufficient of a certain kind. But, at that time, *varieties* of food *were not to be had.*) There was a meeting held in the evening. And, visitors came to see me. Azâze came with a present, and thanked me for the gun. Two of my people, from Igenja, finding that the journey was to be into the lakes, left, and went directly to Kângwe. (It would have been well had I gone with them.) I wrote by them to Anyentyuwa and Mary.

On Tuesday, the 19th, Mr. Good entered the lakes Onanga, Ogĕmwe and Ezanga, by their exit at Njomu. I pass over the record of those painful days in the boat, the 19th, 20th, 21st. Neither the journey nor the work was mine. I was a helpless burden. In the night of the 21st, by the upper entrance to the lakes, at the village of Ompomoñwânâ (whose Roman Catholic inhabitants fully carried out what their priest taught them, i. e., to be discourteous to Protestants) my phlegmon began to discharge.

On Friday, the 22d, in the hot morning sun, and with my headache, the boat went down-river several miles to Wâmbâlya. There, while Mr. Good was busy with Elder Yongwe, I was placed in a comfortable house of a young man Ambamani, where I bathed; and the boil was easier, though my headache was worse. The *Akĕle* passed down; but, it brought no news of the *Falaba,* or whether Miss Harding had gone. Communion bread from Mrs. Good, and letters from my sister (forwarded from Kângwe) were awaiting us. I had many visitors. The organization meeting was held in the afternoon, and the third Ogowe church was constituted; and three men were elected elders; an old man Mâmbâ, and two others in their prime of life, Re-Montigo and Ntyanga. I was not acquainted with them; the latter, in his heathen days, had been chief of the village, from which Nguva was rescued in 1879.

By Saturday, the 23d, I felt almost well again; for, I was free from headache, and could walk a little, as the phlegmon was well discharged. The *Jeanne-Louise* passed down. At first sight, I thought it was the *Falaba;* and, then, I wondered where was the latter vessel, and what she was doing. And, I was becoming solicitous about the appointment for Anyentyuwa's sailing. Mr. Good had insisted that she should not go until he returned; and, yet, himself had named the *Duala* as the vessel for her, with its probable date of the 23d. Here was the 23d; but, by his own delays in the lakes, he was not yet returned to Kângwe! I do not know why he delayed in Lake Ezanga; nor did I make any protests. When we left Ogĕmwe Lake on the 20th, we could have passed through Lake Onanga, and, by the second entrance from the Ogowe, could have emerged into the river, and could have been at Wâmbâlya that very day; could have attended to our third church organization on the 21st; and could have been back at Kângwe on the 22d.

On Sunday, the 24th, there were dark clouds and wind; and, when we saw that a heavy rain was coming, people gathered into

the church-building for refuge, though it was not yet church time. While standing outside the door, I saw the *Duala* passing down. I waved a friendly hand to the company of men and women on the deck; and, two handkerchiefs responded. They were Miss Harding and Anyentyuwa! The morning service was interrupted in its solemnity by people straggling in late. Ten adults were baptized, six of whom were women. The collection was an exciting scene; to see the beads, tumblers, plates, yards of cloth, etc., etc., pushed into the bushel-basket. (There was no metal currency in the Ogowe, at that time.) Aziza came to complain against me, because (on my report to Mr. Good of her habit of lying) on Saturday session examination, he had refused her baptism. When I gave her Anyentyuwa as my witness, she said she would fight her! I had known of Aziza's untruth myself. And, I remembered that one day little Iga had come to her mother, in wide-eyed horror, exclaiming, "O! Mama! Aziza will teach Mary to tell lies!" Not, I believed, that the young woman would deliberately teach my child to be false; but, Iga, child as she was, had been so truthfully trained by her mother, that she feared that Aziza's habits of untruth would be a bad example for Mary.

After the services, when I told Mr. Good, of the two ladies being on the *Duala*, he was very much disconcerted. So was I. Not that I feared that my child would not be tenderly cared for by kind Mrs. Good, during the interval of two days; but, because it would be done against her husband's wish, even though the vessel had delayed one day later than Mr. Good's own date for it.

The next day, his displeasure against Anyentyuwa continued. And the 15-mile journey to Kângwe was not a pleasant one. At last, when I was faint with hunger, the boat stopped at a plantation in Kenjĕ Creek, at the hut of a Galwa slave; he was kind, remembering me from my Kângwe days. Then, we emerged into the Ajumba branch of the Ogowe. Leaving the boat and crew at the Nkâmi side of Kângwe Hill, Mr. Good and I clambered up the path to the rear of the house. I saw my child sitting in a doorway, and unaware of my arrival until I spoke. And, then, her glad welcomes! Again and again during the afternoon, she was repeating to me, "My dear father comes to me!" (Probably the echo of some kind assurance of Mrs. Good that "father *would* come.") I was given by Mrs. Good a frightful leopard-story, more details of which, Anyentyuwa gave me when she returned some months later: All the native ladies were very

careful about their daily baths. In most villages, there were small thatch enclosures, in the rear of the huts, where that bathing is done, morning and evening. At Mr. Good's, Anyentyuwa had taken the two children with her one evening, for her own and their bath, into a little out-house of that kind. She always carried a lantern at night. While in the out-house, she perceived the strong odor of a leopard, and felt sure that one was near. Most bravely she did not frighten the children; but, telling them to cling close by her, she hurried over the distance of more than one hundred feet to the dwelling, up the veranda steps, and into the house. She told Mrs. Good her suspicions. And, in a few minutes, there was a fearful commotion on that very veranda. Mr. Good had a very large mastiff, "Dick." The dog's fierce barks were mingled with a leopard's growls. And, there was a series of heavy tumbles, as the two animals fought. All doors and windows had fortunately been closed. But, the front-room windows, opening on to that veranda, extended low, almost to its level. There was only the thinness of the panes of glass separating those desperately fighting beasts from the terrified women and children in the house; for, the shutters had not yet been closed. Presently, the fighting ceased; and, the only sounds were the whines of the dog. Mrs. Good ventured to open the door; and, the brave animal stood there, torn and bloody. The leopard had gone. The next day, its bloody tracks were followed into the forest. That lantern in Anyentyuwa's hand had been my child's protection. Leopards fear a light. The beast had probably been lying in wait under the house. (All our houses were built clear from the ground, on posts, from three feet to six feet high.)

TO TALAGUGA.

Wednesday, the 27th. Much was to be gained by early starts on journeys. But, the crew was so slow, to come from Andĕndĕ to carry my boxes from the Hill, that, at 6.30 A. M. leaving Mary still asleep, I went all the way to Andĕndĕ to call the men. On the way, I met the only faithful one, Londo. He had called the others; but, they were slow to follow. I had suspended Agonjo from his Scripture-reading work; but, he, rather than be dismissed entirely, had offered to come back to his former ordinary work as a laborer at Talaguga, until I could regain my confidence in him. He handed me a letter written to me by Anyentyuwa at Lembarene trading-house, on Saturday, the 23d (whither she had that day been taken by my crew, to await the

going of the *Duala*). I hasted back to the Hill; ate a hasty breakfast; took my child; and with her hurried back to Andĕndĕ; urged the loading of the boat; and actually was off by 8 A. M.! I had eleven in the crew. So, relieving myself of my usual task at the rudder, I called Agonjo to take it; and devoted myself to Mary. At dusk, for the night, at a native trader's house, on the Goree Samba's old site, opposite the head of Nenge-sika Island. My little girl was so tired and sleepy, by long confinement in the boat, and no little companion, that I stayed by her bed, and allowed Agonjo to hold evening-prayers.

In the morning of Thursday, the 28th, Mary had a little strip of pretty cloth, which the village women claimed as theirs. There was an unpleasant investigation, as if she had stolen, as charged by the women. She calmly said she had found it at Kângwe. And, the crew sustained her statement. Doubtless, the women had had a piece from the same bolt of cloth. My little girl was always truthful; and, I never even suspected her of theft. The day was hot; but, the thatch over the stern protected daughter and myself. The full river was stiff in its current, and progress was slow; but, I hoped to reach Erere-volo for the night. But, an accident happened with a rudder-pin. Fortunately, we were near the *Falaba*, which was still aground where it was two weeks previously. Captain Watkins compensated for his discourtesy of that time, by having his engineer forge a new staple for me. This was a good fortune, worth the loss of time. Hope of reaching even Nkogo failed; and, after dusk, we reached the lower landing of Ompom-Isosa. The Bakĕle were not hospitable, and gave me only a tumble-down hut. I blamed Ndâmbe my own messenger for having accepted it as good enough for me. I ordered all my belongings to be carried back to the boat. We dropped down-river a few hundred yards, built a camp-fire in the forest for my men; and Mary and I slept in the boat, not very comfortably.

Next day, Friday, the 29th, as Agonjo and his Fañwe had been set ashore at Mâgenĕnĕ, for him to gather his belongings, there remained only nine paddles. To devote myself to my child, I called one of them to the rudder. Though that left only eight paddles, we made better progress than on the preceding day. At the lower landing of Bitâgâ, I allowed Mary to play ashore awhile. In the hope of reaching Talaguga that day, I again took the rudder; and the nine paddles worked enthusiastically. The boat flew! We reached our home at candlelight. Our coming being seen, the Chinese lanterns were lighted for a

welcome; but, my tired little girl had been sleeping for two hours. After discharging the boat, and putting things away, I sat up late, hearing my sister's reports, and telling her mine.

On Sunday, the 31st, a large number of Fañwe were at chapel. I tried to induce them to take charge of and remove to their villages a certain Fañwe man, who had wandered on to the premises during my absence, whom Ntula had thrown into the forest to die. He had been a care and a nuisance to my sister. But, they would not take him.

On Monday, April 1, Mary's attendant, Mbala's young wife, Mwanyeno, had a big wash of her garments soiled during our two weeks' absence. I held a reckoning with my crew. As I had given them liberty either to wait for me at Andĕndĕ during the days while I was away with Mr. Good, or to go to their homes and return in time, I intended to pay them full wages for all those days, as a present. I did so to all, except three; and, of those three, I dismissed two, for the boat-song offense.

Next day, Agonjo and Okendo and their people came for their month's wages. The following day they left, taking as passengers some five of my people. But, a Fañwe lad, Ngwa, brought by Agonjo, remained to work and study. Our remaining company seemed small.

On Friday, the 5th, instead of the one large phlegmon of the lake journey, I had numerous small boils. But, as they were diminishing in size, I felt encouraged. People from Njomu came to sleep for the night, and left their canoe in my care, they to carry their trade-goods through the forest back into the Interior.

By Wednesday, the 10th, I was confined to the house, using frequent hot water applications instead of poultices. And, my sister also was suffering from neuralgic pains. Several of the employees also were sick. I began almost to suspect that boils were contagious. For years, I had not had so few employees, and so many of them sick. I had accepted Agonjo's offer to resume work as a day laborer at Talaguga, the while I held him under suspension from his Scripture-reading work. And, I sent Okendo and his ten men to keep the Mâgenĕnĕ out-station temporarily.

On the 18th, Ntula came to sell iguma. I needed it; but, I refused to buy from him, because of his having cast away the sick man, for whom I was still caring.

At sunset of Friday, the 19th, in face of a coming storm, the

Duala whistled; and, I went off to it, thinking that possibly Anyentyuwa was already returning. I found Ombagho and a mail. Also, a number of white traders, Mr. Allam, general agent of the H. & C. house, from Libreville, and Messrs. Jones, Letz, Kutz, and Chef du Poste, Mons. Du Val. On Sunday, the 21st, a good attendance of Fañwe. Ntula came to ask for the man whom he had thrown away, and promised to take care of him.

The Fañwe, who had left their canoe in my care on the 5th, emerged from the forest on the 23d, and resumed them. Elder Abumba conducted the prayer-meeting, as I stayed with my Mary.

On Thursday, the 24th, some Fañwe, from near Asange, stopped to see my house. They asked me for liquor! It was their ignorance. *All* other white men, traders, government officials, travelers, and Roman Catholic priests used liquor. Why did not the American? My sister returned from a three days' itineration. Pâwa, wife of Elder Abumba, was attending to my clothes-mending, during the absence of Anyentyuwa. But, even she was sick, on May 1. Some fifteen Fañwe were at chapel, on Sunday, the 5th. Heard that they had shot a leopard.

On Friday, the 10th, for the first, in a long while, I was free from the pain of boils. I resumed work on the manuscript of my neglected revision of the Benga grammar.

With Agonjo, I went on Saturday, the 11th, to the villages toward Asange. I sent to one of the trading-houses, and bought for Mary a food-dish, on whose cover was the form of a gorilla, especially made for the African market. She was much amused with it; and, it became one of her treasures on the table.

On Sunday, the 12th, my Fañwe neighbors did not come to chapel, as they were awaiting an expected attack by the Bindubi clan. Sent Elder Abumba, with two men, down-river, on a few days' itineration.

On Wednesday, the 15th, I completed the writing of the "Story of Anyentyuwa." [The revelation of missionary injustice to that lady was so astonishing, that the American Tract Society, to which I offered the manuscript some years later, begged me not to publish it, lest it injure the cause of missions.]

On Sunday, the 19th, a large attendance of Fañwe at chapel, under the escort of the woman Nyamba. I was entirely free from my boils. After dark of Tuesday, the 21st, I heard the whistle of the *Duala*. The night was threatening with rain. At the steamer, I found Rev. Messrs. Allegret and Teisseres, the delegates from the Paris Evangelical Society. The vessel was

anchored in a bad place; so, she took up her anchor, and moved up to a safer place. But, then the anchor broke, and the vessel drifted in the swift current down near to some dangerous rocks, before the crew could rig another anchor. The next day, the 22d, the *Duala's* anchor was fast among rocks, and she could not raise it; so, she cut the cable, leaving the end fast to a buoy, with the expectation of, at some future day, recovering the anchor. But, the buoy was too light, and the whole line sank. In the afternoon, I took the two visitors a walk to the hill-side cottage and to Mrs. Nassau's Pool. On Thursday, they went, preferably in a canoe, as far as Njoli Island, to visit in the villages. And on Friday, they went, also by canoe, to visit Asange Post. And, on Saturday, the 25th, very early in the morning, at their wish, I aroused a crew under Agonjo, and by 5 A. M., my agreeable guests started to return to Kângwe.

By Monday, the 27th, I was again working on the final copy of the manuscript of my revision of the Benga grammar. My Mary felt the loss of the protecting care of her "Ma Janie"; for, she told me that the house-boys did not treat her kindly in their afternoon plays.

Agonjo returned on Thursday, the 30th, from Kângwe; but, with no mail, nor any news from Gaboon. I was much disappointed. Before daylight of Saturday, June 1, Okendo, who had come on Friday, for his month's wages, left with Agonjo; the former to visit his sick mother, and the latter to bring his wife.

On Monday, the 3d, the *Duala* passed up; but, no signals for me. I was very much disappointed that there was not a word of news, even from Kângwe. And, at night, I was annoyed at Elder Abumba's request for increase in wages; and, at Mbala's asking leave of absence for a month, the while that I was especially needing him to stay in charge, when I should be away at the Kângwe communion in July.

On the 5th, my household was not in good health. I was bilious; Mary with a cold in her head; one man with an abscess in his ear; another with fever; another with a cold. The effect, probably, of the cool dry season; for, the rains were light, no more thunder; river falling; skies dull; and nights cold.

The *Akĕle* brought me a large mail on Saturday, the 8th; and, in the afternoon, my sister returned from an itineration.

On Tuesday, the 11th, I gave Elder Abumba a crew of two men, to go to Igenja, on a two weeks' absence, for his session duties in the second Ogowe church.

On Saturday, the 22d, went in the *Swan,* with Mary to Asange Post. Happened to arrive at the meal hour, when many Frenchmen were at their table, as a good-by feast to Messrs. Kerraoul and Gazengel, who were about to leave, and Mons. Du Val to take their place. We were invited to the table. But, Mary was so awed, that I declined. So, Mons. Du Val kindly sent out a little table with cakes and tea and jelly. Unexpectedly early, Elder Abumba returned, bringing a new employee, Angĕkâ. Also, Elder Simeon and crew, to sell produce at Asange, stopped over Sunday. There was a letter from Mr. Reading that tried my friendship, in his detention of Anyentyuwa at Libreville. This extreme disappointment so oppressed me that it was with difficulty that I went through the services of Sunday. On Monday, the 24th, I was busy getting together our clothing for Mary's and my journey for the 27th. I concluded to sell Don; for, his howling at all church-bells, and at the singing at daily prayers, had become too annoying. Sold him to Mbigino for $1.00.

JOURNEY.

I prepared for a long absence; for the double object of attending the quarterly communion at Kângwe, and then, to go into the lakes, on a gorilla-hunt. Some years before, I had promised my friend Thomas G. Morton, M.D., to send him a gorilla brain, for examination in comparative anatomy. I had hired my native friend Azâze, at Ngomu, to hunt for me. But, if he obtained any, I was too far away at Talaguga; and, since Mr. Reading's departure from Kângwe, there was no one there to receive or prepare the specimens. So, I decided to take a vacation. I had had none, for years. None of my other journeys had been *holidays.* They were full of responsibility, care and anxiety. This journey should be a leisurely one, into the lakes, without an exacting program, and to be followed under convenience and not necessity. On Thursday, June 27th, leaving at Talaguga young men, whom I regarded as reliable, in my boat, with my sister, and Mary and her Mwanyeno, and crowded with luggage and crew and passengers, a start was made after our noon meal. Stops, as usual: at Njomu; at Bitâgâ; and beyond Ngwilaka. And, stopped at Agonjo's (whom I had restored), to let off three Fañwe school-boys, and for the night.

Next day, Friday, I had still five of my own crew, and three passengers (of course, they paddled too). By 4.30 P. M., we were at Andĕndĕ. There were no people at the landing; for,

they were all in the church, at preparatory service. Leaving most of my luggage at Andĕndĕ we went to stay on the Hill.

Mbala annoyed me by insisting on following Mwanyeno. Of course, she was his wife; but, temporarily, she was my employee with Mary, and was to sleep in Mrs. Good's girl's-house, where, of course, he could not go. On Saturday, Mwanyeno said she was sick, and Mbala wanting to leave at once to go to his town, and she was conniving with him. So, I bade her to go and not return. Then, Mbala was humble; and, they both stayed.

Had such a headache that I was not able to preach for Mr. Good in the afternoon. Messrs. Allegret and Teisseres (at Andĕndĕ) were all of courtesy and politeness, both on my arrival and during my stay.

On Sunday, the 30th, we all were at church. Though weak, I preached, and assisted Mr. Good in the sacraments. And, in the afternoon missionary conference, added remarks to his address. Azâze arrived from Orânga with a dead enormous male gorilla. Valuable as it was to me, I waited until Monday to begin my work on the carcass.

On Monday, we all went to the Andĕndĕ landing to see the gorilla. Some time before that, in conversation with Mr. Teisseres, he had slighted the idea of a gorilla being dangerous, and said that he thought that a man attacked by one, should fight it with his fists, just as he would a human assailant. That morning, as we looked at the enormous fearfully ugly beast (the largest I ever saw) Mr. Teisseres was so awed that he would not touch it. I skinned and decapitated it, took off the top of the skull, and got out the brain. But, it was softened, by the two days' time from Orânga to Kângwe, and was worthless for Doctor Morton's purposes. Nevertheless, I paid Azâze my promised $20, and added $10 to keep up his interest to obtain me another. In the afternoon, I intended going with Mr. Good, on some errands to the Lembarene trading-houses. But, Mary was so disappointed at not being allowed to go, that, as I would not leave her in tears, I came back to her.

The next day, Tuesday, the 2d, in my own boat and with my own crew, I went to Holt's Inenga house, for a bargain of cloth with Mr. Deemin; also, for guns, ammunition, kettles, and rum (for preserving my expected gorilla in the lakes). Mary went with me, and was amused at hippopotami in the river; and, at Mr. Deemin's, with an English fox-terrier and her three puppies (one of them subsequently became hers), a porcupine, and a chimpanzee. We returned to a fine dinner, to which Mrs.

Good had invited the two French clergymen, and the two French teachers from Andĕndĕ. Mr. Good was not well, with an on-coming fever. Mr. Allegret had his camera, and offered to take our photographs. For this purpose, Mary was specially dressed in her best; and, my sister said that she would take care of her on the side porch, until the sun should suit Mr. Allegret. Shortly afterward, I heard a thud and a scream. I found that Mary had been left to play with the other children; romping on a bench near the edge of the porch (that had no rail) the bench had tilted, carrying her to the ground three feet below, and bruising her forehead, head, and thigh, and covering her dress with the contents of a basin of Mrs. Good's yeast. A long time was required to quiet her and to re-dress her. In the meantime, Albert was photographed; and, then Mary had two sittings. But, neither were satisfactory to me; she could not divest her face of the look of fear. At night, Mr. Good was sick in bed.

I am not superstitious, and did not believe in the "premonitions" (muscular movements) of the natives. But, several times in my life, I have had *presentiments* of what was to occur. So strong and vivid the impression, that I was as positive that the event would occur as if some one had told me it was actually occurring. That night, I awoke with a strong impression that Anyentyuwa had either come that day, or would be met by us on the morrow, in my expected start down-river to the lakes. I was *positive* that she would be with me on the excursion; otherwise, I would not have planned to take Mary with me. And, I spent the morning of the next day, Wednesday, in arranging our baggage at Andĕndĕ. By noon, Mr. Good was very much worse. About, 2 P. M. Anyentyuwa suddenly appeared by a small canoe from Holt's Inenga house, having arrived Tuesday night, by the *Gaboon*. Mary was overjoyed. At once, with her and her Ma Janie in my boat, I went to Inenga, to get her luggage and Iga. And, returned in the evening. I was intensely relieved, to have her back again in her care of Mary. She had come from Libreville by the *Elobi* to Cape Lopez, and thence by the *Gaboon* to the Ogowe. Messrs. Allegret and Teisseres had been with Mr. Good all afternoon, prescribing for him; and, they remained with him all night. It was a severe attack of malignant fever, such as he had had once before.

On Thursday, the 4th, I gave up my lake holiday, until Mr. Good should be better. Anyentyuwa went by canoe to Inenga for some of her goods she had forgotten. On Friday, I did

nothing; waiting. Read "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I sent one of my men to fish. He caught only a few, which I divided between him, Mary, Albert, and Iga. At night, there was an excitement at Andĕndĕ, two Fañwe attempting to kidnap one of the school-boys. I remained awake, to be of any service. On Saturday, the 6th, Mr. Good's symptoms were thought to be slightly better.

On Sunday, the 7th, Mary went with me to church. I preached. But, Mr. Gacon was the only other white person present. Mrs. Good, of course, was with her sick husband; Mr. Carmien had gone to Lembarene, to summon the French doctor; but, the latter was away at Cape Lopez, escorting the sick ex-Commandant Labastie. My sister had a severe cold, and could not be present also at the afternoon Sabbath school. Just at close of school, the new Commandant Possilet called at Andĕndĕ. Mr. Good seemed much better. The slight improvement in his condition, making it possible for him to travel, gave hope for his life, if only he could get away from Africa. So, on Monday, Mr. Jones, of H. & C. house, was sent for, to consult about probable steamer dates. And, Mrs. Good began to pack for a journey to the United States. But, Mr. Good had not yet assented. He could leave the care of the station with our guests, Messrs. Allegret and Teisseres, who were not yet ready to make their own Interior journey, as they were waiting for Count De Brazza. But, who would take charge of the three churches? It was a very trying situation. Mrs. Good asked me, "Won't you be willing to take charge of them, as you did once before?" "Certainly; but, you remember that Mr. Good was very dissatisfied with my superintendence of them." "I know; but, won't you do it?" "Certainly, if Mr. Good wishes it." I never have known why he did not request me. But, I could not endure the sight of Mrs. Good's distress. It was not a time for resentments. Putting aside all other personal feelings, I offered to Mr. Good to attend to the churches, if he would go, and save his life. He consented. We anxiously watched his changing symptoms during the three following days.

On Friday, July 12, after his baggage had been sent to Andĕndĕ, (whence my boat took them to Lembarene), he was carried down the Hill on a cot. And, the *Gambia* came; and, escorted by Mr. Teisseres, he left on that little steamer for Cape Lopez. We came back to the Hill, feeling lonely and sad. I made final arrangements, on Monday, the 15th, for my holiday in the lakes.

I had invited Mr. Gacon to accompany me as he was a good marksman. On the Monday noon, while hunting near Inenga, he had shot a hippopotamus. It is well known that the body always sinks, and does not float again for several hours. If in a quiet lake, it will probably rise at the same spot, and the hunter watches for it. But, if in a river, the body will certainly be carried with the current, and will be found at some lower point. When, Mr. Gacon went, six hours later, to look for it, he was told that it had already been found floating by people of Dakar village. They, claiming it as abandoned property, had towed it to their village landing. At night, Mr. Gacon went there, seized it, and brought it to Andĕndĕ.

GORILLA-HUNTING.

On Tuesday, the 16th, I was early at Andĕndĕ; and found great excitement about the hippo. The Dakar people had called the commandant, charging Mr. Gacon with theft, and had enlisted the aid of their Roman Catholic priest against the Protestant missionary. Mr. Gacon seemed at ease. He left the affair to be settled by the French authority. And, he started with me at 8 A. M., in my *Nelly-Howard,* with Mary and her governess and Iga. On the way, we met the Dakar people and the commandant going to Andĕndĕ. The people wanted Mr. Gacon to go back, for the judgment. He seemed to think that the judgment would be in his favor; and, I had no interest in the affair. So, we went on our way. But, the paddling was slow, with a crew of only six, and passengers, and a variety of baggage. Stopped at Aveya's village to eat, and to get his brother Ampamba as guide. At one of the Wâmbâlya villages, Elder Yongwe gave us a leg of goat-mutton. Into Lake Onanga through the second, or lower entrance from the river. My objective point was Okendo's Scripture-reading out-station in Lake Ogĕmwe. (On my restoring Agonjo to his out-station work, his temporary substitute, Okendo, had been transferred to Mr. Good's care, who had placed him in the lake.) Seeing that we could not reach his place before night, we stopped at dusk in a little sandy cove of an island a few miles distant from him. It was a romantic place; we sat a long while talking around the camp-fire. I had my tent for Anyentyuwa and the two children; a cot-bed with mostquito-nets for myself; and Mr. Gacon had his net and a rubber-blanket on the ground.

On Wednesday, the 17th, we were early at Okendo's. He was not just then at home. But, the villagers were expecting

us. (I had sent word in advance; and, the Christian man, Osamu-wa-mani, had built a hut for us.) After Okendo came, our goods, and the hut, and my tent were arranged. Mr. Gacon went out alone to hunt; and returned, having seen tracks of gorillas, but not the animals themselves.

The story of the following five days, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, of my gorilla-hunting, I have told in detail in my "In an Elephant Corral" (Neale, 1912): How we went each day, sometimes with too many noisy guides; saw gorilla tracks; one day, where the grass where they had been lying was still marked by the outlines of their forms; another day, where we saw one disappearing from a plantation; another day, when we made a frantic rush through a jungle, where our guide's dog had found and was attacking a gorilla mother and her child. But, though we thus saw the animals, in our close pursuit of them, we did not succeed in capturing any. On Sunday, the 21st, we heard news from the natives that Mr. Good had obtained passage from Cape Lopez to Libreville. I held preaching services. During the day, a woman fainted, making some confusion, it being feared lest her life was in danger. In the evening, the villagers were dancing and drumming, in some incantations for driving away the spirit of a recently dead slave, who was believed to be annoying a certain woman.

My failure to obtain a gorilla during the five days' hunting would not have prevented continuing my effort. But, on one of those days, I had fallen over a log, and injured my knee. So, on Wednesday, the 24th, we left Okendo's; and, going slowly, took our noon meal near the Bird Islands, a rookery of hundreds of pelicans. Mr. Gacon shot six, while we rested there all the afternoon, and Mary bathed in the lake, from a small sandy beach. The feathers of the birds Anyentyuwa kept for a pillow, and the meat the crew dried.

The next day, Thursday, we stopped at various places. But, the journey had ceased to be a pleasure. My knee was too painful for me to hold the rudder; and the crew would not obey Mr. Gacon. And, on emerging into the Ogowe, I happened to meet one of my people coming from Kângwe, who said that my sister was sick. After dark, we reached Elder Yongwe's village Elovi, for the night, and were kindly entertained by him. But, I went to bed with a fever chill. On Friday, the 26th, after a long patience with the crew, I again took the rudder, and quietly told them that there would be no stops, even if we had to travel all night, until we reached Andĕndĕ. *That* stirred them; and,

thence on, they pulled well, reaching Kângwe by 6.30 P. M. Sending Anyentyuwa and the children in advance up the Hill, I remained to discharge the boat. On the Hill, I found my sister sick with bilious congestion of the liver, and with a heavy cold that had settled in the glands of the throat.

Though my knee was still quite painful, I had to go to Andĕndĕ to look after our luggage. And, I sent to Lembarene, to inquire about steamer probabilities. The traders were still very kind and obliging in giving me passage and towage. On Sunday, the 28th, I preached to a tolerably good congregation; and held Sabbath school. My sister was better; and I considered the possibility of her being well enough to leave her on the following Wednesday; for, it was important that I should be at Talaguga, in the limit of time I had named to Elder Abumba, whom I had left there in charge. (Mr. Good's sickness had altered my calculations.)

Three of my people deserted on Monday, leaving me rather short of a crew. (Desertions were always more frequent in the cool dry season, June–September; for, at that time, were the excitements in the villages, of camping, fishing, and plantation-making.) I was troubled also about the uncertainty of our Ogowe mission's future. Though I kept within the legal limit of a "school," by the irregularity of the times, places, and persons taught by myself or my sister (so that French was not taught at Talaguga), there was some ill-feeling on the part of the Lembarene commandant. For, our Roman Catholic enemies made constant misstatements against me. And, the demands of the French government were becoming more insistent. At Kângwe, the law, in regard to the teaching of French was fully kept by Mr. Good. But, he was hampered by the priests of the adjacent Roman Catholic mission, who tore up the Scriptures and other school-books which they found in his school-children's hands in their villages. While in health and before he went away sick, he had openly, in presence of sister and myself, advocated handing the Ogowe stations over to the French brethren (who said that they did not wish them, and preferred that we should remain; as they were planning for the Kongo). At a communion season, when my sister congratulated him on the ingatherings of that day, he had said, in my presence, "Miss Nassau, I do not consider that a single one of these has come to Christ through me. You and your brother and others were teaching them ten years before I came. I wish to get away to some new place, where I shall not build on another man's foun-

dations." [His acknowledgment that my work ante-dated his was just. Later, he obtained his own wish, in the Batanga Interior.]

TO TALAGUGA.

By Wednesday, July 31, my sister was recovered sufficiently to make it safe for me to leave her; though she did not feel ready for a boat-journey. So, I started with Anyentyuwa and the two children. Though the water was low, and the banks were out, I had learned the routes so well, that we had no difficulty in getting around them. The crew pulled admirably; and, for the night, we stopped on a sand-bank below Nengesika Island. A passing canoe from Ngwilaka brought word from Agonjo that his child was sick. And, an hour later, himself, wife, and child stopped on their way down; and then proceeded on their way. (More than even in civilization, the natives, if sick in a strange place, were anxious to get "home" among their own people.) Resuming our journey on Thursday, August 1, there was the stop for lunch at Belambla. And, then, with splendid rowing, another stop at Agonjo's, to see my sister's three Fañwe lads. And, then, for the night, on the sand-bank near Ngwilaka. With some slow progress on Friday, we came, for the night stop, at Anyentyuwa's brother's.

On Saturday, the 3d, taking the last stretch, we were at our Talaguga home just before noon. Elder Abumba reported that all was well, excepting the loss of one of Mary's kittens and one duck. He gave accounts of attempted trespassing by the Fañwe, and his efficient stoppage of them. Also, of a little Fañwe boy whom he had rescued from being murdered, under a charge of witchcraft.

On Sunday, the 4th, there was a large delegation present at chapel. I sent Elder Abumba, on Wednesday, the 7th, with boat and crew to Kângwe, for my sister.

I was conscious that my more than eight years of continuous pioneering work was exhausting me. I had hoped that the mission or the board would recognize the conditions of the situation, and that they would have sent some one to be my associate and successor, to relieve me when my health should no longer permit me to remain. I heard with satisfaction of the arrival at Libreville of two new missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. B. B. Brier, and was expecting their coming to the Ogowe at any early date; where the question would be decided as to their location, whether at Kângwe or at Talaguga.

Passing canoes always shouted their news. It was wonderful how all sorts of news was thus picked up. A canoe of Galwas, on Thursday, the 8th, reported that a man from Orânga had arrived at Kângwe, with word that Mr. Brier would probably not come. Later, I learned that Mr. Reading (whose friendship for me had gradually been reduced to a minimum) had given the new missionaries pessimistic impressions of the Ogowe, and had influenced them to desire to go to Batanga.

Mr. Reading was a remarkable man, in the almost hypnotic influence he had exercised over me. I had opened the way for him to come to Africa. He came to be our treasurer. We never had a more efficient one. His accounts were perfect to a day. He and I were great friends. He was an excellent administrator and business agent. I relied on him. And, he could induce me for almost anything. Mrs. Reading was a most spiritually-minded Christian lady. Her quiet influence prevented his commercial traits from becoming too dominant. But, when he returned to Africa without her; was all alone at Baraka station, as treasurer, not only of that station, but of the entire mission, his commercialism overcame him. He began to engage in trade. It was a strict rule of the board, that, in order to prove to the natives our singleness of purpose, we should engage in nothing that would bring us pecuniary gain, outside of our salaries. Mr. Reading's doings aroused the jealousy of an English trader at Libreville, who sued him before the French magistrate, for trading without a license. He was proved guilty, and was fined. Then, he took out a license; and continued trading. The scandal became so great that individual missionaries appealed to me, as clerk of mission, to report the matter to the board. And, there were complaints of other undesirable matters. The board, on reception of my letters (while, of course, they would be just to Mr. Reading, not to dismiss him without giving him opportunity to defend or explain) immediately ordered him to come to New York, and make answer. And, at once, had sent Rev. W. C. Gault (who was on furlough in the United States with Mrs. Gault) to leave Mrs. Gault, and shortening his furlough, to hasten to Libreville, and take charge of the treasurer's office in Mr. Reading's absence. My action aroused Mr. Reading's bitter enmity. No enmity is greater than that of broken friendship. He used all means to pervert Mr. and Mrs. Brier. They fell under the same bland hypnotic influence that, for so many years, had blinded me. As new missionaries, they believed all his statements, and were sure that right was wrong,

and vice versa. As to Batanga, the mission had hitherto distinctly refused to send there any white missionary; its officially recognized line of progress being to the south, and interior-ward, through the Ogowe.

On Sunday, the 11th, had a good assemblage in the chapel, in the morning. In the evening, I had a solemn conversation with Anyentyuwa. So exemplary had been her conduct during the year that she had been in the Ogowe, that I offered to restore her to church-membership at any one of the three Ogowe churches. She said that she would rather go to Libreville, and be restored by the church that originally had disciplined her.

So low was the river, that the usual steamers were unable to bring their necessary supplies even to the trading-houses. One white man from Asange came to me to get provisions, his own being exhausted. In the afternoon of the 15th, while I was taking Mary to enjoy her bathing at the old landing-place at the brook's mouth, my sister arrived, very sick, not able to walk from the boat. She brought a mail, with bills of my expected provision supply.

I sent Elder Abumba to the villages, to buy eggs and fowls for my sister, at any price; and also, with a net, to try and catch some fish. My principle against the use of tobacco caused me much hardship; and, even ill-will among the natives. On my journeys, I had to take a cumbersome supply of all sorts of goods to suit the caprice of natives. Had I taken simply a 20-lb. bundle of tobacco leaves (as others did) I would have had no trouble or failure to obtain; and, the natives would have been better pleased. Without tobacco, I have given, under stress for my child or sister, half-a-dollar for an egg. Abumba returned with five eggs, no fowls, and three fish. My sister enjoyed the fish.

On Sunday, the 18th, I had a bad headache, and could not preach. Elder Abumba held a service.

By Monday, the 19th, my sister was much better. How Mary enjoyed her bath in the river!

On Thursday, the 22d, sent Londo and crew in a canoe to Kângwe, to get a missing box from the United States, of clothing for Mary, which I supposed to be lying at Lembarene. Another white man from Asange sent to borrow some food. I was able to spare, as I was expecting a supply; and, I would, in any event, share with those men; for, they had been most generous to me in the matter of free transportation of myself and family and goods. In the morning of Friday, the 23d, I had

sent Elder Abumba in the *Swan*, to Njomu, to bring back Anyentyuwa, whom I had permitted to visit her brother on the 21st. She returned in the afternoon, the boat leaking badly, having struck a sunken log. This was the beginning of the end of Mrs. Nassau's pretty little boat.

EXCURSION TO BITÂGÂ.

Mary's birthday fishing excursion had necessarily been delayed by my sister's sickness. She being well again, the anniversary was arranged for Tuesday, the 27th. We reached Bitâgâ about 4 P. M. My sister landed, and went with a few of her things to the village, where a German trader told her that the water in the lagoon was so low that the boat would not be able to enter; and also that there were very few fish. Nevertheless, I succeeded in entering a short distance, and found a camp-ground that was sufficiently good, though not equal to our former island spot. I hastily discharged the boat, put up the tent, and sent the boat for my sister, who however preferred to remain overnight in the village. Shortly after our coming, Londo, in his canoe arrived from Kângwe with the box supposed to contain Mary's shoes. He immediately went out with his net; and, in an hour, returned with fish. Early next morning my sister joined. I, in my cot, with a net, had not slept well, being distressed by the moans of the children in their tent with Anyentyuwa. (They had no net; I had supposed the tent sufficient.) I borrowed them a net, for the following night. Fañwe came to see us; but, not as many as on former occasions. The day was devoted to amusement. My crews were fishing, eating, and sleeping; the two children playing, flinging stones in the water, and sailing their little boats.

On Thursday, the 29th, amusements were continued. The boy, Ombagho had become an unruly lad, troublesome, and even disrespectful. I punished him; but, not sufficiently; and he continued his impertinence. In the evening, one of the men, in going to the water-side, almost trod on a six-foot snake. The two children had been playing on that path, and on that very spot, only a short time before. My sister returned to the village. Next morning, the boat was loaded up; and, with the usual stops, we were at home comfortably, late in the afternoon.

On Saturday, the precious box being opened revealed the needed shoes, a silver spoon, and other gifts from my uncle Rev. Dr. S. M. Hamill and my brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. A. Gosman. Ombagho continued his offenses, and I notified him of

dismissal. There were circumstances which made the case especially difficult, as he was a pet of my sister.

JOURNEY TO THE CHURCHES.

On Monday, September 9, leaving three men in charge, the start was made late in the afternoon. Elder Abumba and wife, and two in the canoe; and my sister, and my family, with a crew of six in the boat. Mary had had a cold for some days. For the night, at Mâgeněně, leaving most of the luggage in the boat, beds were arranged in the house.

On Tuesday, the 10th, lunch was at a favorable spot in the forest, where the children found vines from which to swing, and roots on which to climb and sit. We were at Anděndě before sun-down. Immediately sending my household to the vacant Good house on the Hill, a long time was spent in sending loads thither, and waiting for the carriers to return. Only two of Mr. Good's people at Anděndě, Ndaka and Ogula, volunteered to aid me. There was some confusion about the boxes of food and bundles of bedding. Eating a hasty supper, I hasted down to Anděndě, and at 9 P. M. went around the island, to the German house, where were lying some of my new supplies. I got from them milk and flour, for the needs of my household during my expected absence down-river. The German clerk, Mr. Koflany was very helpful. I was back again on the Hill by midnight.

On Wednesday, the 11th, Elder Abumba went down-river, to await my coming. As moderator pro tem., I wrote up, from Mr. Good's notes, the minutes of his last meeting with the Igenja session, and the roll of the Igenja inquiry class, so as to be ready for session-work when I should arrive there.

On Thursday, the 12th, leaving some of my crew for service on the Hill, I went, with a crew of only four. Mary was almost petulant, in her desire to go with me, and, as she was not very well, I started with an unhappy memory. At Aveya's, I made plans with him for a gorilla-hunt in October. From Elovi, Elder Yongwe accompanied in his canoe. After passing Orânga, met a former employee, Re-Njogo, with a canoe-load of fantastically-dressed women, going on a dance-excursion. At Igenja, Elder Awora gave me a comfortable room and easy bed.

On Friday, the 13th, morning-prayers in the church; visits from former employees and their wives and children; receiving gifts for the monthly concert collection. As eggs were almost

impossible to be obtained from the Fañwe at Talaguga (unless rotten), I made special effort to buy a supply for Mary and my sister. Teaching young people to spell; and, with Elder Awora, going over the inquiry roll, to verify their names, their standing, character, and acceptability for baptism. Also, I studied the minutes of the third church, to be ready for it, a few days later. Late in the afternoon, Rev. Mr. Allegret, who was making a journey of his own, came from Kângwe with a letter from my sister, and "notes" from Mary and Iga, that somewhat relieved my anxiety. At night, held a session meeting.

On Saturday, the 14th, continued the session meetings. I offended some applicants by my position on a certain rule of presbytery requiring ability to read the Bible (with certain exceptions) as a condition for baptism. They went away saying, "Well, we'll wait for Mr. Good!" I faithfully enforced the rule. For, a native in a heathen village, in daily view of heathen practices, where he or she was the only Christian, with no Sunday, no church, no ten commandments, without the Bible, had only prayer as a means of grace; and, the probability of his standing was small. But, with ability to read the Bible, the means of grace were much enlarged.

I also declined to enrol in the class little boys and girls; they were too utterly under the control of their heathen parents to obey any Christian life; they did not even know what "class" meant, except that enrollment in it was a distinction. I refused to examine for baptism, young men and young women of that very place, who, alongside of Elder Awora's day-school, had made no effort to learn to read. All this vexed them; and, they would not come to the afternoon prayer-meeting. (I still think that their action justified mine.) But, I was rejoiced at the return to the table, of my best and most devoted former employee Mâmbâ, who had been under suspension, for intemperance. But for that weakness, I would have made him an elder. [He is still living; but, his love for liquor has been his undoing.] Elder Awora's wife's father was sick; he was a class-member. On Sunday, the 15th, during the opening services in the church, a wail was raised in the adjacent village over his sudden death.

On Monday, the 16th, James, an employee of Mr. Good, came with his wife Dombina; he wished to put her away, though he admitted that he had no justifiable ground. And, another young man, who had been summoned for an offense, came; but, session had adjourned. I made a point with the people that

"church" was greater than *business,* and "session-meeting" greater than personal convenience. Women came in the afternoon, stirred by my urging the duty of learning to read.

On Tuesday, the 17th, just as I was about to start, there passed two steamers; and I hoped for mail, but they shouted that there was none. Stopped at several villages to teach members of the class living there. And, the same at Orânga, where I stopped for the night.

Spent Wednesday, the 18th, teaching class-members in the villages. At Ngomu, where my hunter-friend Azâze followed me from his old village, vexed that I had not spent the night with him. At Aningo-arevo, the people were too busy with their plantation-cutting, to listen to me. At Izyuwa, Elder Ntyanga was not at home; but a young mother received us. At "England," was not pleased with the dirty look of the place. At Elovi, taught two lads; but, the women did not think that they could learn. There, a letter was handed me from my sister, brought by Agonjo. I still was anxious about my Mary, though the letter said that she was well. Finally, established myself at Ovimbyano village, in Ambamani's comfortable house.

On Thursday, the 19th, wrote letters to my sister, Anyentyuwa, Mary, and Iga, to have them ready to be taken by the messenger whom I expected next day from Kângwe, with the communion-bread. Also, wrote instructions to Licentiate Mbora, whom Mr. Good had located down-river in the Nkâmi (Mbora's own) tribe. Children and class-members came to learn to read. At night, I sat up late reading the story in the Philadelphia *Press,* of the terrible disaster of the flood at Johnstown, Pa. I could not sleep for a long while, with thoughts of the drowned children and the agony of their parents. I placed myself and my Mary in their circumstances! And, to this mental distress, was added the pain of an eye-worm.

On Friday, the 20th, the three ruling elders came; but, there was no formal meeting of session; only an examination and revision of the class-roll. Mr. Allegret joined me. Session in the afternoon; but, applicants few, and very ignorant. In the evening, the Kângwe messenger arrived, bringing also a mail. Another session in the evening. Continued session, at intervals, all day of Saturday, examining the applicants especially on their reading. Was disappointed that, from the lakes, and other quarters, people deliberately had stayed away, for fishing, or plantation-cuttings, or mournings over sickness or death. Aziza and her husband Ogandaga applied; but, she was still ugly-mouthed

about the fact of her sins of lying having been exposed by Anyentyuwa.

On Sunday, the 22d, there was mourning in Elovi village over a man near to death. Even the elders came late to church. Had a long talk in the evening with Elder Yongwe about native customs.

On Monday, the 23d, Mr. Allegret's boat started in advance of mine. I rarely ascended the river's main branch. I preferred the smaller, called the Ajumba. I was at Kângwe Hill by 4 P. M.; and, reaching the hill-top, I entered the house unseen and unannounced. I came on my Mary suddenly, as she was sitting alone in the parlor, crying. Her cry was changed to a scream of joy. And, then I went with her to my old bamboo house, where we surprised Anyentyuwa. Next day, I was busy entering church-records, and making up accounts.

I needed rest, on Wednesday, the 25th, but I *had to* write, though interrupted by friendly visits from Messrs. Allegret, Teisseres and Gacon.

On Friday, the 27th, took my sister's boxes around the island to H. & C. house at Lembarene, for her return to Talaguga at her convenience by steamer. And held church-session meetings in the afternoon and at night. And, also, all day of Saturday. At noon, a mail came. It contained an important letter to the mission, from Secretary Gillespie, that required me to go at once to Libreville for a called meeting of mission, in regard to the Reading affair. An immense burden of duty was flung on to me, as I was clerk of mission. And, I was having charge of the two Ogowe stations! What should I do? I *must* go to Gaboon! But, how about my little daughter? I was not willing to leave her, for weeks, with my sister, even if she were well enough to undertake the work. So, I must take the child with me to Gaboon! But all our clothing was lying at Talaguga, and I must make a hasty trip thither for it, and also to inform the young men I had placed in charge there for only one month, that they would have to "hold the fort" for at least another month. In the evening, I sent one of my men, Re-Mondo, to the French house at Lembarene, to inquire whether their launch *Brazza* was soon going up-river. He was so frightened by hippos on the way, that he lost the letter, came back, and in his shame, did not immediately report to me! I had found that I could obtain passage to Cape Lopez, on the *Duala,* of the morning of Thursday, October 3. I called my people together, and asked them whether it would be possible for them to take me to

Talaguga on Monday, September 30, and bring me back on Wednesday, October 2, making in three days a journey that had always taken a week. The idea fired Elder Abumba with enthusiasm. He said "Yes." If I would go in a canoe rather than boat, and take no baggage or freight of any kind, and give all the eight men standing instead of short sitting paddles, he would promise to bring me back in time. The plans, with Anyentyuwa and the two children were exciting.

Sunday, the 29th, was a pleasant day, with a quiet communion service. But, after the evening meeting, I was very tired. Nevertheless, at night, I sat up packing the necessary food for the next day's run.

RUSH TO TALAGUGA AND BACK AGAIN.

With very little sleep, I was up by 3.30 A. M. of Monday, the 30th, awakened my crew, and sent them with the few necessary boxes to Andĕndĕ, for Elder Abumba to load up in the canoe. I followed two hours later, to see that everything was ready; Anyentyuwa with the two children came down soon afterwards. And, we were off by the 6 A. M. sunrise, in high spirits, that were somewhat dampened by our having to turn back for Mary's jug of drinking-water, that had been forgotten by the same stupid Re-Mondo. Finally, we were off by 6.30 A. M. With the eight long paddles, over which the men bowed in wide sweeps, and so little baggage, we made splendid progress. Having eaten no breakfast, we stopped early at 10 A. M. for the mid-day meal, on a sand-bar, near the Island "factory." And, then made a thrilling run to Mâgeněně, at Agonjo's house by 7 P. M. In all, eleven hours of paddling, at the rate of three miles per hour against a 4-mile current. The canoe had flown. We had been favored with no rain.

On Tuesday, October 1, taking Agonjo for a ninth paddle, we were off by 7 A. M. Ate our noon meal with Anyentyuwa's brother at Njomu; and, making only a short stop at Chief Nzĕ's, were at Talaguga before 5 P. M.! A wonderfully rapid journey; and comfortable, except that we four passengers were wet with the water that had splashed over the low gunwales, and our limbs were stiff by sitting cramped in the bottom of the canoe. All was well at Talaguga. There were no ugly questions for me to settle. At once, a hasty inspection of the premises; then, a busy paying of the month's wages; then, supper; then, evening-prayers; then, my tired little child to be bathed by her devoted nurse, and put to bed by her loving father. Then, I gathered all

the clothing, etc., etc., needed for the expected stay in Libreville, and Anyentyuwa packed them. I had memoranda to make, and directions to write; and did not go to bed until long after midnight.

I was up at 4 A. M. of Wednesday, the 2d. And, we were all ready, and off by 6 A. M. With only a stop at Chief Nzĕ's, the admirable paddling brought us to Agonjo's for our 11 o'clock meal. There he landed; but, I took in his place, the two lads Njĕgâ and Adzâ. The wind opposed, making some troublesome waves. Nevertheless, our progress was good. I feared some storm-clouds. But, we safely reached Andĕndĕ before 7 P. M. Leaving Mary with Anyentyuwa for her supper there, I hurried to the Hill, and ate with my sister, telling her the news. Then, back to Andĕndĕ, to change wet garments. And, we resumed our journey again at 9 P. M.; for, it was necessary to sleep that night at the German trading-house, because the *Duala* was to make an early morning start. We were there by 10 P. M. (I retained with me, as attendants, Njĕgâ and Adzâ.) The white man in charge had already gone to bed. It took me some time to get him aroused; he was not in a very good humor in receiving us. In the increase of the number of traders, and the growing sharpness of their competition in trade, something was lost of the sense of fellowship which had distinguished the white men of ten years previous. The German house had ceased to transport without charge. There was a fare on their boats, and a rate for lodging and boarding in their houses. (Later, the other houses followed.) This was right, I was grateful for all the liberality of the past; and, quite willing to pay for anything, that would save me from my former exposed boat-journeys. But, I regretted the loss in courtesy that followed the change, particularly on the part of the Germans.

VOYAGE TO CAPE LOPEZ AND LIBREVILLE.

I arose by 5 A. M. of Thursday, the 3d, and awakened my company, hurried to collect our loose baggage; and were off with the *Duala* by 6.30 A. M. There was rain and wind and tornado clouds, the real beginning of the rainy season. But, in the little cabin, we were comfortable. So restful, after the previous six days of rush and hurry and loss of sleep. I sat with the children or read. Usually, the river-steamers did not travel at night. But, the *Duala* had run so well, that when night came, we were in the cross-creek Yâmbe connecting the Ogowe with Prince's Bay at Cape Lopez; and the vessel kept on her way,

GERMAN TRADING-HOUSE, CAPE LOPEZ

Facing page 633

until we actually emerged into the bay. Then, she anchored for a half hour, waiting for the tide to rise. At the earliest moment that the pilot would allow, she proceeded slowly and carefully over a long shoal with only four and a half feet of water. It was exciting to listen to the call of the lead-heaver, as at any moment I expected the vessel to strike, the while that he repeated, "4½ feet! 4½ feet!" We anchored safely at Manji Point by 11 P. M., and, our captain went ashore. Next morning, a boat was sent for us and our goods, and we were ashore by 7.30, at the German house, under the kind care of Mr. Knoch.

During the days that we had to wait for some northbound steamer to Libreville, there were visits to me by former and new traders; the arrival of steamers going south; the departure of river-steamers going up the Ogowe; watching the children playing on the sandy beach; and seeing a tame young elephant at the French house. One day, while Mary and Iga were making a mud-house on the beach, a native standing by deliberately pushed down the house with his foot. It was a rare act of native unkindness. Perhaps, he thought that he was "smart." But, I could not forget my child's tears. An ocean-steamer, *Nubia* came in from the north, and passengers coming ashore mistook me for a trader, and wished to buy absinthe.

Sunday, the 6th, was a quiet day, except for visitors coming and going. No opportunity for any service with the white men; and, the native village was distant. Finally, on Thursday, the 10th, the ocean-steamer *Coanza* came in from the south. We boarded her early in the afternoon; and were off for Libreville by 4 P. M. The vessel was small and crowded. And, the crowd was a disreputable one, drinking and gambling. There was no place where I could escape them; for, on deck there was rain, and the little saloon was redolent with liquor, tobacco-smoke, and profanity. The only safe place for Anyentyuwa and Mary and Iga was in their own small cabin. Even from there, Anyentyuwa came to tell me that there was no key to the lock of the door of that room, and that the steward had said that he could not find it. With her knowledge of ship's white passengers' dealings with native women, she knew what that meant. I went to that steward; and, very suddenly, he "found" the key. He had deliberately lied; with evil intent. And I, in my berth was cabined with a drunken man. I have never forgotten the disreputable *Coanza*. The vessel, going at half speed the eighty miles from Cape Lopez to Libreville, was at anchor by 8 A. M. of

Friday, the 11th. Rev. W. C. Gault came in a boat for us. Rev. Mr. Brier met and welcomed us on the beach; and, the teacher of French, Mr. Presset, a Swiss, met us as we came up the path to the Baraka house. After the confusion of finding baggage; going to some trading-houses; resting; and reading a very depressing mail, the day closed with hymn-singing with Mr. and Mrs. Brier, Mr. Presset, and Mr. Reading.

Then, on Saturday, the 12th, began a three weeks' history, which I will not detail; for, it does not belong to my Ogowe days. And, the memory is yet a shameful one, of amazing duplicity and apparent courtesy. I still have only respect for Mr. and Mrs. Brier. They were not unkind or discourteous to me or Mr. Gault; though I knew that Mr. Brier was devoted to Mr. Reading's cause, believing him to be the victim of an unjust assault. How he could believe that, I can understand, remembering that I had formerly been subject to Mr. Reading's hypnotism. Mr. Reading, our host, was bland and courteous, and at table most entertaining. But, all the while, between times, there were secret plots and conspiracies to induce the board to retain him at Baraka. So apparently subsidized were all the Mpongwe employees and most of the church-members, that none of them (not even the elders) would salute Mr. Gault and me. We were boycotted. Only two persons besides Anyentyuwa sympathized with us, my good old Mrs. Sneed, the former Liberian nurse of my two children at Benita, and "Julia Green" a Bible-woman. Njivo, Mr. Reading's housekeeper, was entirely under his control. But, daily, when she emerged from the secret plots, her love for me asserted itself, and she betrayed the plans of Messrs. Reading and Brier to her sister, who informed me and Mr. Gault. In the called mission meetings, Mr. Reading did not dispute Secretary Gillespie's official summons to return to New York; he recognized it as imperative. But, as to all other points of mission appropriations, arrangements, and decisions, our meeting went only one way. I was chairman, and, of course, had no vote. Mr. Gault would make a motion, and, without a second, it would fail. But, all motions made by Mr. Reading would be carried by the votes of Messrs. Reading and Brier. The meeting was a wearisome parliamentary farce of a constant 2 to 1. That 2 to 1 vote reversed the mission's policy, and appointed Mr. Brier to commence a station at Batanga. The only points that could not be voted against were the two orders from the board, that Mr. Gault

should take Mr. Reading's place as treasurer; and, that the latter should go to New York to answer the charges made against him. Until steamers should come, by which he and Mr. Brier could go northward, and I return south, I had the companionship of only Mr. Gault, my child, and her governess, and Mrs. Sneed and Mrs. Green. I went to the foreign stores to obtain better supplies than I could get in the Ogowe. With Mr. Presset's aid, I tried to obtain from the French a deed for Anyentyuwa of the premises on which her house stood. One day, on the line of secret information, word came that, on the following Sunday, at the regular church services there were to be farewell exercises, at which only Mr. Reading's "friends" were to be admitted, and in which Elder Owondo was to praise Mr. Reading and denounce me and Mr. Gault. Mr. Gault and I wrote a note of respectful protest to Mr. Brier, deprecating the carrying of personal differences into the pulpit. In the evening, he called us aside, and, thanking us for our friendly warning, said he would modify his plans. He was a good man; but, he was being powerfully influenced. On Saturday, the 26th, Mr. Gault took possession of the treasurership; but, he called my attention to the fact that, when he entered the office, he discovered that Mr. Reading had removed all the books, bills, accounts, etc., of his own official doings. On the Sunday, Mr. Gault and I sat in the church, ostracized in a pew by ourselves; but, Owondo-Lewis' proposed address was omitted.

On Thursday, the 31st, Mr. and Mrs. Brier, and Mr. Reading with Njivo, left, on the *Kisanga,* to go to Batanga. The latter went to be Mrs. Brier's assistant in her expected motherhood. Mr. Reading took a quantity of building materials and workmen; a site was selected in Batanga at the only safe landing-place, Bongahĕli, near the trading-houses, on ground by the church, at the mouth of Luma Creek. There the mission-house was erected; and also a neat three-roomed house for Njivo. [Subsequently, after Mr. Brier's death, the station was removed 1½ miles farther north to the present Ehikihiki; but, Njivo's house remained; and, later, with some additions, it became my sister's "Evangeline" cottage.]

After those three weeks of unfriendly machinations, it was such a relief and restful change, when Mr. Gault gathered us in the Baraka sitting-room for family-prayers. On Sunday, November 3, I preached both sermons, English and Mpongwe. The audience was good. An incubus seemed lifted. The

Mpongwes acted as if they had awaked from a dream; and began to recognize their Christian duties. But, I never forgot that month of humiliation to which they had subjected me.

In the evening of Monday, Mr. Gault called a meeting of the church-session, to consider Anyentyuwa's application for removal of her ex-communication. He politely invited me to be present. But, I declined. I had known too much of white domination of the native elders at Gaboon. I wished her restoration to be on her own merits, and not as a favor to me. Before she went to the session, she told me that she was ready to acknowledge the errors of her common-law marriages, but that she would insist on her innocence of Mr. Walker's original charge on which the session had suspended her seven years before. I urged her to say all that to the session. She did. And, they restored her; thus, condemning themselves for that cruel suspension. [She never married again; and maintained her Christian character virtuously, in the face of much falsehood, to the end of her life.] Finally, on Wednesday, the 6th, the ocean-steamer *Bonny* came in from the north, on its way to Cape Lopez. I was anxious to get back to my neglected Ogowe. We gathered together our possessions, packing late into the night.

RETURN TO CAPE LOPEZ AND THE OGOWE.

On Thursday, November 7th, we were up early, and goods sent to the beach by 7 A. M. A half-hour later, with Mary, Anyentyuwa, Iga, and the Fañwe lads, I was at the German house, where Messrs. Lubcke and Letz had very kindly offered the use of their boats, one for our luggage, and one for ourselves. We boarded the *Bonny* in style. Captain Glasscock and the purser and doctor were very attentive. I felt almost lost under the new sensation of courtesy and kindness. As the *Bonny* entered Prince's Bay, next morning, Friday, the view was enlivening, of two other ocean-steamers, and (most fortunately) the *Duala*. Mr. Knoch took us ashore to his house. On Saturday, the 9th, late in the afternoon, we all boarded the *Duala*. After crossing the bay, the vessel anchored for the night in Yâmbe Creek. And, on Sunday night, anchored past Ngumbe.

On Monday, the 11th, it was more than homelike, it was thrilling, as we passed Igenja, Orânga, Elovi, and other places to recognize, and to be given shouted welcomes by men, women, and children ashore. We were at the Lembarene German

house by sunset. A native dug-out and a crew of eight Kru-men were kindly given to take us to Kângwe. But, the dug-out lay very low in the water, the current *very* strong, the night dark and threatening. I did not think it safe. Going ashore with my company, at the Aguma house landing, we walked around the head of the island, to Eyĕnano town, where the dug-out followed us. My Mary attracted great attention. While waiting for the Kru-men, a church-member, Omběga, politely offered us a house for the night. But, in the quieter water of the smaller branch, we resumed our journey; and, were at Andĕndĕ by 8 P. M., where Mr. Allegret gave us every kindness of supper and beds. The next morning, we removed to the Hill house, and adjusted ourselves.

On Wednesday, the 13th, I gave the French brethren an outline of the affairs at Baraka; and went to all the trading-houses on business, and to seek for towage to Talaguga. Late in the afternoon of Thursday, the 14th, Mr. Deemin of Holt's, notified that the little *Oviro* would take me on Friday morning. *That* required that we should be at his house overnight, as the distance from Kângwe to Inenga, three miles, was too far to be made in the morning. I hasted with our various baggage; and, with only five crew, a long time was occupied in sending it to the Andĕndĕ boat-landing. Finally, with my household, I left the Hill at 8.30 P. M., and made the start from Andĕndĕ an hour later. The night was dark, the current strong, and five oars were weak for the *Nelly-Howard*. Njĕgâ, holding a lantern over the boat's side, to light the way, fell asleep, and lost the lantern. We did not reach Mr. Deemin's until 10.30. But, he received us very cordially, and gave us the best of his lodging.

The next day, Friday, the 15th, we were early on board the *Oviro,* our boat being towed. Mary felt at home; for, though the vessel was small, she could move about, and was not confined to one spot, as in the boat. Near Ngwilaka, Mr. Wheeler of Asange was taken on board. He had been held captive by the Ngwilaka Fañwe, but had just escaped. Stopping for the night at Fura, opposite Nkogo, we slept ashore at a Mpongwe trader's house. And the following day, on the *Oviro,* were landed early in the afternoon at our home; whither my sister had returned during my absence. There was much that was new to be seen and told of in the happenings during my absence of more than two months.

On Sunday, the 17th, there were no Fañwe at chapel. But,

two canoe-loads of them came, just as we were dispersing; and Elder Abumba addressed them in the prayer-room. Then, there were several busy days, entering memoranda of the previous three months; opening boxes of newly arrived supplies; entering accounts; repairing houses and paths. Mary was not well; she was cutting some lower molar teeth.

On Sunday, the 24th, there were thirty Fañwe present at chapel. While we were at services, the *Duala* came with a hogshead of freight. She did not whistle for me, as she would have done on other days. The captain sent it ashore to my boat-landing. I left it lie there until Monday morning.

My sister had decided that, when, in the end of December we should go to Libreville for the annual meetings, she would close her work in the Ogowe. She was packing her goods, and I was sending them, on passing vessels, to Kângwe or Lembarene, to await there our own coming when I should make my church-tour in December.

On Wednesday, the 27th, spent some time on the hillside, with Mary, in her mother's cottage, putting the kitchen in repair, and gathering Avocado pears and mango plums from the trees I had planted. But, I had to cut down my original palm-oil tree (the very first at Talaguga) which had grown too near the kitchen.

On Saturday, the 30th, the *Falaba* anchored; and Mr. Allam, General Agent of H. & C. came ashore with Mr. Gacon. Some of my sister's trunks were sent off. Mr. Gacon inspected a site for a saw-mill. After ten years of effort with Secretary of the Board Lowrie, and refusal by him, on the ground that industrial work in foreign missions was too secularizing; I had continued my efforts with his successor, Secretary Gillespie, who admitted the desirability of industrial work, but required that I should obtain the co-operation of the entire mission. Mr. Good prevented that. So, Mr. Gacon and I, on our private responsibility and with our own funds decided to build a little saw-mill, utilizing the water-power of the mountain brook. [Later, he built a dam that gave a good power, by which a circular saw was run, and boards were actually made.]

On Sunday, December 1, a collection of over fifty people in the chapel. During the week, I was looking ahead toward the end of the year; gathering clothing and supplies for the tour of the churches, and thence to Libreville; and arranging for the work and food of those I should leave in charge during my absence.

On Sunday, the 8th, there were only two or three Fañwe at

morning services. But, there were many at Sabbath school. In their canoes, they had come from down-river, for sales and purchase. Of course, they did not know the days of the week. Finding that it was "God's Day," they remained, for the sake of Monday morning; and, in the meanwhile, pleased their curiosity by coming into Sabbath school.

I had a serious conversation with Anyentyuwa: The going away of my sister would leave me in an unprecedented situation. In the civilization of America, a widower or bachelor may live in his home alone with an unmarried woman, his housekeeper; there is no suspicion of immoral sexual relations. And, Mrs. Grundy makes no remarks. But, in the heathenism of Africa, there are many Mesdames Grundy. It was to be assumed, by the natives, that any man and woman, living alone in the same house, were "man and wife." A very easy assumption in a country where "marriage" existed without ceremony. I studied the points in my situation. (1) I believed that I was called of God to Africa, and that nothing but ill-health would justify my leaving, even temporarily. I was not in very ill health. (2) Earlier missionaries had left the work, fearing that their little children could not live in Africa. I had proved that they could; and, I had stayed, with my little child, at my work. (3) I had solemnly promised my wife, in 1884, that neither she nor I should part with our expected child (as I had done with my former children) *during its infancy*. That promise was as sacred to me as any I had ever made to God. I would as soon have denied Him, as break it. "Infancy" continues to the close of the seventh year. Mary was only five and one-half years. (4) I was a soldier. As faithfully as the boy who

> "stood on the burning deck,
> Whence all but him had fled,"

whose story had enthused me in childhood, I would stay by Talaguga until I was relieved by the mission that had sent me there. It was wrong that Mr. Brier had been taken from me. But, I knew no other duty than to remain at my post. (5) While my sister was with me, the presence of Anyentyuwa in my household as my child's governess, was not suspected of evil. But, now that my sister was going, what should I do? Should I retain Anyentyuwa? (a) I knew what the heathen would think. They would assume that she was my "wife." They suspected all missionaries; and, would not have felt hurt if their suspicions were true. So, I did not care for their judgment. (b) I knew

what the traders would say. Some of them had their native mistresses, held more or less openly. We had rebuked them. Now, would they point at me? Yes, probably. But, only in rude joke. They knew and respected me; and they would *know* that their unkind joke was a lie. So, I disregarded them. (c) All the native Christians knew and believed in me. None of them would doubt me; though a few at Gaboon, who were jealous of her, would gossip; the while in their hearts they knew they were false. (d) I did not think of the possibility of any suspicion being entertained by my mission associates.

So, I said all this to Anyentyuwa, and asked her whether she intended to leave me. Her answer made her, for me, the noblest living woman of that time: "I know, Dr. Nassau, more and better than even you do, what people will say of us. To those who, as a solution of the situation, will expect you to ask me in marriage, I will say that I would not marry you even if you should ask it. Not because I would not feel honored by the relation; but, out of respect for you. I know perfectly well the American hatred for my race. You would be ostracized by your own relatives. But, I will stay with you. I love Mary; and, you cannot take care of her, alone. People may say what they please. Some of the missionaries cannot say of me worse than they already have done, though I am again in the church. I think it will be a service to God, if I can be of some aid to you." With my memory of those noble words, no one will doubt that thenceforward, to the end of her life (fourteen years later) no woman, white or black, more than she, represented to me, the highest mark of truth and virtue. And, when a fatal disease made her incapable of supporting herself, I gave her an annuity, and built a pretty little house in which she could comfortably die. For this, I was criticized. I only replied that, while I valued the respect of my fellow men, I placed a prior value on my own self-respect. I would have despised myself had I done less for the lady who did so much for my child in my year of need.

TO KÂNGWE.

On Monday, December 9, Elder Abumba was to go with me, for his duty in the Igenja session. But, he was to return immediately to Talaguga, as one of those in charge while I should be in Libreville. With his canoe, and a kongongo load of my sister's property, and my own boat and crew, with my sister; Jane, wife of Gasita; and Mary, Anyentyuwa and Iga, starting just

before noon, and escaping a threatening storm, we were at Mâgeněně for the night. The next day, we reached Anděndě, by the middle of the afternoon. The French gentlemen all happened to be absent at the Lembarene houses. There was the usual long time in having our many pieces of baggage carried to Kângwe Hill.

TOUR OF THE CHURCHES.

On Thursday, the 12th, everything seemed to go crooked. I had risen early, in order to have all baggage ready; but, my crew were slow in coming to carry the burdens to the boat at Anděndě. And, an ugly discussion arose, at the very last, with Ogula, Mr. Good's trusted native assistant. I, too, had trusted him, placing in his care, some of Anyentyuwa's cooking utensils, in a house, of which he had the key. Those utensils she found in use, in one of the men's kitchens. Who had taken them? And, why? Among some of the tribes, it was allowable for anybody to use anyone's tools. But, the "upper" tribes (Mpongwe, etc.) resented that use by an "inferior" (Galwa, etc.) tribe. Anyentyuwa resented it. I, too, resented it; for, she was a part of *my* family; and, he had broken my trust in him. I could have forgotten the matter, if Ogula had been truthful in his explanation of it. But, he was not even respectful; he was insolent. I never was able to recover confidence in and respect for him; though he became a Licentiate, and is living to-day, useful in the Ogowe churches. And, Anyentyuwa herself was trying, that day. She was always trying on journeys and special occasions. The excellent lady and devoted friend had only one fault. But, it was a fault that always tries me in plans with others. *She was never ready*. I was *always* ready, in advance. She always had something to be done *just at the last*. Yet, when done, it was wonderful how efficient she was the remainder of the journey.

Finally, leaving my sister on the Hill, I was away with my company. My hope was that we would eat our noon meal at Wâmbâlya, the home of some of the crew; thus they would have an opportunity to see some of their relatives. But, the difficulties of the morning had left an evil spirit. They were slow. We ate in the forest. Then, when I did stop at Wâmbâlya to land Gasita's wife, four of the crew jumped ashore to see their people. They were so long in returning, that, for the last one, I pushed off without him. (He followed, with Elder Yongwe, later.) The day was threatening with clouds; but, we reached

Igenja, before rain fell. Elder Awora was sick, and had failed to prepare places for us. His two companions Mângiarina and Daniel, were not hospitable to me, and gave us very poor huts. Besides being poor, they were apart, making it necessary for Mary and me to separate. The room in which we ate our supper was open on one side. Rain and wind beat into it; and a pest of winged ants came in clouds attracted by our light. I thought over the discourtesy and unkindness that gave me and my child such poor entertainment, while good lodging in closed houses, with kerosene lamps, and other comforts, had been reserved for my crew; for the expectation of Mr. Allegret (who was not coming); and for Elder Yongwe. I went to bed depressed with the annoyances of the day.

On Friday, the 13th, I rose early, and sent word to Elder Abumba and my friend Mâmbâ, in their village, a few hundred yards distant, asking that they provide me better lodging than I had in Nkolo. Then Mângiarina and Daniel, with apparent astonishment, asked my reason for leaving them! I sharply rebuked them, and left. I never knew the reason for their treatment of me. Perhaps, because I did not follow Mr. Good's precedents; perhaps, because they disliked Anyentyuwa's superiority. I never could divest that village, of that unpleasant memory. Elder Abumba and Mâmbâ gave us every consideration. Eggs, plantains, iguma, fowls, etc., were brought for sale. Mary had a fat little baby to play with. Visitors gathered in from Orânga. At night, a small audience in the church; and afterward a session-meeting.

Saturday, the 14th, was a continuously busy day: Church-session all morning; writing up records; receiving and recording church contributions (not cash); buying for myself, until 4 P. M.; when preparatory service was held. In the evening, a wild pig had been caught in a trap; I bought a leg for two bars of soap. Public meeting at night, followed by session.

On Sunday, the 15th, in the morning, there were two adult baptisms. Anyentyuwa partook of the communion; the first since her restoration. In the evening came a storm that prevented any service.

Before leaving, on Monday, I went to see sick Elder Awora. He, in shame at the manner in which I had been treated, promised that he would have an addition built to his house for my special accommodation, before my return at the next quarter. With stoppages we came to "Liverpool" for the night. There were very good quarters in Osĕlowe's house. I had promised

the crew, that I would save them the trouble of discharging the boat, if they would agree to guard the goods by sleeping in the boat. They agreed. But, they broke their bargain; and, late at night, I had to have them carry all the luggage to my hut.

The next day, on to Lâmbe; to a Fañwe town; and, to Orânga, where I would stop, fearing a coming storm. But, just then, in my desire to buy sĕnjĕle dried fish, which were for sale at Azâze's new village, in the mouth of the lake-exit, I ventured to first go there. Delayed by the bargaining for the fish, we were caught in the tornado at its worst, as we re-crossed the river. The boat's canvas canopy, that was our constant protection from sun, became a great danger, and had to be rapidly torn down. Like a sail, catching the wind, it would have capsized us. Then, we had to sit in the driving rain, which was terrifying with the incessant thunder and lightning. Mary was thoroughly frightened. Arrived at Orânga, Simbuve gave us good quarters; but, we were uncomfortable for lack of dry bedding. So, we remained there all the next day, the 18th, washing and drying clothes. Mwanyeno, one of Mary's former attendants, was there; and the child found pleasure in renewing acquaintance. My hunter friend Azâze came to see me. And, I had time to write up session documents.

The following day, Thursday, the 19th, resuming the boat; while at our meal in the forest, a French gunboat passed up. When, later, I reached Izuwa village of Elder Ntyanga, of the third church, to consult him on church matters, he had gone, summoned by that gunboat, for the settlement of a difficulty of one of his people with some Bakĕle. At Ovimbyano we were well located in Ambamani's house.

On Friday, the 20th, Aziza was there, and came to tell me of her husband Ogandaga's unfaithfulness to her. Elder Re-Montigo brought applicants for the inquiry class, and for baptism. On Saturday, the 21st, the elders were so late in assembling, that our session meeting was hurried. At the close of the afternoon preparatory service, a storm was coming up; Mary came to me in tears, alarmed lest her governess, who had gone visiting at the other end of the village, should be caught in it. It was a long time before my little girl outgrew the fear inspired by the Orânga incident. Many cases of discipline, and of examination for baptism came in the evening. Too late; session had adjourned. I had been waiting for them two days. That they came at the last hour seemed to me to show lack of interest.

On Sunday, the 22d, the entire morning was dark and lowering and cloudy. But, I was not sure whether the darkness was caused by clouds, or by the eclipse of the sun that was due that day.

On Monday, the 23d, our start was delayed by a wordy quarrel which Aziza precipitated on Anyentyuwa. The former was attempting to fulfill her threat of a year previous, to have "a fight" with the latter. I had no interest in the discussion. Nor would Anyentyuwa degrade herself by a public quarrel. But, she defended the statements she had made at that time, as to Aziza's untruth. With slow pulling, we did not reach Andĕndĕ until near sunset. And, it was 7 P. M. before I, the last of all, finally reached the Hill house.

The next day, there were errands at the Lembarene houses; especially to inquire as to probabilities of some steamer that would take us to Cape Lopez for Libreville, not before Monday, the 30th, so that I might be free from anxiety and uncertainty in attending to the church services of Sunday, the 29th.

Wednesday, the 25th. The only notice of the day was that we had a duck for dinner.

On Thursday, the 26th, with Mr. Gacon, I went to all the trading-houses, taking to the German a number of my sister's boxes prepared for the United States, and to settle accounts for the year. Mary wished to go, and came as far as Andĕndĕ landing. But, when she saw some threatening clouds, she preferred to go back to the Hill. At the German house, it was finally decided that the *Duala* would wait for me and my company, until 5 A. M. of Monday, the 30th. So, I felt at ease to arrange for my Sunday services. At Holt's, there was a crowd of Fañwe who had been making disturbances on the premises. Mr. Deemin had four little puppies, my story about which, when I told Mary on my return, made her regret that she had not braved the thunder-cloud and gone with me. Session meetings were held on Friday, the 27th; but, there were few applicants. On Saturday, the 28th, after the afternoon preparatory service, there was held a congregational meeting, at which, Paul Agonjo, who had brought his letter from the third church, was elected a ruling elder. In the evening, he was ordained and installed.

For Sunday, there were the usual communion services. Three adults were baptized. At night, I was quite sick with headache, and retired early, after gathering together a few last things for the next day's journey. I slept; but not soundly; for, I was afraid to oversleep the hour for the start to Lembarene.

In all my Ogowe life, I never had an employee, however otherwise good, on whom I could *depend* to awaken me at an early hour for a journey. *I* always had to shorten my sleep, or lie awake, in order to arouse the crew and superintend the loading of the boat.

TO CAPE LOPEZ, FOR LIBREVILLE.

Monday, December 30th. The hour for us to be at the *Duala* had been named as a favor. Therefore, I was bound not to delay the vessel. I was awake at 2 A. M., dressed; awoke the entire household; and began to load the boat. I had hoped to start at 3.30 A. M. as an hour was required for the row around the island; and, then, time would be needed to ship our baggage; of which my sister had a good deal. But, there were delays; at the very last, Mr. Gacon (who was to return the boat to Andĕndĕ) could not find his needed lantern. Off, by 4 A. M. The morning was not very dark; but, it was a sad hour for my sister. It was the closing of her ten years in the Ogowe. Two of her special friends, Agonjo and Mâmbâ were with her. We were at the German house by exactly 5 A. M. But, apparently, no one was awake, either on the *Duala* or ashore. My arrival however aroused them. And, the vessel was off by 6 A. M., with a large number of native passengers, a full load of its own trade-produce, and my sister's goods and effects. All the way down-river, in passing villages where she was known, or where there were her former pupils, she was seen, as she stood on deck; and there were repeated good-by salutations. By 8 P. M. we had passed through the Yâmbe cross-creek, into Prince's Bay; and anchored, ready to cross the bay, as soon as tide was sufficiently risen. Then, the vessel safely went over the shoals, under the light of a half moon; and, finally anchored near the German house. Then, I lay down in the wheel-house; but, I did not disrobe.

The little dining-room had been given up, as a " ladies' cabin "; there slept my sister, Anyentyuwa, Mary, and Iga. They were late in vacating the room, on morning of Tuesday, the 31st, for the cook to spread breakfast. After breakfast, we all landed in my sister's *Evangeline*. And, Mr. Knoch welcomed us. Two Frenchmen, a doctor and a sergeant with a force of forty laptots, for service in the Interior, had been lodging at his house. But, Mr. Kuhtz found the manners of the sergeant so offensive, that he had refused him further lodgment, though he allowed him still to come to the table. At noon, while we were at the

table, an incident occurred. The sergeant's negro servant came to the open door; his master noticed him, and the servant replied, "I've got it." Presently, the sergeant left the table, and followed him. I thought nothing of the incident, until, later in the afternoon, I was told a horrible story: That sergeant had commissioned his servant to obtain for his sexual use a native female, specifying that "it" should be a young girl. The man had gone into the villages, with money in his hands. And, heathen parents had "rented" to him their little daughter, a child of about ten; he had taken her to a room in a house near the Post; had locked the door; and then had come to notify his master. That master left our company at the table, went to the room, and attempted to assault the child. Her screams drew the attention of men near by, both white and black, who broke into the house, and rescued her. When I heard that fearful tale, I went to Mr. Knoch, and told him I would not eat with that man at the same table, but would wait and eat at the children's second table. Mr. Knoch too was indignant at the affair, and sent word to the sergeant not to come again to his table. When the man came to remove his luggage, Mr. Knoch reported to me that, he had said that if I were a younger man, he would challenge me to a duel, for the insult of my refusal to eat with him!

On Wednesday, January 1, 1890, Captain Uzarski, Mr. Kuhtz, and Mr. Deemin, celebrated the day by going hunting out on the prairie. They returned next day, very tired, but successful in the capture of a wild ox; of which they gave a hind-quarter to Mr. Knoch, and he shared with us. The *Duala* left, heavily-laden, to go up-river, taking as passengers, the two Frenchmen and their forty soldiers. My bill with Mr. Kuhtz, for the passage from Lembarene of us four adults and my sister's freight, was $40. He made no charge for the two children, nor for our attendants, Gasita and his wife Jane.

On Friday, the 3d, Anyentyuwa and Jane were having a washing-day; they seemed to be very much amused at their tubs. I went with the two children along the wide beach toward the Post, where the water shoaled very gradually. There, I allowed them to bathe. To be in water was one of Mary's greatest happinesses, from her infancy. There were sharks in the bay. Their bodies were not seen, but their dorsal fins were distinctly visible as they moved from place to place. They could not have come near shore over the shoal. So, it was safe for the children, while I stood by, and watched the position of those

fins. In the afternoon, Mr. Knoch sent his seine farther up the bay. I disrobed, and went into the water, to help drag the net. I worked hard, bathed long, and swam somewhat; so that I was rather tired in the evening. We were anxiously waiting for some steamer. Absence of work or responsibility was something strange to me, after my years' cares at Talaguga and the three churches. On Saturday, Mr. Knoch asked me to hold a religious service in his house the following afternoon. It was a very unusual request on the part of a trader. My sister was feeling better; and, she had some singing with Mr. Deemin, she playing on her baby organ.

On Sunday morning, the 5th, I went with the family, to the Orungu village, a mile distant. The walk was a pleasant one, along the beach, the tide being out. I preached. But, the people showed a stolid indifference. Those were the heathen who had "rented" their little daughter. In the afternoon, about 3 o'clock, I had Service in Mr. Knoch's house. But, it was interrupted, both in the beginning and at the end. Just as we were getting ready, a sea-turtle was brought for sale. The excited curiosity of the two children was shared by most of their elders. Turtle is very fine eating! During the meeting, the *Jeanne Louise* arrived from Nazareth Bay; and, I shortened the services.

By Tuesday, the 7th, the daily watching for a steamer was becoming trying to my sister, who was not well enough to amuse herself, as I (though anxious about my delaying the annual meetings) was doing. But, the children were having a happy playtime. At the cape, the anchorage for steamers was good. Though the beach shoaled very gradually, it then suddenly sank; so that vessels could anchor very near to the shore; and, there were no rocks. Ordinarily, the water was very smooth and quiet. But, storms raised large waves. Two French gunboats started across the bay to go to Lembarene. A fierce gale of wind came, just after they had safely crossed. I sat on the veranda with Mary, and watched the waves pile themselves on the beach, only a few rods from us.

Late in the afternoon, a Mr. Hervy, agent of the French firm of Daumas & Co., kindly gave me and Mary a ride on the bay, in his sail-boat. It was something new for me to have a sail-ride. Almost all my boating on the Ogowe had been done by oar or paddle, where I was always the anxious master. That day, I was an irresponsible guest.

On Thursday, the 9th, early in the morning, the *Elobi* was seen coming in. Went off to it with Mr. Knoch. It was going

up-river. There was such uncertainty about any expected steamer that could take us north to Libreville, and, considering that we had already been waiting ten days at the cape, I engaged with the captain, that I would wait five days for his return from Lembarene, when he would be going to Libreville. This farther delay of five days was the only chance that was known, for getting away from the cape.

Next day, at noon, an English steamer was seen coming in. The French customs boat, Mr. Deemin in his boat, and Mr. Knoch and I in the *Evangeline,* all went off to make inquiries. It was the ocean-steamer *Cameroons,* Captain Clancy; on his way to Libreville! I was in a dilemma. I had promised the captain of the *Elobi* to wait for him. But, that very afternoon, my sister was taken sick again; for her sake, I decided to go on the *Cameroons.* At once, we sent some two dozen pieces of my sister's freight. She did not expect ever to return to the Ogowe, and was removing her furniture, etc., for storage at Libreville, ready for future location.

On Saturday, the 11th, early, our baggage was sent on board, and we followed with our parcels, escorted by our kind friend Mr. Knoch. I took with me a live sea-turtle, as a present for the Baraka table. Anyentyuwa remained at the cape, waiting for a steamer to take her south to Sette Camma. (When the French officer there, in the spring of 1888, had so cruelly ordered her to Libreville, for trial on the false charge of theft, she had not had time to collect wages due her, nor to gather goats, fowls, and other property she owned. And, after her vindication and release by Governor Ballay from an unjust imprisonment, she had immediately come to me in the Ogowe. Now, she wished to go to Camma to claim her property.) But, there were tears at the parting; and, after the steamer started, Mary continued crying for her "Ma Janie"; she said that she "felt lonely." I gathered a rug and a pillow on the deck; and there she and Iga forgot their sorrows in sleep. There were some unpleasant fellow-passengers; the offensively bold Portuguese Ignace, who had been the real thief, for whom Anyentyuwa had suffered; the Frenchman Louis Dunot, always strangely watching; and a conceited assistant in an English-Loanda astronomical expedition. Was disappointed that the vessel failed to reach Libreville that night.

I had no pleasant memory of the *Cameroons* or its captain. He had not been at all courteous. But, on anchoring on Sunday, the 12th, he provided a crew for my company in the

Evangeline. And, he sent ashore all of my sister's baggage, later.

The *Mary-Nassau* was entering the harbor, at the same time, having come from Benita with Rev. Messrs. Allegret and Teisseres, who had been inspecting Bolondo station there. It brought also the native elders from the northern churches. It was the first view Mary had of her mother's memorial "ship," since she was old enough to remember.

A month was spent at Baraka, attending to various businesses, while waiting, after the close of the mission and presbytery sessions, for some steamer to take us back to the Ogowe. In the former days, I had been independent, and used to return in the *Hudson* to Nazareth Bay, and thence up-river in my own boat. But, with my Mary, I would not take that exposure. Presbytery sessions began on evening of Tuesday, the 14th. On Sunday, the 19th, I preached in English, and Rev. Ntâkâ Truman in Mpongwe. He scandalized the pulpit and the day by a personal attack on Rev. Mr. Ibiya of the Benga tribe, Corisco, who, on the preceding Sabbath, had denounced the sins of Mpongwe people. The next day, presbytery warned the native brethren against personalities in the pulpit.

On Tuesday, the 21st, the *Eboe* came in, and I went off with Mary, to make inquiries as to the vessel's probable movements. A white child was a rarity on the coast, and she was much noticed. On Thursday, the 23d, presbytery adjourned; and, I set to work, as stated clerk, to write up records. On Saturday, the 25th, at sunset, I went to the German house, to inquire after the health of Mr. Letz, who had been sick; and, found that he had died only an hour previous! I was very much distressed that I had not called earlier on my kind friend.

On Sunday morning, I preached in Mpongwe. Mr. Letz's funeral was at sun-down. With a memory of his kindness to us all in the Ogowe, my sister had made a wreath of flowers; and, in the church, Mary advanced from a pew with it, and laid it on the coffin in front of the pulpit. Lieutenant E. F. Domville and Mr. F. W. Ainy, from the *Magpie* of the British navy, in port, were at the funeral, and invited us to visit the vessel. Next day, while I was taking a walk with Mary, we met those two gentlemen; and they repeated their invitation. But, we found no opportunity to accept it.

I do not know what had given Mary a feeling about blood. On February, the 1st, I was telling her the story of "The

house that Jack built." Her only remark was, "Did the blood come out" of the dog when the cow tossed him?

During the following days, I was sick with fever. On Thursday, the 6th, I took a walk with Mr. Presset and the two children to the Plateau Botanical Garden, hoping to get some plants for Talaguga. But, the florist was not in his office. For the first time, Mary saw guinea fowls.

RETURN TO THE OGOWE.

Finally, on Friday, February 14, the *Falaba* was ready; and I and my company went on board; bidding my sister good-by on the beach, and leaving her in Mr. Gault's care, for an expected steamer to England. One of the French teachers, Mr. Lesage, was also on board the *Falaba*. As soon as we emerged from the estuary on to the ocean, the water became rough; and, Mary was soon suffering with nausea. By tea-time, both children were asleep from exhaustion; and, we all three were so sleepy and uncomfortable, that, without disrobing, we went to sleep in the room which the general agent, Mr. Allam, had given us. Gasita's wife, Jane, was not of much use.

The next day, the sea was still rough, with opposing wind; and, poor steering by the Kru-man at the wheel. Captain Johnson was sick almost the whole voyage. But, he was very obliging in giving Mary milk and cakes whenever she wanted. She did not seem to care for the bread that kind Mrs. Sneed had sent with us. Iga and I ate that.

The following day, Saturday, the 15th, we entered the Ogowe, having fortunately met it with a high tide. Where we anchored at night among the mangroves, the mosquitoes were bad, and got inside our nets. I had undressed the children, but kept on my own clothing for emergencies. On Sunday, the 16th, stopped for a while at Angâla; and, then on to Ñango, where we waited all the afternoon for the coming of a Nkâmi pilot. On Monday, all feeling better. The children were excited seeing hippopotami near the steamer. By night, we were near Ngumbe, Isâgi's place.

Next day, in passing Igenja, the captain obligingly whistled, slowed, and took on board two of my people. Anchoring for the night at Orânga, I saw my friends there, among others, Simbuve and Etĕndi. The next morning, the latter and his wife, and two other of my people joined me. It was pleasant to be recognized as we passed the villages, after our two months' absence. The steamer was at its Aguma (Lembarene) house

by 4 P. M. But, we had to wait. I had hoped that Mr. Allegret would have had the mission-boat waiting for me, as it was known that the *Falaba* would arrive that day. I sent one of my men to run around the head of the island, and shout across the river to Andĕndĕ. An hour and a half later, Mr. Allegret came with a boat; and, with a portion of our belongings, we reached Andĕndĕ by 7 P. M. Rain was falling. Mr. Carmien gave some of his school-boys to carry our baggage to the Hill. Etĕndi made tea. Jane warmed water for Mary's bath. We had our supper. And, the place was not as lonely as I had feared. As Mr. Good had not returned from the United States (though I had no charge of the station) I was still in care of the churches and their Bible-reading work. I arranged for the employment of Elder Yongwe, Candidate Ogula, and Re-Nyiko in that work.

On Sunday, the 23d, preached in the morning; and held Sabbath school. The good little girl Iga was, for some reason, troublesome, and told me a falsehood; for which I rebuked her. She felt the rebuke very much, and cried bitterly, longing for her mother. She had been kindly cared for; but, I had not appreciated how she was missing her mother. In the afternoon, about 5 P. M., a note from Mr. Deemin saying that the *Oka* would tow me the next day if I was on hand by 8 A. M. I told my young men; and they all promised to be up early. After the two children were asleep at night, I gathered my goods and food for the journey. But, I did not sleep soundly.

TO TALAGUGA.

On Monday, the 24th, I was awake at 1 A. M. And, afraid to go to sleep, I only dozed until 3 A. M. Then, arose; dressed; called the men; sent the boxes to the boat; later, awoke Mary. And, near 6 A. M., left the Hill, sending in advance the two children with Jane, and some Fañwe with the last bundles. (Only by such methodic arrangements did I succeed with people who had no estimate of the value of time.) We were at Inenga in advance of the appointed hour. But, as the favor was to me, I was not willing to be late, even five minutes. When we finally started, the *Gaboon* was ahead of us, and the *Duala* behind. During the day, we passed and were passed by them several times. Besides my boat, the *Oka* had in tow a heavy surf-boat, whose tow-line parted, and delayed us some time. And, just before anchoring for the night, the *Oka* ran aground. The vessel was very small. So, I slept with the children in the stern of my boat, that was thatched with a little covering.

The next day, Tuesday, the 25th, we reached Talaguga, by middle of the afternoon. I was suffering with diarrhœa. A half-hour, after all goods were safely landed, a tornado came up. I was glad to be at our home, after more than two months of confusion. And, so was Mary. I immediately put all her play-things into her aunt's vacant room. That, thenceforward, was her own playhouse. The house looked somewhat empty, as, during our absence, Messrs. Allegret and Teisseres had been there, and had removed furniture they had bought of my sister.

Then, there were busy days, of putting away baggage, settling accounts and paying wages, Londo's expenditures during my two months' absence, were very economical. But, a little canoe of Mary's had been lost by one of the men. We heard that it was at Njomu. While Londo went there to get it, Elder Abumba (for, I was still too weak) opened boxes of new supplies. In one, I found a package of mint-drops for Mary; this, and the return of her canoe made her very happy. The child Iga was a pleasant little girl; but, she was full of life and pranks. At Libreville, I had placed her in the care of Mrs. Sneed. But, now, at Talaguga, in my care, I could not control her. She became a distress to me; for, she misled Mary. When I paid the four, who had kept the premises, their three months' wages on the 27th, they felt so rich, that they were extravagant in the articles they selected in pay.

I placed Elder Abumba in charge of evening-prayers (besides the Saturday village visitations) until Anyentyuwa should return; as Mary needed me to remain with her, for her bath, her prayer, and the singing to sleep that had been my rôle since her infancy. I was well again; and everything was going on amicably; but, I felt lonely, when I came at night to sit down by myself.

On Sunday, March 2, Fañwe, in all, some thirty, came to chapel. Among them, was my sister's former school-girl, Bilâgâ. Pâwa taught in the Sabbath school. And, at evening monthly concert, I told my household about the international movement for the suppression of African slavery.

I missed Anyentyuwa's tactful control of the children. I allowed Mary to have all her *extra* dolls to play with, on condition that they were not to be taken out of the house. Then, at Iga's solicitation, she took them to the kitchen. I pitied the child Iga; she was lonely for her mother; but, she was an anxiety to

me, by her waywardness. I could not understand why it was that some days she was good, and other days not.

Tuesday, the 4th, was a "good" day. Sent Mary with Jane on a visit to Pâwa at the cottage. And, Iga gave me no trouble. And, at evening, Mary remarked that herself too had been "a good girl to-day." On Thursday, the 6th, Bilâgâ came to see Mary, and played with her awhile. Both the children happy and behaving well.

TOUR TO THE CHURCHES.

On Monday, March 10, there were the usual arrangements with Londo and those I was to leave with him in charge of the premises during my expected month's absence, and packing food and clothing for myself and Mary. And, the usual necessary stoppages at certain villages. One was at Njomu, at Antyuwa's, to leave with him his niece Iga, until our return. I had little or no difficulty with my own child. But, I had been unable to control her playmate, two years older than herself. In a canoe, was Elder Abumba going for his duty in the Igenja session. The night was passed at Bible-reader Agonjo's. The next day, with no stops, except in the forest for our noon lunch, we were at Andĕndĕ by middle of the afternoon. Leaving most of our baggage in the Andĕndĕ baggage-room, I went to the Hill-house alone with Mary. Messrs. Lesage and Allegret were away on an excursion to Lake Azingo, and Mr. Gacon was at Libreville. Mr. Teisseres kindly loaned me a mosquito-net; for, mine was broken.

On Thursday, the 13th, started the crew early with Mary's and my baggage, for the boat at Andĕndĕ. When I followed, to start at 8 A. M., Mr. Teisseres advised that I go up around the island, and down the main stream, for the possibility of Anyentyuwa being on the expected *Falaba*. But, I risked missing her; and chose our usual quicker way down the Ajumba branch. In my haste, I had forgotten a box of soap needed for purchases, and had failed to leave the key of the Hill-house with Mr. Teisseres. Fortunately, I met a young man, an employee of Mr. Allegret's, on his way to Kângwe; with him, I sent back the key. And, when I stopped for lunch at Aveya's, I sent one of my men across river to Elder Yongwe at Elovi, requesting him to send of his people messengers to Kângwe for the box of soap, and to delay his coming to Igenja one day, so that he and they with the soap could follow me on Friday. I was in no haste. I allowed Jane and others to go to Ovimbiyano to see

their relatives. When I followed with the boat, I did not go ashore. The air was hot; and I sat in the protection of the thatch over the stern of the boat. The crew pulled well, when we resumed our way. So, we were at Igenja by 5 P. M. The new house, which I had authorized Elder Awora, three months previously, to build for me, was completed. It was small, but clean, convenient, and had a good view of the river. I kept my eye open for any steamer, if perchance Anyentyuwa should be on it. Only half an hour after our arrival, I observed a steamer coming up stream, and it anchored for the night near the town. I pulled off to it. It was a French gunboat. When I told the captain my errand, he said that when he was at Cape Lopez, the German *Ella Wöermann* had come in from the south, and he had seen a woman land from it, and going ashore to Mr. Knoch's, to await passage to Lembarene. (Of course, government gunboats did not carry passengers.) I felt sure that that "woman" was Anyentyuwa. I knew also that the *Oviro* was at the cape; and the Frenchman said that it was expected in five days. I returned to supper, to evening prayers, and to put to bed my sleepy little girl. Pâwa was quite attentive to her. In Elder Abumba's village (of course without his control) rum had been brought for the final ceremonies of closing a mourning; and there were loud singing and quarreling until after midnight.

On Friday, the 14th, busy with the usual receiving of visitors, teaching candidates, and preparations for session meetings. Late in the afternoon, in the face of a threatening storm, Elder Yongwe safely arrived. In evening, held a session-meeting. Members of the class, desirous of passing examinations, hung about the door, to overhear what questions were asked of applicants.

On Sunday, the 16th, there was no disturbance from rain, or noise in the villages, nor any passing steamer. At the morning communion, there were five baptisms, three young men and two women. And, at the afternoon service, two infants; a son of my friend Mâmbâ, and a daughter of a former employee, Angĕkâ.

On Monday, the 17th, the crowd dispersed; people from other places going to their homes, even though it was a rainy day; Elder Yongwe, to itinerate in the lakes; Elder Abumba to go back to the care of the services at Talaguga. Later in the day, as I thought rain had ceased, I started up-river, stopping at a few places to see former friends. One was Apoyo, Piĕre's wife. But, rain came again; and, when I stopped for the night at

"Liverpool," everything in the boat was wet. The village also was wet and uncomfortable.

The next day, Tuesday, the 18th, I kept a sharp eye for the expected *Oviro*. We were at Orânga by the middle of the afternoon. Before 5 o'clock, that vessel came in sight. Going off to it in my boat, I found Anyentyuwa. She landed immediately; to the great delight of my little girl. I had not yet discharged the boat; I hurried to put everything to rights before a coming rain. Sat up late, listening to Anyentyuwa's story of incidents during her two months' absence.

On Wednesday, the 12th, was delayed by the loss of a rudder-pin, and had to use a paddle as a rudder. There were signs of storm; thunder and lightning, wind and rain following us. The crew pulled admirably. In advance of us there also was rain. But, by a great Providence, we kept between the two; the wind died down; and we reached Ambomani's at Ovimbiyano without being wet at all. On Friday, the 21st, Elder Re-Montigo arrived; and session meeting was held. Arranged with Ambomani, that he should build an out-station for Bible-reader Ogula, whom I had directed to leave Kângwe, and come to the third church as local teacher and evangelist. The three elders were late in coming for session. People's curiosity and boisterousness at the door was so great as to annoy our proceedings. In the afternoon, preparatory services. Afterward, continued the session. But, the noise of the applicants at the door was so great, that I declined to work under such a lack of solemnity; and we adjourned. And, there were no additions on Sunday, the 23d.

On Monday, the 24th, I took into my service, as Anyentyuwa's assistant, a young girl, Nântye, betrothed of one of my employees, Re-Mbendambya. Though the crew pulled well, the river was high, and current strong against us; and, we did not reach Kângwe (old-landing) until after 8 P. M. Messrs. Allegret and Lesage with the school-boys and lanterns thoughtfully awaited us at that unusual spot. (A very happy experience, to be *awaited* at Kângwe!) A portion of our goods were carried up the Hill. With the remainder, I went on, to store them at Andĕndĕ. I finally was at the Hill by 10 P. M.

On Tuesday, the 25th, went with Mary and her governess in my boat to Inenga, at Holt's, to get the latter's luggage, which had been brought by the *Oviro*. Also, there was a large quantity of skins of wild animals which I had authorized Anyentyuwa to buy at Sette Camma, from a Mr. Drake, Holt's agent there, as a present for my dear brother William, of Bur-

lington, Iowa, who had offered his house as a home for my child when I should finally leave her in the United States, for her education. He was a noble man, and a beloved physician. By his loving offer, he had smoothed for me one of the hardest places in my life.

On Wednesday, the 26th, Anyentyuwa, Jane, and two young men had a big " washing-day " over Mary's and my accumulated soiled clothing of the journey. And, I was busy writing up the third church minutes. On Friday, the 28th, busy holding session meetings; and making arrangements with the Bible-readers. Those meetings were continued next day; with the usual afternoon preparatory service. And, communion was held on Sunday.

BACK TO TALAGUGA.

I had sent to Andĕndĕ, on Monday, most of my luggage, to have it ready for the next day's journey. On Tuesday, April 1, I started the crew down to the landing, for *them* to load the boat. Then, leaving Anyentyuwa, Mary, Jane, and the house-boys to follow, I went myself to hasten the loading. (At the coast tribes, I had had good boat-captains who would load without me. But, in the Ogowe, I never had a boatman, however good otherwise, who would attend to the job without my presence.) On reaching Andĕndĕ, I found that the job had not even been begun! Such experiences were very trying on patience; particularly as I liked to avail myself of the cool of the mornings, for an early start. Finally, started with a crew of eight paddles, and the boat crowded with passengers and luggage. The river was risen high. Stopped for dinner in the forest, where, years before I had preferred, but latterly had not done so, because of the Fañwe near it. But, they had removed. My objection to eating near them, was not at all for any fear of danger; but, because (of all the tribes), they were the most rude and offensive in crowding about me as I ate. Before sunset, we stopped at Island " factory," on invitation of its new occupant, Mr. Bates. I felt quite at home there, remembering the former days with John Ermy.

Next morning, Mr. Bates' hospitable breakfast prevented an early start. In the afternoon, there was a storm. I dreaded the wind; the thatch house over the boat's stern, necessary for Mary's protection from rain, caught the force of the wind, and made the boat careen. So, I kept in shore until the wind calmed; and then crossed the river to the Osamu-'kita (left) bank. Be-

fore reaching it, another rain came. In passing that place, a German trader politely hailed us, and invited us to stop for the night. But, I went on to Mbomi, where was a new house, of Holt's firm, just finished for a trader, Mr. Harrington, who had not yet occupied it. But, the native in charge offered to open it, and I felt on such free terms with the Holt firm, that I saw no impropriety in accepting, especially as another rain was falling, and I wished to protect my child. I took possession of two rooms, had my cook prepare supper, and had just sat down to the table, when he heard a little steamer come to anchor. It was the *Oka*. And, Mr. Harrington himself landed with his goods, to begin to occupy his house! I felt disconcerted; but, Mr. Harrington was polite in understanding the situation, and joined us at the table.

On Thursday, the 3d, in passing the homes of the two Fañwe lads who had gone with me to Libreville, Adzâ desired to land and see his people, but Njĕgâ preferred to go on with me. Some of my regulations with my crew were almost military. Cleanliness I insisted on, accepting no excuse. The common practice of the natives, as to their dishes after eating, was to leave them unwashed until they were needed for the next meal. I required that no unwashed vessel should be put into my boat. Otherwise, it would soon have become filthy. After our noon meal, one of the crew put his dirty bowl into the boat. I promptly broke it.

On stopping at Erere-volo by sunset, Njĕgâ was afraid; for, those people had had some difficulty with his family. I tried to assure him; but, he hid himself in the stern of the boat, and stayed there with the four whom I had left to guard it, while all the remainder of us occupied the deserted trading-house ashore. The head-man, Magamaga, was very attentive; and, I held religious services.

Before reaching Njomu next day, met a canoe with three white men, who informed me that, in passing Talaguga, they had been told that one of my men there was very sick. This made me anxious not to delay long at dinner at Njomu; where, of course, Iga was rejoiced again to have her mother. We did not reach Talaguga until after dark, though the crew, on the last mile, had put on a splendid spurt with their eight paddles. The boat flew, even against the swift current. On the way, two miles from Talaguga, I saw the rare sight of the moon rising over Talaguga mountain. I had never before happened to arrive at that time of night in that stage of the moon. It was an

exceedingly beautiful sight. We were all glad to reach our home. Mary forgot the fatigues of the confinement in the boat, and vented her feelings in a romp on the veranda. I found that the sick man was Elder Abumba.

Two canoes, one from Igenja, had overtaken me near the end of our journey on Friday, and had been selling their produce to me and the Fañwe on Saturday, and were to take sick Abumba to his Igenja home on Monday. I supposed that they would have been interested to get their relative away for medicine, more promptly, and was surprised at their delay.

I was building a new workman's house, on the site of the first old hut I had erected in March, 1882. And, was planting young trees which I had obtained from the Libreville Botanical Garden. In making entries into my diary, the review impressed me strongly as to how hard a tour it had been, with the river in flood, the rainy weather, the boat crowded with goods and people, and the need of special protection of my little daughter. I was glad to be at our house; and all the assistants at work in their places. Except, that I missed the evangelistic aid of Elder Abumba. But, I advanced to the itineration work, another employee, Monkâmi.

Now that Anyentyuwa was settled again, the arrangements for Mary, which had been somewhat desultory, were made more regular. Hitherto, I had thought that a child's sleep should not be broken; but, now, I arranged that, if Mary was not awake when I left our room to go to the morning prayer out at the prayer-room, Anyentyuwa should come and waken her, and have her dressed in time for breakfast. As to lessons, there had been nothing regular or systematic. I daily told her stories; and, there was the regular night Bible-story and song or hymn, with which she went to sleep. And, she had picked up the alphabet herself from her play-blocks (the very first letters of all were those she followed with her finger of her mother's name on the tomb). But, now, I arranged a little spelling-lesson every day at 2 P. M. before her going out to play on the lawn at the east end of the house, where Iga and she had great fun with her new dog "Puck," an English fox-terrier.

I regretted that I had Re-Mbendambya's betrothed, Nântye. Other assistants for Mary, however incompetent, were at least clean. This young girl was false, lazy and filthy. But, I retained her, not for any real aid that she could be to Mary's governess; but, for her young man's sake, that she might obtain some civilization.

Anyentyuwa's rôle, while my sister was with me, though a decided one, was a distinct one. Her control over Mary was complete, but, she was restricted to that one duty. She had no share in the household arrangements. Now, I placed her also as housekeeper. As such, the house, my table, and the servants were under her direction. And, she began a very needed house-cleaning. It was a great advantage for her comfort, in her position at Talaguga, as compared with the conditions under which Handi had worked, that there were frequent visitors of her own relatives, or of other members of the Mpongwe tribe, trading in the Ogowe. Her uncle Ongâmu was still in the river. And, on Wednesday, the 16th, came Pâpâ, a very nice woman, wife of her relative Antyuwa. On Monday, the 21st, Pâpâ closed her visit; and, with presents and the good-will of all, I sent her with a comfortable canoe and crew to her husband at Njomu.

Rev. Messrs. Allegret and Teisseres at Kângwe, had finally completed their plans of their Interior journey, in an inspection of the Kongo, as a field for a possible location of their proposed mission. In the evening of Thursday, the 24th, on the *Oka,* they slowly passed the house, on their way to Asange Post, having their goods for their long journey. In the evening, I announced two dismissals: Nântye's faults had become intolerable; and Orumbo-ngani, for the rare and daring offense of having opened a letter addressed to me, which had been sent ashore from the *Oka.*

The next day, as my little canoe started down-river with the two delinquents, I went up-river in a large canoe, a large crew, and Mary, Anyentyuwa and Iga to Asange, to say good-by to our excellent friends, Messrs. Allegret and Teisseres. On the way, stopped to eat our lunch in the forest. Just as we were finishing, some Fañwe women came on the path, and envied our rice. I was never able to understand the Fañwe character, in their curiosity and envy of white man's food. Their reasons could not have been hunger; for, they had the same opportunity for plantations that other tribes had. When I ate in villages of other tribes, though there were always some rude ones who wished to stare at our eating, they were promptly ordered off by the better class of the town. But, in Fañwe villages, they simply would not leave, even on my order. (Had their passion for eating, some connection with their cannibalism?) At the Post, we were politely received by Rev. Messrs. Allegret and Teisseres, Teacher Lesage, Chef de Poste Du Val, M. Gazengel,

and the commander and lieutenant of the government gunboat, *Basilic*. We were quite interested at the sight of a young boa-constrictor in a cage.

On Saturday, the 26th, a messenger from Chef Du Val came for a loan of milk and axes. I was glad to be of service to our French friends; for (barring Kerraoul's amazing conduct in 1884) they had been invariably kind to me.

On Sunday, the 27th, the *Basilic* passed down, and did not stop, though the commandant had intimated that he would, to inspect the premises. I was pleased that our Sunday quiet was not broken.

I had placed Okendo temporarily in Elder Agonjo's place at Mâgeněně. He came for his month's pay on Monday, the 28th, bringing with him Adzâ and Ngwa (returning), and a new one, a young man, Ngiye, from Akuri village, who wished employment, and who also professed to be an inquirer. On Tuesday, the 29th, a large government canoe brought Mr. Lesage from Asange. He wished a canoe and crew to take him to his school-work at Kângwe. He professed that he had not availed himself of the *Basilic*, because of its Sunday travel. I approved of that; but, was agreeably surprised that he felt that way; for, the French Protestant teachers came to us with the European continental-Sunday point of view. I made him as comfortable as the house, its food, etc., could display; and gave up my time for his entertainment. Okendo left; and, I sent with him the lad Njĕgâ, who was failing with some lingering disease. Sometime before, I had observed his strange conduct, and made the mistake of supposing it was stupidity and laziness, and had rebuked him for it. I was in error. The poor lad was really sick. I had hoped that he would come out as a Christian. He died, later; and, I had, from what I heard, a Christian hope in his death. Next day, as six of my people were sent in the canoe with Mr. Lesage, the remaining company was small.

On Thursday, May 1, I was busy, as stated clerk, in copying minutes of presbytery to send to Synod in the United States. House-cleaning having reached the "parlor" sitting-room, Mary was happy in being allowed to think she was helpful in the scrubbing of the floor. Her taste for dabbling in water!

On the following day, the former school-girl Bilâgâ made a visit, and remained to help in digging the peanut garden; which was quite a play for Mary and the household servants. They, with Anyentyuwa, were at it all the morning.

On Sunday, the 4th, Nyare's widow Nyamba and some other Fañwe were at chapel. Two of my household, Ngwa and Oñwa-sango asked to be enrolled in the inquiry class; the latter seemed to me very unworthy. And, next day, two others, Ampamba and Odimbo-suka surprised me by asking for baptism. The latter seemed to me lazy and indifferent.

In the rear of the house, there was a steep grass-covered piece of ground, with a descent down to and under the house. Nailing together two barrel staves with cleats, I made rough sleds, which Mary and Iga used with frantic enjoyment for sliding down that hill. Those "toboggan" rides were a frequent source of exercise and fun. Londo, whom I had sent as captain of the canoe with Mr. Lesage, returned, with a large mail, and with two monkeys, a present to Mary from Mr. Lesage. In the mail was a letter from Provost Pepper, of the University of Pennsylvania, requesting me to gather for the university an African Ethnographic collection. [This I did, and presented it to the university, when I reached the United States on a furlough in May, 1891.]

JOURNEY TO THE BAMBOO-SWAMP.

Thatch could be bought at any time, and stored. But, the palm-fronds, used for rafters that were to be broken over the ridge-pole of a house, had to be used fresh and green. Needing some, and requiring all my men, I decided, on Thursday, the 8th, to close the house, leaving only two men, and go myself with the family. At Njomu, leaving Anyentyuwa and the two children with her brother, I went with the men into the forest; and, at the swamp, divided them into squads. Then, I returned to Antyuwa's; and, as the grass and branches on the path were now sun-dried I called her and the children to come and see. Arrived there, she sat and sewed; they played; and I read and rested, as the men sang in their enthusiastic competition of their squads. It was almost like a picnic. The cutting and carrying to the village was completed; and, we returned to Sika's late in the afternoon. And, all went to bed; tired, but happy at the day's success.

On Friday, the 9th, started Londo with his load, up-river. But, I remained with the family, in Monkâmi's canoe until the afternoon, for Anyentyuwa to complete her visit with her brother. Less than an hour after starting, a rain came on, near Mpoko-njonga. A Galwa canoe is a very unsafe thing in a storm. Stopping in the forest until the wind should subside,

the children and Anyentyuwa could be protected by the one umbrella and the usual travel-rugs. The rest of us took the rain. When the storm passed, we proceeded. Though the crew pulled well, I was chilled by the time, after sunset, when we reached home. Hurried for a warm supper; and excused the men from the evening, as rain was again falling. Anyentyuwa was saddened by news of the death of four Mpongwe at Libreville, in an epidemic of la grippe. One of them was the man Njalēle, at whose trading-house I had often stopped at Erere-volo; two others were her relatives, one of them her half-sister Laura.

One of the almost daily jobs was the protection of the house from the invasion of white ants. Other annoyances were accepted in the ordinary course of events; they happened; and they passed. But, the fight against these ants was never ended. *That* was the weariness of it. They were harmless to ourselves. But, they ate wood and all products of vegetable fiber; that meant our books and clothing. They lived in dampness and darkness of the ground. But, at night, climbed up the hard-wood posts, on which our dwellings were erected, to eat our pine floors, our libraries, and our boxes of clothing, etc. Daily watch was to be had on those posts. After each journey, I found them in the house; they had evaded the inspection of those I had left in charge.

On Tuesday, the 13th, I had seated myself to write an important letter to my son Charles, but was interrupted again and again; workmen coming for direction about their jobs; Mary asking for amusement; and then Anyentyuwa deciding that she must go to her sister's mourning. Mary's governess was remarkable for having divested herself of all superstition. But, to some of the customs, she still clung. All natives expected to go to a family mourning. And, "families" were so extensive in their consanguinities! Our household servants were constantly going away on such calls of "duty." It was of no use to refuse. If they remained, they were sullen and useless. The only persons who did not yield to that "duty-claim" of their employees, were the foreign traders. They had their assistants under contract, and the men stayed; for, their trade was at stake. The funeral was long past; she could do her mourning when we went to Libreville six months later at the close of the year. But, if she *must* go, I wished her to go at once by first steamer chance; and hurry back in time to help me in my

quarterly tour of the churches in the end of June. So, she concluded to remain until December; and, I was greatly relieved. Later in the day, there was excitement in the pursuit of two Fañwe, who not only were trespassing on the premises, but actually were shouting in a hunt. Outrages of that kind had been frequent in the earlier Talaguga days; and, I had been patient. Latterly, my rights had been respected. My Galwas joined me in a pursuit of the two men; and, had they been caught, they would have been given a flogging.

On Wednesday, the 14th, when I left my bedroom, and was passing through the sitting-room, on my way to ring the 6.45 A. M. prayer-bell, I met cook Etĕndi, who excitedly told me that young Abumba (no relative of the ruling elder) had left his box of goods in his (Etĕndi's) house in the night, under suspicious circumstances; that he had examined the contents of the box, and had found what he believed were goods stolen from me. As Etĕndi's room lay on the way to the prayer-room, I went through it, and saw the box there. I said nothing. After breakfast, I called Etĕndi to his room, and inquired all the circumstances. Then, I summoned Abumba, and told him my suspicions. He said that there was nothing wrong about the box. I demanded, if that was the case, that he open it in my presence. He hesitated, and said that he had not the keys, that Mbigino had them. On summoning Mbigino, the latter said that Abumba had the keys. Then, he yielded, and opened the box. I found certain of my goods, of which I took possession. But, amazingly, he denied that he had either stolen or lied! However, when I went away with the goods, he admitted that on Sunday afternoon, when I had excused him from Sabbath school on his plea of toothache, he had climbed by a plank into the storeroom through an open window, and had stolen. It was usually safe to have that window open; for, it was high above the ground; and, it was only a rod from my study where I could see it. And, it was desirable to have sunshine come in to keep goods from dampness. But, it should not have been left open when I was away at Sabbath school; though, I never imagined that any of my own people would rob. There had been small thefts. Even good Etĕndi, I had suspected of appropriating food in the kitchen. (But, cooks, the world over, do not think that *that* is "stealing.") An hour later, a passing canoe on its way down-river, was hailed, and young Abumba was dismissed. I was much cast down by this revelation. A heavy rain came, and,

there being no thunder or lightning, Mary was happy in being allowed to race out-doors in her bath-clothes, under the pouring drops. She was improving in her spelling.

I regretted that all semblance of a school should disappear with my sister's departure. So, though I had always kept up a desultory instruction for individuals, generally in an evening hour, I began a regular lesson (following my lesson with Mary) for Monkâmi in the afternoon, giving him explanations to his reading of the Epistles, for use in his Saturday itinerations. I also began to gather insects, etc., etc., as an entomological collection, for the University of Pennsylvania, inciting my own employees and other natives to bring me all new specimens which they found in their works or on their journeys. Mary was very well those days; she was rapidly improving in her lessons; and was growing heavy physically. (She had always been slight.)

On Tuesday, the 20th, had a talk with Monkâmi about young Abumba's recent stealing; from which, I gathered, that it was probable that there had been other stealing a year or more before, of which I had not been aware. The occasional presence of a wild animal at night made me careful about allowing the children to play out of doors in the evening. I had never forgotten the leopard on the night preceding Mrs. Nassau's death; and the leopard at Mrs. Good's Hill-house. During those days, a "bush-cat" (genet) killed one of my chickens. The genet would not attack a human being; but, it belonged to the leopard family; it was something to be avoided.

Fañwe came from Njomu, in afternoon of Thursday, the 22d, to remain overnight, not trusting (for that purpose) the other clans farther up-river. I gave them good quarters. (Ever since my fight with Nyare, in 1883, the sanctity of my premises, as a place of refuge, had been fully recognized and used.) One of the women had an unusually clean little baby, to which she had given the name "Nasâ." (I never consented to the use of my name, when parties asked permission; so, sometimes, it was done without permission. I had two reasons, for my refusal (1) if the child grew up disreputable, I did not wish disgrace to the name. (2) even if it grew worthily, I did not wish the demands that would be made on me for frequent gifts.)

On Sunday, the 25th, many Fañwe at chapel. In the evening, Anyentyuwa gave me interesting recitals of what she had known, when she was a Baraka school-girl, of vacation school-pranks. [These, and similar narrations, which she gave me some years later, I published in 1911, under the title, "Tales out

FLAT-BOTTOMED, STERN-WHEEL FRENCH STEAMER, LAMBARENE

Facing page 665

of school."] In the daily war with white ants, I found that they had outwitted me, and had reached the attic in Anyentyuwa's room. At once, a thorough search was made for their base of approach under the house; and clearance was made of a pile of rubbish. There were found the remains of a duck which had been missed four months before, and also part of a snake skin. The latter explained the loss of the former.

Notwithstanding care and forethought in making my semi-annual orders for provisions and supplies, there was frequently some article on which I "ran short." For missionaries on the coast, e. g., at Libreville, such wants could almost always be supplied from the many trading-houses there; for, they kept a wide range of articles. The houses at Asange kept an abundance on only a limited range of articles. Starch was not one of them. I needed starch. Anyentyuwa, in her resourcefulness, said that she could make some. I bought a quantity of the cassava roots; she and the children had a merry time grating them on big improvised graters, in a tub of water. The starch grains precipitated; and my needs for washing-day were supplied.

Some two weeks before Saturday, September 31, Anyentyuwa had told me that she had a premonition that a certain Mpongwe man was dead. She was not superstitious; but, on several occasions she had given me similar instances of clairvoyance. That a Mpongwe man should be dead was nothing strange. But, the remarkable part of the story was that she said she saw him surrounded by several white men, in a very clear vision. This day, came the news that Komanandi was dead at Duala, Kamerun, after a flogging by white men, in the jail. (He had been an elder in the Gaboon church, at the time of Anyentyuwa's excommunication. She knew, and he knew that she knew, at that very time, that he was living an immoral life. He finally abandoned the church, went into trade, committed some crime, was jailed, flogged, and died.)

On Sunday, June 1, just as we were going to chapel, the *Eclaireur* appeared on its way down, whistling steadily. This was so rare that I felt that the occasion was important, and sent off a canoe. It came back with the surprising news that Mr. Teisseres was on board, and that he "would soon return" from Kângwe! Where had he come from? And why? Wherefore this early return from the Kongo? And, where was Mr. Allegret?

On Thursday, the 5th, Mr. Teisseres, on his way to the Post,

in a Kângwe canoe, stopped to take dinner with me. He brought me Kângwe news, among others, of the marriage of Mr. Carmien. The canoe, on its return from the Post, next day, reported that Mr. Allegret had just arrived from the Interior with a sick Frenchman; and, that, in their descent of the rapids, their canoe had upset, and all their goods were lost.

On Saturday, the 7th, my Fañwe friend, Njĕ-Ntula, of Njomu, whom I had "trusted" for thatch, and of whom I had been complaining for his slowness in paying up, honestly finished his debt. I immediately "trusted" him with $30, for 1500 more pieces, and gave him a present of $5.

TOUR OF THE CHURCHES.

On Monday, June 9, starting at noon, with my family in the boat, and cook Ĕtĕndi in a canoe, there was the usual stop near Njomu. Farther down, the children were electrified by the sight of some large hippopotami on a sand-bank. At Ongâmu's (who had left the government service at Asange, and who was trading near Abange Creek) we enjoyed an *igĕwu* of fish with the rich oily *pâ* nut. Before sunset, at Mâgeněně. I was pleased with Okendo's attentions, about fire and other points of hospitality, greater than had been Agonjo's.

Next day, the crew pulled well; and we landed at Andĕndĕ, before 5 P. M. Mr. Gacon at once met me with a distressing story of his troubles with Mr. Lesage. Felt depressed, in having at once to meet and try to settle the troubles of these two white men, the while I had so much to contend with from the natives. In the evening, Mr. Lesage sent me a note, asking for a private conference. When he came, he said that he wished to close his service at Kângwe. I did not know the merits of either side, and did not wish to interfere; but, the conditions were so bad, that I gave my prompt consent.

I awoke on Wednesday, the 11th, with nausea and headache, and had bilious vomiting all day. Mr. Gacon also was taken suddenly sick. We both were in bed. Mr. Lesage was continuing arrangements for his departure, and tried to induce the native teacher, Ndaka, to desert and go with him to Libreville. This, with Mr. Gacon's accounts of Lesage's evil doings, even if they were exaggerated (which probably they were), made me anxious to have the latter go. The evil spirit of quarrel between the two men spread itself to the school-boys; and they had a fight, out in their yard. I was distressed about how and when my church-journey should be made; for, I did not like to leave

Mr. Gacon alone, while he was sick, especially while his enemy Lesage had the range of the house.

The confusion between the two men continued. Mr. Lesage vacillated about going; he called Mr. Gacon opprobrious names. I interfered quietly. And, shortly afterward, Mr. Lesage left. Both Mr. Gacon and I, though better, were still weak. But, I prepared for the next day's journey. I had planned to go down the "back creek" to a place, Longwe, that had been on my program, as a locality for organizing a fourth Ogowe church, on the occasion of my presbyterial committee journey, with Mr. Good. But, his side issue of an itineration into the lakes had prevented that at the time; and he had not subsequently complied with my wish to have a Longwe church organized. But, the delay at Andĕndĕ made it impossible for me to go to Longwe, and reach Igenja in time for Saturday.

On Friday, the 13th, the river was so low, that I was advised not to attempt to go down the Kângwe branch, as usual, but to go up around the island, and out into and down the main stream. There were stoppages at Aveya's; at Ovimbiyano; at Orânga; and we hurried on to Igenja, arriving there just at dusk. It was very trying to see how careless my crew was of luggage. *I* had to see to everything; and, in the multiplicity, I sometimes forgot. My bedcot had not been put on board at Andĕndĕ. Not well, and depressed at the crew's lack of faithfulness (how I missed the devotion of my former employee Mâmbâ!). I left the evening-prayers to Elder Yongwe, who had arrived shortly after I had. Mary also was not well, and needed me. On Saturday the 14th, went a half-mile down-river to a Fañwe village, to see sick Elder Abumba. He was better, but unable to take part in session-work. And, as Elder Simeon had thought more of his trading than of his session duty, he had failed to come. So, there was no quorum, and no meeting. But, I visited in the villages, seeing former friends. Ankombie, the carpenter of 1884, came with his wife and child "Nassau," and a present. And, Ombagho's mother did not resent my dismissal of her son.

On Sunday, the 15th, the communion service was held; but, the attendance was small. I did not find myself able to enjoy the service; for, in the morning, I had heard of the death of Rev. Mr. Brier at Batanga, the news being brought by a lad who had come from Libreville on the *Falaba*. (This was the fate, always expected, in sending a new man, alone, to a new station.)

On Monday, while Anyentyuwa and Jane were at their week's washing of clothes, for that purpose standing in the river's edge, I yielded to Mary's entreaty, and allowed her to wade in the water with them. In the afternoon, I made a good-by visit to Elder Abumba, and engaged two new lads.

Faithful Mâmbâ joined me, on Tuesday, and relieved my wearied head, by taking the rudder, so that I could sit with closed eyes. Stopping for dinner at another former employee's, Re-Mondo's, there was an early stop at Lâmbe by 4 P. M., for the night. But, for a very, *very* rare inhospitality, the people would not receive us! I know no other reason than that the Roman Catholic priest had influence in that village. My crew were indignant, and were ashamed for their Galwa tribe. So, we went on to my hunter friend Azâze, at Ngomu, by 5 P. M. But, he was not at home. So, we crossed the river to Orânga; and were given comfortable quarters by Simbuve, and a kind reception by Etĕndi and Mwanyeno, whom Mary was pleased again to meet. There was a news of the loss, by upsetting of a canoe, of Mr. Gacon's machinery for the saw-mill at Talaguga, in which I was pecuniarily interested. On Wednesday, the 18th, clothes were being ironed; I was teaching classes to read; Mary enjoyed playing in the street; and, there were good supplies of eggs, and fowls, and fruits.

It being dry season, and no danger of rain, I had no trouble about unloading and reloading. I had left the load in the boat, with two of the crew on guard at night. With eyes still sore, I took the journey on the 19th, easily; stopping to gather flowers for the two children; eating in the forest; and reaching Wâmbâlya early, with many welcomes. People brought for sale ample supplies of eggs, fowls, and vegetables. In the evening, Okendo arrived, bringing a mail sent by Mr. Gacon. On Friday, though my headache was still bad all day, I attended to session. A canoe from Orânga, brought the dying wife of a former employee, Rilevi, to Aveya's village. Session meetings continued on Saturday. Rilevi's wife died. The *Falaba* passed down. (I supposed that Mr. Lesage was on board.)

On Sunday, the 22d, my influenza was better; but, the communion services were somewhat heavy on my voice. Two young men were baptized. Rilevi's wife was buried. Everywhere, I had let people know that I wanted to buy insect specimens, for the University of Pennsylvania. One man so far forgot the difference between mission-work and scientific col-

lection, that, as he entered the church, he offered me for sale a large locust.

On Monday, the 23d, very early in the morning, was awakened by Mary being seized with dysenteric pains, which continued for several hours. I gave her whites of eggs; and, by sunrise, she seemed almost well, and wished to be dressed. I hasted to load the boat, in order to get back to Kângwe, if she was to be farther sick. But, after we had started, she seemed so well, that I ventured to delay at Aveya's, to bargain for a young gorilla. For years, I had been trying to get a gorilla, alive or dead, for my friend Dr. T. G. Morton, of Philadelphia; had failed, in one way and another. And, here, unsought, was a live one, at my hands! The price demanded, $40, I would have paid, if, after the usual haggling, the owner refused less. But, the real owner was not there; and, I was sure he would make trouble, if a sale was made without his presence. Regretfully, I went on my way. A long hard pull against the swift current of the main stream (for, I was warned not to enter the unusual shallows of our usual route, the small Ajumba branch). Then, in passing a Fañwe village, I was electrified by being offered another young gorilla, for $50. After a proper amount of haggling, the little beast was mine for $25. But, I had not the goods with me, and the owner, at my invitation (but, to the annoyance of the crew), crowded his presence and weight into the boat, to get his pay at Kângwe. Darkness came. We passed the *Basilic* at Lembarene at 7 P. M., and reached Andĕndĕ by 8 P. M. After I had put my tired Mary to bed, and paid for the gorilla, Mr. Gacon (who still was sick) told me of Mr. Lesage's dramatic leaving on the *Falaba*.

Early in the morning of the 24th, was awakened by Mary, with a return of her dysenteric symptoms, though not as severe as twenty-four hours previously. After breakfast, she seemed better, and I moved her, and all our goods to the Hill house. There, in quiet, I paid the quarterly dues, arranged accounts, and rested. Very strangely, Mary's symptoms returned again, though less than on the previous day. And, on the 26th, she was well. So, we all went in the boat, around to Lembarene to the house of H. & C., where one of the gentlemen promised her a kitten. Then, up-river to Holt's, and took dinner with Mr. Deemin. There, Mary's colicky pains returned; and, exhausted, she fell asleep on Mr. Deemin's bed. I was distressed to discover the cause of the singular returns of pain, and then, as suddenly, apparent good health.

On Friday, the 27th, began session meetings; and continued them on the 28th. And, on Sunday, at the communion, baptized three women, and two infants.

On Monday, the 30th, I removed to Andĕndĕ, to be ready for a trip the next day to the lakes. I had not forgotten the proposed gorilla-hunt that had been dropped at the time of Mr. Good's sickness. And, the unexpected obtaining of the young gorilla fired my desire to get a grown one. So, I arranged for a journey into the lake region, taking with me my household, as I had done, the year before. But, I did not invite Mr. Gacon. I did not intend to *do hunting* myself. But, going to a new neighborhood, I would arouse the cupidity of the native hunters, while I rested in their village. For, I was conscious that I had little strength remaining, after more than eight years' continuous work and travel and care and responsibility. To my delight, another young gorilla was brought me by a man from Wâmbâlya. The two little animals I left on the Hill, in care of one of my men. Gasita and his wife Jane had completed their year's contract; and, they left for their home.

TO THE LAKES, FOR A GORILLA.

On Tuesday, July 1, though I still had good Mâmbâ with me, I was rather short-handed; and, on the way down-river, stopped at Aveya's, to call another hand. Entering Lake Onanga, stopped at sunset at the Bird-island camping-ground of the year before. I landed, with fever and ague; and hastily put up the tent for Anyentyuwa and the children, and my own cot and net. The next day, as I was in no haste, and wished to combine my scientific interests with an excursion for Mary, I stayed at the camp, where she could romp, and sent out the men to shoot birds for dinner. They were not successful; and, in the middle of the afternoon, we pushed on to a village where Anyentyuwa's aunt Anyure was married to an Orungu. They were both away; but, we remained with his brother Isoko. I at once engaged three Bakĕle to hunt gorillas for me. I remained there, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday; during most of which time I had chills and fever. The Bakĕle failed. But, some Galwas brought a half-grown male gorilla. Its brain I unfortunately spoiled in an effort to open the skull. One of those days, I sent the boat with Anyentyuwa and the children across the bay, to romp and gather flowers on the rolling prairie, even the distant view of which was to me certainly beautiful. On the Sunday, I held public religious services, in the morning.

But, the remainder of the day was marred by a street fight between two of the village slaves.

Then, there was the return journey to Andĕndĕ on Monday, the 7th, and Tuesday, the 8th. The changing views of the many islands in the lake were very fine, at the water's edge of one of which were great rows of amaryllis flowers. And, at Lembarene, at the house of H. & C., on inquiring for the promised kitten, to Mary's great disappointment, it could not be found. On arriving at Andĕndĕ, we remained there that night, to be with Mr. Gacon, who still was not well.

And, next day, there was the shameful story of how my man Mbala had neglected my two gorilla treasures, and that very morning had made no effort to save them from an army of driver ants. When I demanded why he had not responded to their cries, he said, "they were always crying." *That* was only partly true. They were indeed almost constantly whining. And, I said, "Surely, you could have heard a difference between whines of discontent and agonized cries of pain under torture of the ants." My little animals died of their torture; but, I successfully and with exceeding care preserved their brains. (These, a year later were handed to Dr. Morton; and were reported on by Dr. Chapman to the Academy of Natural Science in Philadelphia.) [A detailed account of this gorilla week in the lake, appears in my "In an Elephant Corral," Neale, 1912.]

I was tired of journeying; and Mary was longing for her Talaguga. I spent the day in gathering the luggage for our return home.

RETURN TO TALAGUGA.

On Thursday, the 10th, Londo had kept his promise to return in time from a visit to his village. So, I had, in him and Mâmbâ, two reliable hands on the journey. Our camp, at night, was on a large sand-bank, beyond the Island "factory." There it was that the second gorilla died; and, with Mâmbâ's aid, under a torchlight, working slowly and carefully until midnight, I succeeded in opening the skull, and secured the brain complete.

The next day, at Belambla; and at Mâgeněnĕ; and, at night camped on the Ngwilaka sand-bar. An incident that evening revealed to me how the climate and tasks were weakening me, and brought before me the *duty* of taking a furlough before I became any weaker. Fañwe came to sell us plantains. I needed them; but, I refused to buy, because they mispronounced

my name, calling me "Nasi" instead of "Nasâ." When I awoke to the consciousness of how foolish I had been, I began to be alarmed at the nervous condition that could cause such childishness in my manhood.

By 4 P. M. of Saturday, the 12th, we stopped with Antyuwa at Njomu, for over Sunday. There, I began to hear whispers that my Talaguga people had been stealing from my house, and that their boxes of stolen goods were stored in Sika's trading-house near by. After my morning services, himself honestly came privately to tell me that my three young men, Mbigino, Ampamba, and Endondo, had sent goods to his sub-trader near Talaguga, who had brought the boxes on down to him, and that he was suspicious of their number, and of the character of their contents. I tried to put away the distressing thoughts during the day. But, at night, I went to Sika's to see the boxes. I recognized most of the goods as having come from my store-room, not from trading-houses. The *amount* in those boxes could not have been the monthly savings of any of my workmen. In all the years of my dealings with Sika, I had found him truthful and honest.

On Monday, the 14th, I took the boxes, stowed them in the boat; and we started homeward, planning how to catch the thieves. A very suspicious incident was, that, when we had gone about half-way, a small canoe was seen coming with three young men who were recognized at a distance as my people. When the canoe saw us, it suddenly turned back, and frantically hasted ahead of us to Talaguga. I said to myself: Those thieves were on their way to Sika's with another consignment of my goods! On landing at Talaguga, and before anyone had come to welcome us, I left everything in the boat, and immediately went to all the huts of the five I had left in charge, and, without assigning any reason, ordered them to bring their boxes to my house. Monkâmi was their leader, and I told him that there had been stealing. He was able to satisfy me that he knew nothing of it. On requiring the five to open their boxes, I found nothing incriminating. Then, the boat was discharged. And, then the thieves saw their own boxes of stolen goods which I had recovered! Their faces were a study! I said nothing; nor did they. After dinner, I sent word for "the thieves" to come to me, meaning the three whom Sika had named; they came, and Odimbo-suka also came with them. I showed them the boxes of stolen goods; and they confessed; but, they denied that they had any more hidden elsewhere. I demanded, as

proof of their truth, that they go with me to all the adjacent trading-houses, for me to investigate. Fearing that I would take them to Asange for arrest, they refused. I had three men on whom I could rely, Mâmbâ, Monkâmi, and Londo. I took a fourth, and crossed the river to Mpaga's trading-house. (My house now was safe, with Anyentyuwa in it.) There, I found a box belonging to Mbigino. Then, I went on to Asange. I did not consult with even good Mâmbâ. I went by myself to Chef Gazengel, for authority to arrest the thieves. He arranged that his Goree sergeant should come to Talaguga, not openly, lest the thieves should see him and flee, but hidden in the *Oka* that was going down-river next morning. I went to the white trader in charge of the *Oka;* he entered heartily into my plans. I came back; and, stopping again at Mpaga's, took possession of Mbigino's box. I sat up late at night, making an inventory of the recovered goods, amounting to at least $250.00. And, wrote a letter of advice to Mr. Gacon; and, a letter of accusation of the four parties, to the administrator at Lembarene. And I dismissed the four young men from my service, with loss of all due pay; and kindly (?) told them that I had arranged for their passage on the *Oka,* for the next morning. No one, not even Mâmbâ or Anyentyuwa, knew anything about the expected arrest.

As the vessel appeared in sight on Tuesday, the 15th, I went off with the four. They stepped into it without hesitation, not noticing the sergeant and his assistant. Suddenly, at a signal from me, he seized them, and tied them with a rope which I had secreted under my coat. They were amazed. The sergeant gave orders to the *Oka* to allow no landing elsewhere than at the French Post. And, then, the two officers came ashore with me, drank coffee, and I sent them back to Asange by canoe. In the confession that the thieves made, they said that they were tempted by finding a window shutter that had not been fastened. (*That* I doubted.) Also, one of them said that when he had come to me in my study, at times for errands, he had seen the drawer in my desk where I kept the store-room key. Having entered the house by the window (unfastened or forced) after that, everything was easy.

In the afternoon of Thursday, the 17th, some of Sika's people came with a large box containing a few tools, which they said that the thieves had left in their care. I was so wearied by the whole affair, that at night, I had Mâmbâ relieve me in charge of evening prayers. In trying to take care of Kângwe, my own

station had been injured. "They made me keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept."

On Sunday, the 20th, a very quiet day on the river. Mary was recovering her memory of the lessons which had been forgotten during the irregularities of the journeys. On Saturday, the 26th, went with a company of six to Mary's Ozĕgĕ, for the sake of an excursion to relieve myself of troublesome thoughts. But, again, as in almost every journey, unless I looked for everything, something would be forgotten. The cook's assistant forgot to bring even his cooking utensils! And, we had to turn back for them. While we were at the Ozĕgĕ, some passing Galwa canoes reported that the *Oka* had faithfully delivered my four thieves to the administrator at Lembarene; but, that they had escaped from the little hut in which he had placed them. (Any child can break out of a bamboo *hut!*)

Because I had fined Ngâwe for a series of neglects in the kitchen, he deserted. A very ungrateful return for the doctoring which Anyentyuwa had done for him when he was sick, and, for the clothing I had given him when his box had been lost. At chapel services of Sunday, August 3d, there were six tribal lines, ten Galwas, five Ajumba, five Fañwe, two Mpongwe, two whites, and one Inenga.

On Tuesday, the 5th, Sika and Antyuwa came to buy tools. The former had behaved so well in the matter of the robbery, and had in no way hinted at a reward. So, I made him a present; for which he was quite grateful.

EXCURSION TO BITÂGÂ LAGOON.

On Wednesday, the 6th, leaving two in charge of the premises, and taking a crew of four in the large canoe, and only one in a small canoe, I went with my household on the annual fishing excursion for Mary's birthday. Stopping at Njomu, we added Antyuwa's wife Pâpâ to our company. Some of the Fañwe there were so surprised at a white man's going fishing, that they said something unusual would happen, either rain, or something else, and advised me not to go. I smiled at the idea of rain in August. When I reached the lagoon, I suspected that a reason why I was advised was lest I should interfere with the number of Fañwe who were already there. It was the first of my Bitâgâ excursions on which I found Fañwe already occupying our pleasant camp. But, I went to another good place; and, at once sent two of the men fishing, while the others put up the tent, etc.

Next day, the former routine of doing-as-we-pleased was followed. I read Maria Monk's *Awful Disclosures of Convent Life*. Many Fañwe came simply to stare at us. The staring of other tribes had been with an amused look, that was soon satisfied, and then passed. But, the Fañwe stare was long, steady, stolidly passive, and persistent even against protest. It finally caused me to dislike the tribe; and *that*, of course, interfered with success in work for them. That night, there was a rain; and I and the men got wet.

On Saturday, the 9th, started homeward, stopping, of course, at Njomu. The Fañwe there were sure that it was my " fetish " that had caused the rain. And, we were comfortably at our home, in time to stow away everything before the night.

On Sunday, the 10th, after dark the *Brazza* came, bringing Mr. Gacon. He had expected to arrive on Saturday; but, the engine was out of order. He brought a mail. It contained a blessed letter from my noble brother William. The criticisms of some, even of my relatives, for my retaining of Anyentyuwa in my household after my sister's departure, had cut me severely and indelibly. They had unjustly failed to appreciate all the points of the unprecedented situation. My brother was not a professing Christian; but, his letter was the most Christian I received from anyone, relating to that subject. He justified, and commended my course. For it, I have most lovingly cherished his memory. And, I rejoiced that the home to which my little daughter was to go was one in which the name of her good " Ma Janie " would not be despised.

On Friday, the 15th, Mr. Gacon completed his visit; and, with my canoe and Mâmbâ and crew, he returned to Kângwe. It was a showery day, and chilly; and, none of us felt well. The absence of the crew left me fewer and weaker than had been the case for years.

Native African females cannot dress their own hair, especially if it is long, as was Anyentyuwa's. So, in a canoe with the two children for their amusement, she went across the river, to trader Mpaga's wife, to be braided by her. Mary's dog Puck was unable to resist the temptation to follow. On our down-stream journeys, he ceased to follow, when we disappeared behind a point. But, with the canoe in sight that Saturday, he followed; and actually swam across the swift stream. On Sunday, the 17th, no Fañwe present at chapel. A war-drum was being beaten in their villages, about some quarrel over a stolen woman.

By Friday, the 22d, Mâmbâ had returned from Kângwe, bringing some recruits for work. I began the re-roofing of the hill-side house, Mrs. Nassau's cottage, of 1883. Mary was with me part of the time. With her in that house, her mother's, the memories were impressive.

TOUR TO THE CHURCHES.

On Monday, September 8th, warned by the thieving of three months before, I left a very reliable company in charge, Mâmbâ, Londo, and two others, and started down-river in the boat with my household and a weak crew of six. Did not reach Okendo's at Mâgeněně, until after sunset. Next day, expecting difficulty in the low water, our start was very early. The boat grounded badly before passing Mbomi; and, again, before the noon stop in the forest opposite to the Ozĕgĕ Nkâtyâ. The only open channel took us down the left bank and around by Inenga; reaching Andĕndĕ landing just at sundown. A warm welcome from Mr. Gacon.

On Thursday, the 11th, in the boat, the usual stop was made for lunch at Ovimbiyano; and then on to Igenja. On the way, was surprised by a strong wind and some rain. But, the little thatch over the stern kept my household dry. The welcomes were good. And, Elder Abumba was well again.

People were so slow at gathering in from the adjacent districts, that I did not call the session together on Friday. Mary enjoyed herself playing on the little sand-bar at the landing, and in sitting in the boat, and working with a paddle. On Saturday, the 13th, session meetings were held. And, on Sunday, two adults were baptized at the communion. The church company scattered, on Monday; but, I remained, writing up minutes of session. Next day, in the boat, I stopped, as usual, at places, to teach members of the inquiry class. This was justice to them, in following my presbyterial position of requiring ability to read the Bible as a condition precedent to baptism (excepting in certain evident cases). And, for the night at "Liverpool."

On Wednesday, the 17th, happening to meet friend Azâze near the Fañwe village on the site of his old Nandi-po town, he claimed that I should stay with him that night, at his new place near Ngomu. I did not weary myself to push the crew, and took our leisurely way for comfort, reaching Azâze's before himself arrived. When he came, he gave us good rooms in a

big house; but, some of his women annoyed us by being unwilling to vacate them.

In parting, next day, as a return for the hospitality of the village, I felt that I ought to buy a quantity (which I really did not need) of the abundance of potatoes, etc., etc., which the people crowded to sell. I admired the site. [It is now the location of one of the stations of my successors, the French Protestant Society.] Our progress was slow around the Aningo-arevo and Aromba sands. But we were at Ovimbiyano by middle of afternoon.

On Friday, the 19th, began session meetings. Late in the afternoon, Elder Agonjo arrived from Kângwe, confirming (what Okendo had already told me) of his difficulties with Mr. Gacon. I was very much distressed. I had been friendly with Mr. Gacon, and he had been very kind to me. But, I began to doubt him. When he first came from Switzerland, he was a Perfectionist. He had maintained that belief, in the helpful religious surroundings of his home. In Africa, with its lawlessness, and its small means of grace, he found that he was imperfect. Then, in his disappointment, while not losing his Christian faith, he became reckless, and went to the other extreme. He became passionate in his anger, and violent in his treatment of the natives. Messrs. Allegret and Teisseres, in leaving Kângwe for their Kongo journey, had passed over to him the control of the station that Mr. Good had entrusted to them. And, Mr. Gacon had voluntarily shared it with me. But, he did not know how to exercise power. I had to believe that he abused it.

On Saturday, the 20th, Agonjo returned to Kângwe, for his duty with the church. A boat came on its way up-river, with the white engineer of the *Duala,* and the news of the wreck of that vessel at Ashuka.

On Sunday, the 21st, arrived Bible-reader Mbora, from his out-station in the Nkâmi portion of the river, with the news of the death at Libreville, of Anyure-gula, a cousin of Anyentyuwa. (This increased her desire to go to Gaboon, for the mournings.) In the evening, came the astounding news that Mr. Gacon had had Elder Agonjo arrested. I felt sure of his innocence, and, with my former friendship for Mr. Gacon, I felt much cast down. Being in charge of Kângwe, I knew that I would have to take some action.

After a restless night of anxiety, I arose early, on Monday

morning, and hurried the loading of the boat, so as to haste to the aid of Elder Agonjo. The crew pulled slowly; I had to beg them to haste to the relief of their friend. When nearing Lembarene, I went into the forest alone, to put on clothing better fitted for calling at the French Post. I feared that my reception might not be cordial; for, the administrator was the Dr. Reol (in company, nine months before, with that sergeant at Cape Lopez); and, he had made no effort to re-arrest my four escaped thieves. (Mr. Gacon had told me that this administrator was displeased at what he thought my discourtesy in not paying my respects to him at my quarterly visits to Kângwe. I certainly had not intended disrespect, I had been so very busy with so many church duties. Perhaps my failure to make an official call was an error. But, it did not justify his neglect to give me justice, in the case of the thieves.) I then went on, and landed at H. & C. house, and asked the agent, Mr. Smith, for the use of his interpreter. At the Post, I had a long discussion with the administrator. Mr. Gacon's charge against Elder Agonjo and two other young men was that they had encouraged a certain young man, Rere-ntyolo, in an attempt to shoot him. (Rere-ntyolo had then fled.) Of that attempt I knew nothing, and made no plea. Nor, for the two young men did I take any position, as to their guilt or innocence. But, for Elder Agonjo, I staked my truth and honor for his innocence, simply on his character as I knew it. He also asserted the innocence of the two young men. Finally, the administrator did me the compliment to accept my word, and released the three, unconditionally; except, that as he said that Agonjo had been held only as a hostage, as a means of compelling Rere-ntyolo to deliver himself up in his place, I should bring pressure on proper persons to compel his return. I accepted the condition; and was greatly relieved. There was rejoicing when Elder Agonjo entered the boat. It was dark when we reached Andĕndĕ. Thanks were given me by the crowd that awaited us at the landing, led by Ntyango and other prominent Kângwe employees. There was evident increased respect for me, because of my apparent influence with the government. I at once took Elder Agonjo to Mr. Gacon, expecting that the latter would be displeased that I had released him. To my agreeable surprise, he was not; though he still believed that Agonjo had aided Rere-ntyolo. In the evening Mr. Gacon and I had a somewhat excited conversation.

On Tuesday, the 23d, I was busy paying the Kângwe em-

ployees. After a decided talk with Agonjo and Ntyango, I sent them, to appeal to the Galwa chiefs, on the various grounds of justice to Mr. Gacon, to Agonjo, and to myself, that they should capture Rere-ntyolo, and deliver him to the government. In the evening, I had another exciting talk with Mr. Gacon; the end of which was a better understanding. Though he still doubted Agonjo, he was convinced of my sympathy for himself, as against Rere-ntyolo; and my desire to be just both to himself and Agonjo.

Next day, Anyentyuwa went to the Hill, with five of the employees, to superintend their cleaning of the house, in expectation of the return of Mr. and Mrs. Good from the United States.

On Thursday, the 25th, I wrote for Mr. Good a letter, in the nature of a report of my administration of his station and churches, during his absence. I had felt hurt at his estimate of my work during his former absence. But, I was indifferent as to how he might regard the present one. For, I myself was dissatisfied with it. I knew however that I had done the best I could, in my ill-health, in charge of two stations and three churches, and limited by my first duty to my little child. No human hand could have worked perfectly under those combined circumstances. In the afternoon, Elder Agonjo and Ntyango returned, having obtained possession of Rere-ntyolo, and accompanied by a large delegation of the heads of many villages. The people of "England" village had yielded to Agonjo's pleas, and had given up the prisoner. I went out on to the large front veranda, to receive the delegation, and to listen, according to native etiquette, to the dignified statement they desired to make. I was shocked when Mr. Gacon rushed out of the house, into our midst, and began to beat the prisoner. However guilty the latter was, and however indignant I might be at his attempted assault on my white brother, I appreciated that he had been brought to *me,* not to Mr. Gacon; and, as it were, under a flag of truce; that he was *my* prisoner, not Mr. Gacon's; and that neither of us had right to punish, in advance of the civil authority. The delegation looked on in astonishment. I interfered. Mr. Gacon, by that undignified conduct, lost all the sympathy the natives otherwise would have had for him. I sent the prisoner to the Post, with Mr. Gacon to make his plea against him to the administrator.

I was told of a cruel crime that had recently occurred down the Ajumba branch of the river. An Ajumba man, angry at one of his wives, tied her feet, also her hands behind her back,

threw her on the ground, and, with the assistance of a slave to hold her head firmly, had cut away the skin and flesh of her face, below the eyes. Then, releasing her, he ordered her to go away to her father's village. (That occurred in a morning.) She went to her father's people. They were horrified. But, instead of receiving and helping her, they regarded her as practically dead, and thought only of the native judicial point of view, for her murderer's punishment. They felt that, if they received her, and the expected death occurred on their hands, part of the blame would be laid against them. So, they said, "this is a dead person," and told her to go back to her husband, in order that he might complete the killing; and, then, they would kill him. The poor woman started back to her husband's village; but, he threatened to shoot anyone who should bring her. So, she wandered to her mother's family, and they, in pity, received her, in the evening, after she had stood a long while at the entrance of the village. Her relatives demanded the husband's life. But, his people protected him, with the claim that a man was at liberty to do what he pleased with a wife, she being the property he had bought. After discussion, the claim against his life was changed to a demand for a substitute, who was to be treated as the husband had treated their sister. He yielded to the demand, and sent to them a little slave. They sent back the slave, saying, that a slave's blood did not equal their sister's; and, demanded a freeman, naming a sister of the husband, a woman who was the mother of five children. And, the "palaver" was still being talked.

I held a session meeting in the afternoon. And, continued it on Saturday.

On Sunday, the 28th, I had several boils that hurt me very much; but, I managed to dress for church. Two young men were baptized.

On Monday, Mary was sick, and I attended to her; though I had intended to begin to pack a quantity of native implements and other curios, that Mr. Gacon had been kindly collecting for me, for the university. But, as I could sit by her bed, I wrote up the first-church records.

On Tuesday, the 30th, Mary was a little better, and could lie on rugs on the floor in the baggage-room, and watch me as I worked at my packing. Mr. Gacon, too, was busy, putting the Andĕndĕ premises in order, in expectation of Mr. Good's coming. One of my men had finished his year's contract, was paid, and left with Elder Yongwe. With them, I also dismissed the

FANWE WARRIOR

Facing page 681

young woman assistant, Oka-oningo, for disobedience. It was noticeable, in my Talaguga life, how almost all my Galwa employees, male and female, came from principally only three districts, Wâmbâlya, Orânga, and Igenja.

On Wednesday, October 1, Mary being better, I was safe to leave her, when I had finished the packing, and went on errands to the trading-houses; and called, to pay my official respects, on the administrator; and make inquiries about a possible tow up-river. But, prospects were slight; the *Duala* was wrecked, the *Yasi* sunk, and the *Oviro* disabled. Next day, I completed the closing and addressing of my five boxes of African specimens, for Provost Pepper of the University of Pennsylvania; and sent them to one of the Lembarene houses, to be forwarded to Libreville, for shipment to England and the United States.

TO TALAGUGA.

On Friday, October 3, we bade good-by to Mr. Gacon, who was not well, and who expected to return to Switzerland, as soon as Mr. Good should come. He was very earnest in planning for me to visit him at Neuchâtel, when I should be on my way to America in the next year. I fully intended to accept his invitation; for, of all the European countries, Switzerland was the one that I had, all my life, desired to see. The river was rising, and I had not much difficulty in getting around the shallows of old Aguma Island beyond old Adâli-na-nângâ. Our lunch at Nenge-Nkângâ, where a good dinner had been prepared, was spoiled by a heavy shower of rain. We were at the old Island "factory" late in the afternoon, where the trader, Nkombe-nyondo, received us kindly. But, my boils, and the Fañwe, armed, and peering at my crew, if haply they might discover a Fañwe of a hostile clan, took away my appetite for supper; and I went to bed early. Next day, fortunately, there was no rain, though there were signs of heavy storms as we passed Mbomi. With a good run we were at Okendo's before sunset; and discharged the boat, arranging for Sunday rest. On Sunday, there was the false report that the lad Njĕgâ was dead. Some native traders came to service. The degree of civilization and the slight education that our mission gave the young men, when not sanctified by a change of heart, showed itself, with some of them, in the form of offensive vanity. One of them, Rikange, that day came dressed in a tailor suit, hair parted in the middle like a woman, striking attitudes, and affected lisping in his language.

On Monday, the 6th, in passing Ongâmu's, he gave us a delicious fish *igĕwu;* which we utilized at our forest-camp near Erere-volo beach. Long before 6 o'clock, by an excellent run, we were at Njomu.

On Tuesday, the 7th, though Iga was sick, we ate our dinner on Ozĕgĕ-Irândi. And, were at our Talaguga by the middle of the afternoon. At first, the children felt disappointed that dog Puck had not promptly come to welcome them. They feared that he was lost; but, he presently appeared.

The next day, Wednesday, I sent messengers on an errand, to the Post. On their return, they brought from an English trader, a kitten for Mary, in place of the promised one he had failed to find, at Lembarene in 1889. Chef Du Val, with another white man, from the Post, stopped to say good-by, on the 9th, as he was about to return to France. Mary lost some of her enjoyment of Puck; he being now full grown, his play was too violent.

Friday, the 10th. (An anniversary.) The *Falaba* anchored, and landed me a dozen boxes and packages of goods, and a very large mail, that had been detained by the low water of the previous three months. Among the good things, were shoes for Mary, which she shared with Iga. I was so excited by the coming of the mail so longed-for, that I had to control myself and read the letters very slowly; for, the excitement made my head ache worse. Among the mail from Gaboon, was a photograph of little Harry Davidson Gault, Mrs. Gault with the child having arrived from America, and joining Mr. Gault in Libreville. Also, a photo of my excellent friend, Dr. T. G. Morton's country home, on the Pennsylvania Railroad main line, near Philadelphia, United States.

On Sunday, the 12th, some sixteen Fañwe were at chapel. Mary again in good health, and good appetite.

Though I had no positive assurance, I believed that some one would be sent, at the January, 1891, annual meetings, as my relief; that I might take a furlough to the United States. If so, I needed to prepare all the thousand-and-one items of travel and baggage, before leaving the Ogowe for Libreville in the middle of December. Thus, with only two full months before me, it was necessary to have luggage ready, from time to time, to send on chance steamers to Lembarene; there to await whatever vessel should finally take me to the meetings. So, I began, on Thursday, the 16th, on certain trunks; and, as opportunity

FANWE WARRIOR

Facing page 683

came, sent them and others to Lembarene during October and November.

On Friday, the 17th, in the midst of a rain, a Frenchman stopped in a large canoe, to leave messages sent by Rev. Messrs. Allegret and Teisseres, whom he had met in the Interior at Franceville. I appreciated very highly the unfailing courtesy of both those gentlemen. In the methodic spirit with which I attended to all business, so that nothing should be forgotten, I already began to make memoranda of things to be done or bought, on the prospective voyage to America, six months in advance.

On Wednesday, the 22d, at Asange, paying accounts and settling debts at the houses, and announcing to them my furniture and other goods for sale. At the Post, was informed by Chef Gazengel that, within a month, the *Ecclaireur* and a new vessel the *Milamine,* would be in the river for freight and passenger traffic. That exactly coincided with my plans for sending baggage for Libreville, in the last of December. It was a very successful day's business, that enlivened my spirits, and gave me hearty appetite for food, notwithstanding the phlegmonous boil on my left scapula.

The regular weekly village itineration, though I was unable, had been attended to by Elder Abumba or others. On Saturday, the 25th, I sent Mâmbâ as far as Njomu. On his return, he brought some fine Fañwe daggers, as a parting present from Antyuwa. [Those daggers I presented to five members of my Synod of New Jersey; and one of them was wielded in the pulpit at Belvidere, N. J., in October, 1892, by Rev. Dr. C. D. Shaw, when I succeeded him in the moderator's chair.]

During those days, the phlegmon on my left scapula was so very painful, and made me so feverish, that I could do no work, though I was anxious to attend to some packing, to be ready for any chance steamer. By an irony of fate, I was overrun with offers of food. In the earlier years, I had a large working force, in the erection of the many buildings necessary at any new station; for them, I needed food. The Fañwe had none to sell; and the Galwas, seventy miles away, did not feel that there was inducement to bring their extra supply for the needs of only one purchaser. And, inevitably I had had frequent desertions because of dissatisfaction with the food supply. Now, at the end of my years, with houses all built, and with but few employees (for whom I had small need) even the Fañwe had learned to raise extra food; and the large trade set-

tlement at Asange Post made it worth while for Galwas one hundred miles distant to come with their canoe loads of plantains, cassava, and fish. Lest they should pass me by during the remaining few months of my stay, I bought a little from each one. Formerly, I would gladly have taken the whole canoe-load. So sore was my back, that I could not even hand out articles in payment from the store. Elder Abumba and Anyentyuwa had to do it for me.

On Saturday, November 1, I started Mâmbâ in a canoe with five crew, to take down-river four boxes of Mrs. Nassau's books and other relics which I was preserving for her child. It was the rainy season; but, I risked the chance of their running through in one day, without a shower.

On Sunday, November 2, I myself was not well, and felt depressed about my work. Mary was unhappy because her hair had not been arranged as she wished. And, Puck was so noisy in the chapel, that he had to be put out. And, then I shortened the services.

On Monday, Chef Gazengel, from the Post, sent his sergeant to buy my provisions. I sold him $100 worth. On Thursday, the 6th, hearing that the *Falaba* was expected soon, anxiety about my packing was increased; and, I set Elder Abumba to do some of it, as I sat by to superintend. When he brought out my best tea-set, to pack it, I discovered that the entire dozen of plates, the tea-pot, and other pieces were missing. As I had used the set on only special occasions, the loss was thus late in being revealed. Evidently, this was part of the work of the thief Mbigino and his three companions. It increased my indignation over the fact that they had received no punishment.

On Saturday, the 8th, Sergeant Malamine came again, to state, from Chef Gazengel, that two of the twenty-five tins of sugar I had charged, were missing from the case I had sent him! This was, for the moment, annoying, though no fault was attached to me. *That case had never been opened by me.* The explanation was not an unusual one. Kru-men on the ocean-steamers, in their handling of freight in the holds of the vessels, without white supervision, often skillfully opened boxes, and stole. Of course, I rectified the bill, and salved it with a can of cranberries.

At noon came the *Elobi*. There was a mail, and a Wardian case of geraniums and grape-vines, delayed from an order I had sent to England. The kindness of the steamers had noticeably

FANWE WARRIOR

Facing page 685

diminished, since the era of charges for transportation and passage had begun. The captain declined to land the big case for me; my old freight canoe was dangerously small into which to load so large a box. But, it was done, safely. In the mail, a letter of Mr. Good's surprised me. It stated that a Rev. Wm. S. Bannerman would probably be sent to take my place at Talaguga; and, Mr. Good suggested that I should retain my furniture, etc., for sale to Mr. Bannerman. I had hoped that *somebody* would be sent for my relief. But, I had decided that I would go in 1891, even if no one should be sent to me. I had twice stepped into the Kângwe breach, to save Mr. Good. Equally, from Kângwe, he could supervise my Talaguga, especially as he had returned in good health, with associates Rev. and Mrs. Jacot. Nothing had been said about relief for me. I would no longer stand "on the burning deck." Having been left alone all the six years, I had had only myself with whom to advise. The timely sale of my goods was over. I wondered why the intimation of Mr. Bannerman's coming had not been made earlier. Why had the suggestion as to retaining my furniture been delayed? How could I know but that my successor would have his own goods and supplies? My furniture had already been sold. The purchasers expected me to send it on the *Elobi*. I was excited. So, I quieted myself by planting the geraniums and grapes, for which I had been longing. In the mail, Miss Lombard, the tactful editress of *Over Sea and Land*, the Presbyterian children's Foreign Missionary magazine, of Philadelphia, had sent Mary the new play, "Pigs-in-clover," and some alphabet cards. [I have reverently visited her grave in the Lower Providence cemetery, near Norristown, Pa.]

In my frequent absences during the year, the white ants had obtained a hold in the house, which I feared was more than the passing presence of their usual daily attacks. And, while I should be away in January at Libreville, the insects would be invading still more. An unpleasant set of welcomes for Mr. and Mrs. Bannerman when they should arrive! I was building nothing new; and, most of the houses were in good repair; but, as a preparation for my successor, I had many jobs of painting and cleaning. Mary began to appreciate that her home was being broken up; for, her cat was sent back to the trader who had given it, and her play-room was vacated of its toys, etc., that it might be left properly clean.

On Friday, the 14th, a pleasant addition to our company arrived on the new steamer *Sergeant Malamine*, in the persons of

Mâmbâ's wife and two of her children (himself was in the canoe in which I had sent him on the 1st, still on his way up). Also, Agaia and his wife, and two other young men.

On Saturday, the 15th, the precious little *Swan,* which I had carefully guarded since 1882, for sake of its donors, and of its owner, Mrs. Nassau, and of its present possessor, my child, almost ended its life. In it, Anyentyuwa with the two children had gone across the river to visit her cousin Ozume, wife of the man "James," at the new German trading-house on Mpaga's abandoned site. They had just entered the boat to return, when it was stove in against a snag, and so badly damaged that they had to come in a canoe.

On Wednesday, the 19th, at the tiresome job of making an inventory of the utensils in the pantry. It took labor, to look up the prices in bills of years past. The *Oviro* had passed up; and I got six more boxes and trunks ready for the vessel when it should come down. In the evenings, after Mary had been sung to sleep, I usually read aloud to Anyentyuwa, while she sewed. Friends in the United States frequently sent us the monthly magazines.

I had sent Mâmbâ, on the 18th, with a letter of inquiry to Mr. Good, at Kângwe. On Saturday, the 22d, he returned. I felt relieved by Mr. Good's very definite letter. I was also glad that all my people were together again.

On Saturday, the 29th, I had a lot of my luggage ready in a canoe, early in the morning, so as not to detain the expected *Oka* when it should come down from the Post. When it came in sight, I hurried off two loads, while the vessel waited, though the engineer shouted ashore that there was no more room. Nevertheless, I sent all the eighteen pieces; for, the agent, Mr. Deemin, had promised me the use of the *Oka* "at any time." On Sunday, the 30th, a large number of Fañwe at chapel. Mary was not present; she was watching with her kind "Ma Janie," who was sick.

On Monday, December 1, discovered that one of the employees had the contagious skin-disease, *abukwĕ.* Elder Abumba's contract-year had just closed; he would have stayed a week or two longer, until I should finally leave. But, I did not like to have that contagious eruption on the premises. I dreaded it more than smallpox. So, Abumba prepared to go; and took him with him.

On Wednesday, the 3d, with Abumba's canoe went also Mâmbâ's. The coming of his wife Ntinosamu on November

TALAGUGA BROOK, BRIDGE, CHAPEL, AND SHOP

Facing page 687

14, which I had regarded as a blessing, proved to be anything else. She was unhappy, dissatisfied, complaining, and did not wish to remain. The sickness of her children (the result of her own neglect) caused Mâmbâ to ask for the canoe, in which to take them away. But, he was to hasten back to Talaguga, as I was depending on him to take charge of the premises, after I was gone, and until a successor should come.

Shortly after the two canoes were gone, came the *Eclaireur*, and I made arrangements with it that it should take some of my baggage, when again it should come on the 16th.

On Thursday, the 4th, the *Elobi* came with a mail. While it was discharging at "James" German house across the river, I went to it, and engaged to send other pieces of my baggage by it when it should return from Asange next day at noon. With these confusions of planning and packing, I could not think or work methodically. At night, wrote a long letter to Mr. Good. And, at 10 P. M. resumed packing, aided by Anyentyuwa. But, I stopped, tired out before midnight.

While I was labeling, marking, and strapping trunks, etc., on Friday, the 5th, and writing business directions to some traders, the *Elobi* suddenly appeared at 10 A. M., in advance of its promised noon hour. In great haste, I sent off five pieces. The excitement, with the night's work, made me sick. House-cleaning was going on, for our final leaving of the house. On Monday, the 8th, I began my final stock-taking. Anyentyuwa's brother Antyuwa with his wife Pâpâ, and other native traders and their wives came to make their good-by visit. To entertain them in the evening, I used my last pieces of fireworks.

On Thursday, the 11th, I was awakened by the whistle of a gunboat that stopped at my landing. It handed a letter to me, and asked whether it was for me. It was for a man at Lasteurville, hundreds of miles in the Interior! It was very strange. Was it possible that none on board could read that address? Or, if they could read, why did they think that I was he? In the afternoon, as a last job, I took all the men to cut clear the outline path of the entire premises, so that my successor should have no doubt where the line was. By Friday, the 12th, all my packing, except of clothing, was finished. Gave out supplies for Mâmbâ's expenses during my absence at Libreville.

On Sunday, the 14th, no persons were present from the villages; they were dazed at the idea of my going away. So, the audience was very small. It might be my last Sunday at Talaguga. I had many thoughts, in going over the history of the

previous eight years. Apparently, there was so little fruit to my labor at Talaguga. And, doubtless, some critics would say there was *none;* for, I had no church organization, and no Fañwe professors of religion. I began to consider that I had erred, as to the matter of church organization. For, there were converts, many; but, all of them Galwas. And, with the same courtesy which, while I was at Kângwe in 1876–'78, I had shown to Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Libreville as "bishop" of the region, until there should be converts who could be erected into an Ogowe church (and, I had sent my first converts, for baptism at his Gaboon church). So, in the same courtesy, for the eight years at Talaguga, I had sent my Galwa converts, to Mr. Good, as "bishop" of the Ogowe, hoping for the day when I should have some Fañwe converts, who could be organized into a Talaguga church. I think I erred. My courtesy was ideal, ecclesiastically; but, I carried it too far. Had I asked presbytery for an organization, even of only Galwas, the effect would have been more impressive on the surrounding Fañwe. The view of the administration of the Sacraments would have been a means of grace to them. It would have had the effect of a clinching call to the appeals I had made to them. The presence of a church would have been an encouragement to myself.

On Monday, the 15th, some inquiries I had made on the 13th in regard to the *Eclaireur* caused me to doubt its coming. So, I hurried off Londo in a canoe to Kângwe, with a dozen pieces of baggage. Only an hour later, the steamer did come! It stopped across the river, to try to recover an anchor which had been lost by the gunboat of the 11th. I hurried excessively, and sent three pieces of baggage to the vessel. In the haste, one of the pieces, Mary's, had not been strapped. When this was remembered, a small canoe was sent rapidly, reaching the vessel just in the last moment of time, to fasten the little chest.

On Wednesday, the 17th, the uncle, Ongâmu, came to visit his niece; he and she and the children went a long walk around the entire premises, for a last view; while I made a last destruction of some old letters and many bills and documents.

On Sunday, the 21st, very few people were present at chapel. With Mary, I made a good-by visit to the grave. I was proud of the child's tears for the mother she had never known. Antyuwa and Sika came on Monday, the 22d; and, the former took his sister across the river to make her last visit to her cousin Ozume. When they returned in the afternoon, my formerly reliable friend Sika was drunk!

TALAGUGA HOUSE, GROVE, PRAYER-ROOM, AND CHAPEL

Facing page 689

LAST JOURNEY TO KÂNGWE.

On Tuesday, December 23, while loading my boat and canoe, the *Jeanne-Louise* passing down, suddenly offered to take any baggage for me. It was a difficult place for a steamer to stop without anchoring; in some of its bottoms, anchors were lost on rocks. I hurried the canoe to the vessel, putting on board four pieces of luggage; thus making room for some other smaller things in the boat. We ate our last meal at Talaguga; and, at 1 P. M. exactly, having sent the canoe in advance, my faithful *Nelly-Howard* started its last journey for me down-river. Mary's little chickie was one of the last things to enter the boat. It had been almost forgotten; and, itself stepped in, and quietly nestled by its mistress. It was the only one surviving of a brood, only a day old, whose hen had been killed by a snake under the house. The two children had nursed and fed it in Mary's play-room. And, thence, it joined them in their plays, was allowed to come to the table, and entered the boat on our journeys, following like a dog.

We all had our tears for the memories of the joys and mingled sorrows of the Talaguga home that disappeared from our sight, as the current swept us around a point of land. With a stoppage at Njomu to take some letters, and to leave Puck in Antyuwa's care; and, at Abange Creek, where Ongâmu gave Mary a mandrill monkey, we were at Okendo's for the night before sunset.

Next day, there were a few stops: At one white trader's, who had just bought an entire manatee, that Mary might have a close view and memory of it; at two others, for a sale, and a small debt; and, then, in the forest for our meal. Another stop in the forest was made a few miles from Andĕndĕ, to change our clothing. In the previous years, any clothing was allowable, in consideration of our being missionary travelers. Now, that my work in the Ogowe was done, and I was a visitor at Kângwe, I resumed again civilization's code.

We reached Andĕndĕ a half-hour after sunset; and, were met at the landing by Mr. and Mrs. Good and young Albert. Soon, the new missionary, Rev. Mr. Jacot came down the path to greet us. And, on the Andĕndĕ veranda, we were presented to Mrs. Jacot. The Jacots were going, on invitation, to a Christmas Eve supper at the German house. This was something new in the relations between missionaries and traders in the Ogowe.

AT KÂNGWE.

On Thursday, December 25, we rested; and ate our Christmas dinner on the Hill, with Mrs. Good. On Friday, the 26th, went to all the trading-houses, paying bills at some, and being paid at others; collecting my freight sent from Talaguga, all at the most convenient spot, the English house of H. & C. (the first one with which I had dealt, in the beginning, in 1874), and inquiring as to possibilities of steamers to Cape Lopez. On Saturday, the 27th, Mr. Good invited me to sit in the session meetings, and to preach the afternoon preparatory sermon. Also, the sermon on Sunday; and he attended to the baptisms. On the Monday, I paid some of my crew who wished to go to their homes at once. Others waited for my final departure. Said good-by to Monkâmi and others.

On Wednesday, the 31st, made the last of my monthly payments to my Bible-readers and other employees; and chose three of the younger ones and the young women Iguwe to accompany us to Libreville. It was the custom of traveling missionaries to take at least one native attendant for their errands, etc., etc., as the house-servants of the hostess complained if asked to do extra service. And, Iguwe, the last of Anyentyuwa's assistants, would be needed; for, I knew that the attractions of her Mpongwe home, and the mournings for her relatives would lessen her attentions to Mary, at a time when I would be specially occupied with the annual meetings. Londo was especially helpful in packing and marking one of my last loads to the H. & C. house at Lembarene. When all was done, and I said good-by to him, he asked for a parting prayer! He was the only native who had thus *asked* for prayer.

Thursday, January 1, 1891. In my arrangement with Mr. Deemin, for passage to Cape Lopez, I had expected to be at his house on evening of the 1st, ready for the voyage early in morning of the 2d. But, he sent word, delaying the journey until Saturday. We had New Year's dinner at Mrs. Good's.

On Friday, one of the last jobs of my people, assisted by the Andĕndĕ employees, was to draw from the water, my precious *Nelly-Howard,* and carefully turn it upside-down in the boat-house (so that it should not be abused by idlers lolling in it). It was to await the coming of my Talaguga successor. And, I would go to Inenga, to the Holt house, for the night, with my company, rather than waylay the *Oviro* next day, en route. *That* would delay the vessel, as I had so many people and so

many packages. But, Messrs. Good and Jacot, having only themselves, and practically no baggage, would board the *Oviro*, in the morning, on its way, as it passed Lembarene. I made my good-bys to Mrs. Good on the Hill; and, loading the last packages into the Kângwe boat, the *Montclair,* with a prayer in the boat (at the request of Elder Agonjo and Ompwenge) and good-by to Mrs. Jacot, and a waved farewell to all the Kângwe memories, we were off at sunset, and pulled up-stream to Mr. Deemin's. One of the last of the daylight views, as we passed the Eyĕnano villages, at the head of the island, was of some Galwa dancers. There were threatening clouds; and, we did not reach Mr. Deemin's until 7.30 P. M. But, he had courteously delayed his supper for us.

TO CAPE LOPEZ.

On Saturday, January 3, 1891, we were on the *Oviro* by six o'clock sunrise; and slowed for Messrs. Good and Jacot; but, had to delay at the Post, for the vessel's manifest. At the German house, was lying a new handsome vessel, the *Möve.* The remainder of the day was a sad ovation, a long series of shouted farewells, as we were recognized (our intended departure being known) as we passed Wâmbâlya; Orânga, where Etĕndi was especially demonstrative; Igenja, where Elder Awora and Mpenga's people lined the shore; and Enyânga, where stood Mbora. And, finally, after dark, the vessel entered the Yâmbe, the cross-creek to the Manji (Prince's) Bay. It was slowly and safely reached from the tortuous creek, by 9.30 P. M., and, then, at full speed, on the top of the tide, we crossed the bay, looking ahead for lights. When they were discovered, anchor was cast at 11 P. M. As I was more acquainted with Mr. Knoch of the German house, I went ashore with Messrs. Good and Jacot, to find lodging for them; for, the little *Oviro* had no sleeping room for them. I returned to the vessel, and slept on the forward deck.

Before sunrise of Sunday, the 4th, we were up and dressed; and our baggage was landed. After a slight breakfast, Mr. Deemin sent us ashore in his boat. We were rather crowded at Mr. Knoch's. He ordered his servants to give Anyentyuwa a place in one of their out-houses. It was annoying that his order was not pleasantly obeyed by them. Nor, had he food for so many unexpected guests. So, we ate at the Holt house. Under these uncomfortable circumstances, Sunday travel seemed a necessity. So that, when a steamer, the *Adolph Wöermann,*

was seen entering the bay early in the afternoon, we all went aboard, notice having been brought to us that the vessel would sail that night for Libreville. Our supper was on the steamer; we went to our comfortable berths by 10 P. M., and the vessel started at midnight.

On Monday, the 5th, by 6 A. M. we were aproaching the mouth of the Gaboon River, and entered it slowly toward the French guard-ship. For a little while, we feared that we were to be quarantined, because of some sickness in ports, south of Cape Lopez, at which the vessel had stopped. As the steamer slowly moved to its anchorage, we anxiously looked for some boat to be coming for us. From Baraka Hill, incoming steamers were always visible an hour in advance; and, it was the almost invariable custom for a boat to come, for a possible passenger, or, at least for news. No boat came. Then, Mr. Good went ashore in the steamer's boat that carried the vessel's official papers, and hurried to Baraka to arouse Mr. Gault. (It appeared afterward, that the steamer had not been recognized as coming from the south.) Another of the objects of the Baraka missionary's customary coming to steamers, was, with a well-filled pocket, as treasurer, to pay any freight or passage bills. On that, I was depending. But, the vessel's steward became uncomfortably insistent about the payment of the passages of my people. To satisfy him, I had to go down into the hold, and unstrap one of my trunks, to get out what little money I had. Finally, the Baraka boat came; and we were landed about 1 P. M. On the way ashore, I was told that Mr. Menkel, who had taken his three children to homes in the United States, had re-married, and was returned from his furlough, bringing with him, a white wife. Even after landing, we were delayed an hour, under the customs inspection of my large baggage list. No difficulty; everything was passed without dispute. But, the unpleasantness of that day continued for a month. At Baraka, the entertainment of the annual meeting was a new rôle to our hostess; the number of members was unusually large; and the Ogowe contingent had arrived unexpectedly soon. It was 5 P. M. before I was assigned a room; and, in the arrangements for my native assistants, Anyentyuwa was so separated from Mary, that she could be of little help to her. It was dark before all my luggage could be stowed away. There was however, the pleasant privilege of meeting new missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. Godduhn, successors of Mr. and Mrs. Brier, at Batanga; Rev. and Mrs. McMillan, destined for Benita. So, every station, except my Tala-

guga, had been re-inforced. And, Talaguga was to be saved from abandonment, only by transferring Mr. Bannerman from Angom! It did seem an unjust recognition of the labor I had spent in the Ogowe. Rev. Messrs. Allegret and Teisseres, recently arrived from the Ogowe, were also guests at Baraka.

When, on Wednesday, the 7th, Rev. Mr. Marling, Mrs. Ogden, and Rev. and Mrs. Bannerman, arrived from Angom, up the Gaboon, meetings of mission and of presbytery began; and were continued daily. When good old Mrs. Sneed heard my plans for going to the United States, she felt as if the last of her friends would be gone. Her daughter had died; the children had been sent to homes in the United States; the husband had re-married, and she exclaimed to me, "O Doctor! I wish I could lay my old bones in America!" "Do you really mean it?" "Sure, I do!" "Then, you shall go; and, I will take you." (The possibility of all this had occurred to me months before; and I had written to Rev. Dr. Addison Henry of Philadelphia, and had been informed of a Home for Aged Colored People.) Her going with me did not remove the necessity of my taking Anyentyuwa as far as Liverpool; rather, it increased it. Mrs. Sneed would be of no aid whatever in the care of Mary on the sea; indeed, herself would be another helpless care. The north-bound steamers had no stewardess, to whom I might look for help, until on arrival at the Canary Islands; and, my inevitable sea-sickness would make impossible the constant watching on a ship's deck, required for an active child. On Saturday, the 10th, word was brought early that the *Eclaireur* had arrived from the Ogowe, and would return thither in the evening. Messrs. Good and Jacot hurried, left the meetings, and returned to Kângwe by that vessel. I made an official call, to pay my respects to the new governor, my former friend, Count De Brazza.

On Sunday, the 11th, the dismissed French teacher, Lesage, who had gone into government employ, entered the church. At close of services, he came forward to salute the new arrivals; who shook hands with him, not knowing who he was. When he advanced to me, my memory of his outrageous doings at Andĕndĕ, so overcame me, that I did not extend my hand in response, but only coolly bowed. He went out doors, and began an angry talk with Mr. Allegret. After the afternoon services, a letter came to me from Lesage. As I could not read French script, I took it to my friend Mr. Allegret. He looked at it, and then declined to read it to me, saying that it was too absurd

and insulting. He retained the letter. I sent no reply; and never knew its contents; though I was afterwards told that it was a challenge to a duel, for my insult of refusing to take his hand!

Next day, he sent a letter to Mr. Allegret, quarreling with him, for the apparent endorsement the latter had made of my action. Also, a letter to Mr. Gault, demanding a certificate of character.

I appreciated the kindness which one of the ladies, Mrs. Godduhn showed me, by her assisting Anyentyuwa with advice about clothing for Mary on the ocean voyage. I felt this very much. After all my years from civilization, I did not know what dress was appropriate even for myself, much less for a child.

On one of the days, one of the French merchants, Mr. Gravier, was invited to Baraka with his wife. This unusual invitation to a trader, was made, I suppose, because of his wife. It was so rare that traders brought their wives to Africa. When Mary was brought into the parlor, Madame Gravier was delighted to see a white girl. While we were at coffee, Governor De Brazza, with his secretary, returned my call. He too was pleased with the fact (which he said he had reported to his government) that it was possible for white children to live in Africa; and promised to send some fruits to Mary Nassau and Harry Gault. And, on Saturday, the 17th, the apples and candy came, while Mr. Allegret was taking a photo of the entire missionary company.

On Monday, the 19th, Rev. and Mrs. Godduhn returned to Batanga station. And, at night, we adjourned our meetings. The next day, Rev. Mr. Marling and Mrs. Ogden returned to Angom station. And, on Thursday, the 22d, the *Mary-Nassau* went north to Benita and Batanga, with the native brethren of presbytery, and Mr. and Mrs. Menkel. Rev. and Mrs. McMillan were both sick; and when they recovered they were unhappy that no arrangements were made for their reaching their Benita station.

I was then free to make plans for my own voyage, after I should have performed all my duty as clerk, on the minutes of the meetings. The monthly English steamer for Liverpool had gone, on the 19th. There would be at least thirty days before there would be another. That interval became a trying one. Sometimes I took walks with Mary to the homes of native friends, particularly to Njivo (Mbora's wife), who had returned from Batanga, after Mr. Brier's death. Sometimes shopping at various of the trading-houses, buying a large quantity of native

curios for my American friends. The twelve boxes of ethnological specimens I had collected for the University of Pennsylvania, I re-marked to be sent by a German steamer expected from the south.

And, on Saturday, the 24th, Rev. and Mrs. Bannerman embarked on the *Malamine,* for their Talaguga station. These two had endeared themselves to me, in a friendship that, without a jar, has deepened to the present day. Mr. Bannerman's unselfish nobility, and the lady's grace, refinement, and amiability, have made a rare oasis in my African memory. We went to the beach with them. And, at the parting, Mary too, for what she had found in her, gave to Mrs. Bannerman, what she had given to no other white lady, tears. And, I felt that my mother-task was ended.

CHAPTER XXVIII

FURLOUGHED, FEBRUARY, 1891–JULY, 1893

I CONSIDERED that my furlough had begun. My Ogowe station was in other hands. I had no responsibility at Baraka. With all my love for Africa, there was no duty for her, until I should return to her. And, I looked westward.

One day, with a very bad headache, I strolled for exercise into the villages, and visited Njivo. When I told her of my headache, she quietly handed me a small white object, like a bean-kernel, and told me to rub it on my forehead. Almost instantly, it relieved my pain! It was menthol; the first that I had ever seen or even heard of that medicine. I have always carried it with me, since then. Uncertain of the Liverpool steamer, I even entertained the thought of going by a German to Hamburg.

I took my company of Mary, Anyentyuwa and Iga, and Iguwe and her husband, a tour of the trading-houses, and bought them souvenirs. At the restaurant of the White Men's Club, ordered a special dinner, where, for the first time, Mary drank ice-water, and had her curiosity gratified in seeing a collection of geese, canary birds, pigeons, pigs, etc. French beef-steak was such a rare thing that we brought to Baraka a piece for Mrs. McMillan; but, she was too sick to eat it.

On Sunday, February 1, Licentiate Owondo preached in Mpongwe, and I in English. I also attended afternoon Sabbath school; was annoyed by disorderly Roman Catholic boys who were noisy on the path in front of the church door.

The work of careful entry of mission and presbytery records was still on hand; and also the annual copy of presbytery minutes for New Jersey Synod in the United States. Recreated myself by reading Stanley's "Darkest Africa."

My little girl missed her Talaguga home; there were few amusements at Baraka. As an alternative, one day, she went to see the church women at their monthly sewing society, who were sewing for Mrs. Sneed's journey. Another day, in the

evening, I took her to the end of the pier of H. & C., and watched the waves as they rolled in from the west; and, I told her of her relatives who lived beyond the setting sun, and to whom, we were soon to go.

On Sunday, the 15th, I was too sick to go to church. But, on Monday, I was better; and, was able to superintend Anyentyuwa, as she did some re-packing of my trunks.

On Thursday, the 19th, I had finished most of my writing, and had to do something to relieve the depressing conditions that existed at Baraka. So, I played on my guitar, with Mary amusing herself by thrumming on the strings. Mrs. McMillan (who, with her husband, had recovered from their sickness, and who were distressed at not being able to get away from Baraka to their Benita station) came into my room to enjoy it.

I obtained a very rare and very appetizing fish, the Mpongwe *ompoi*, which I divided between Anyentyuwa, Mr. Presset, and Mrs. McMillan; they all enjoyed it. I bought many parrots, to take to friends in the United States.

On Tuesday, the 24th, for recreation, went on a walk with Mr. Presset and Mr. Robert (the new teacher for Kângwe) to the Sibange Farm. Anyentyuwa and Mary wished to go with us; but, the eight or nine miles of the walk even on a good path, would have been impossible for them. At Sibange, we were entertained hospitably by the two traders there; and, after the rain ceased, we walked back, in time for supper, not as tired as I had been in the unfortunate walk with Mr. Good, a few years before.

Finally, on Thursday, the 26th, Rev. and Mrs. McMillan, though still sick from their repeated disappointments, obtained a sail-boat to take them to their station. And, on the same day, Mr. Robert and his company boarded the *Ecclaireur* for the Ogowe. I and my company were left, the last of the mission gathering that, for two months, had drafted on the hospitality of Baraka. And, I looked to the coming of some English steamer, expected in two weeks.

Sunday, March 1. The day was quiet, except for the noise of the shouting at the Njĕmbe Dance. This was a secret female society, of which but little was known, except that some of their ceremonies were immodest. A certain woman, Sunâ Moore, who had formerly stood quite high as a Baraka school-girl, had degraded herself to accept initiation.

Mary's desultory education continued; but, as far as I was aware, she never had been in a school-room, until, at her request, I allowed her to go to Mr. Presset's; she said she liked it.

On Saturday, the 7th, a Sierra Leone man, George Rose, came ashore from a steamer, representing himself as an evangelist. But, neither Mr. Gault nor I had any faith in him. (He proved to be a fraud; and, subsequently made much division in a church of the Scotch Presbyterian mission in the Old Calabar River.)

I walked with Mary, to a quiet beach up the river, and allowed her a good bath in the sea. My little girl sometimes asked startling questions. Watching some parrots flying by, she inquired whether their souls "went to Heaven." The thought of the United States had no attraction for her. She had only learned that it was utterly unlike Africa. She asked, "Father! what will I eat there? Are there plantains?" (I quite justify her in love for the plantain.) I was filling my Wardian case with rare African plants, for the horticultural hall in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. To satisfy her, I put in a plantain-set, whose fruit she was to eat in the United States!

On Wednesday, March 11, news of steamers had become definite. The *Benguela* was the one named; and it was expected daily. I finally packed the box of skins I had been collecting for my dear brother William. On Sunday, the 15th, after Sabbath school, Governor De Brazza, lame and carried in a hammock, came to respond to my farewell call I had made a few days before. Early in the morning of Wednesday, the 18th, friend Njivo, coming up the hill to see her sister, signaled to me, as I stood on the veranda of Baraka house, that a steamer was entering the estuary. Her sharper eyes had discovered it. It was the *Benguela!* After breakfast, went off, and saw Captain Glasscock, and the chief steward. Purser Fothergill was ashore. When he returned, I engaged first class passages for self and Mary, Mrs. Sneed, Anyentyuwa and her child. Returning to Baraka, Mr. Gault sent off such luggage as was ready; and, the inevitable last things were gotten together. Rain delayed the afternoon start until 5 P. M. Native female church-members were at the beach to say good-by. With two other boat-loads, ourselves and our baggage were on board by sundown. All arrangements on the vessel were satisfactory. My company were the only ones in the ladies' cabin. And, they were all at "dinner" at the saloon table. There was some delay, the next day, about the steamer's taking on board logs of African mahogany.

Finally, early on Friday, March 20, the *Benguela* started on its seven weeks' voyage to Liverpool. The vessel made many stops on the coast; at some of which, we went ashore: At

Duala in the Kamerun River, remaining three days, and we all visited ashore at a trader's, a brother of Anyentyuwa, who presented me with an ivory-tusk (Mary has it to-day); at Old Calabar, for eight days. There, at church, ashore, I met the Methodist Bishop Taylor and a number of his recruits; at Bonny, two days; bought a quantity of the pretty Bonny-grass table-mats; at Freetown, Sierra Leone, where we could not go ashore, being quarantined by the death of a sailor; at Grand Canary; quarantined, but was allowed to buy from boats alongside. Bought for Mary, her "Bengy," a little white Teneriffe dog; at Havre; and took a two hours' ride in a carriage through the streets; and, landed at Liverpool on Wednesday, May 6. Then, for a week in Liverpool, where we received most courteous attention from the Messrs. Holt; in whose care Anyentyuwa and her child were to remain, until the sailing of the excellent Captain Fred. Davis, who would safely carry them back to Gaboon.

On Wednesday, May 13, I, utterly prostrated and helpless with la grippe, and Mary, weeping in the parting from Anyentyuwa, we boarded the *British Princess,* on which there was a distressing voyage for myself and child. I was in bed, and could do nothing for her. A passenger, a Miss Brown, of Philadelphia, kindly showed her some attention. And, on Monday, May 25, we landed at Philadelphia. And, the first news was that my dear brother William was dead.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE OGOWE PASSES, 1892

DURING my absence in the United States, my entire Ogowe work was passed (because of difficulties with the French government) into the hands of the Paris Evangelical Society. When I returned to Africa, in 1893, I re-visited the Ogowe, and was welcomed there by the Rev. Messrs. Allegret and Teisseres and others of the French missionaries, and my former employees. And, when I resigned from the mission, in 1906, I made to the river a farewell visit, which those French brethren converted into a continuous ovation. That mission is successfully carried on by my French successors, who, with rare courtesy, unselfishly recognize my almost seventeen years of foundation work for their Ogowe.

R. H. NASSAU.

INDEX

INDEX

Animals:
Antelope, 79
Bat, 90
Beetle, 488
Boa, 265
Butterfly, 205
Canary birds, 696
Cerastes, 220
Chameleon, 219
Chigo; 36
Chimpanzee, 91
Civet, 301
Crocodile, 26
Duck, 31
Electric fish, 198
Elephant, 633
Eye-worm, 146, 255
Flamingo, 33
Gazelle, 117
Genet, 301, 664
Geese, 696
Gorilla, 616, 669
Guinea fowl, 650
Heron, 90
Hippopotamus, 620
Hog, 642
King-fisher, 31
Lemur, 207
Leopard, 611
Manis, 317
Monkey, 90
Mosquito, 90
Mygale spider, 138
Owl, 220
Ox, 646
Parrot, 697
Pelican, 90
Pigeons, 696
Porcupine, 80
Python, 79
Saw-fish, 97
Scorpion, 382
Snakes, 69, 626
Turtle, 226
Assistants:
Evangelists;
Abumba, 614
Agonjo, 382, 613
Awora, 627
Kongolo, 147
Makângâ, 226
Mbora, 629
Monkâmi, 658
Ndaka, 666
Nguva, 205
Ntyango, 629
Ogula, 641
Okendo, 620
Ompwenge, 691
Owondo, 635
Petiye, 129
Re-Montigo, 643
Re-Nyiko, 650
Yongwe, 620
Workmen;
Agaia, 686
Agonjo-amwenge, 244
Akaga, 129
Akendenge, 231
Ambamani, 629
Ambângila, 214
Anângâ-rewe, 144
Angĕkâ, 616
Ankombie, 667
Aveya, 39, 629
Aworĕ, 410
Ayĕnwĕ, 144
Bayio, 228
Bilâñe, 389
Daniel, 642
Dumawĕbĕ, 98
Ekomba, 87
Eliva-ntyâni, 199
Etĕndi, 650
Gasita, 640
Igamba, 207
Ikunduku, 87
Ingumu, 16
James, 628
Jĕnagani, 144
Kĕngĕngĕ, 70
Lendaginyâ, 39
Londo, 625
Mamwĕmi, 207
Manga, 87
Masomami, 75
Mâmbâ, 628
Mângiarina, 642
Mbala, 613
Mbigino, 616
Mbumba, 162
Mbara, 228
Mburu, 293
Mediko, 16
Melumu, 128
Metyeba, 228
Mitimambi, 98
Mpenga, 691
Mwanyatyi, 78
Mwarogaso, 331
Ngângâ, 79
Ngâwe, 674
Ngiyĕ, 660
Ntyĕgĕ, 252
Ntyindiorĕma, 247
Ntula, 389
Njambi, 426
Ntyango, 678
Nandi-kijemba, 92
Ogandaga, 629
Ogula, 199
Oguma, 205
Ombagho, 614
Ongângâ, 247
Oraniga, 39
Orumbo-ngani, 659
Osĕlowe, 642
Pendaningani, 331
Piĕre, 231
Re-Gânjwe, 265
Re-Mondo, 630
Re-Mbendambya, 655
Re-Nguwa, 114
Re-Njogo, 627

Rere-ntyolo, 678
Re-Singani, 113
Re-Teno, 133
Re-Yayo, 183
Rilevi, 668
Sâmbunaga, 228
Simbuve, 643
Tivino, 70
Upanga, 81
Zintango, 145
Alĕmbe rapids, 372
Ants, driver, 671
White, 662
Ashanti chicken, 48

Benga grammar, 614
Blowing a blessing, 24
Bays:
Corisco, 100
Gaboon estuary, 50
Prince's, 632
Nazareth, 647
Boats, mission:
Christine, 340
Evangeline, 645
Hudson, 16
Mary-Nassau, 611, 649
Montclair, 691
Nelly-Howard, 211, 637
Swan, 686

Canes:
Cape Lopez, 632
Sette Camma, 648
Cape Verde, 341
Christian Endeavor, 271
Clairvoyance, 665
Convolvulus, 23
Children, natives:
Adzâ, 632
Akaga, 316
Awĕthĕ, 44
Awora, 234
Aworo, 202
Aziza, 222
Bakala, 522
Bakara, 388
Bideli, 98
Bilâgâ, 652
Bupakwe, 105
Ekanga, 105
Iguve, 254
Kimagwe, 97
Konga, 215
Makata, 105
Mokun, 97
Mula, 215
Mutyi, 70
Mwarogasĕ, 135
Mvĕli, 388
Nambo, 316
Ngara, 388
Ngâwe, 317
Njĕgâ, 632
Ntyĕre, 258
Nyândâ, 270
Ongângâ, 125
Owanga, 113
Oyembo, 253
Re-Nkâgu, 329
Captains:
of ocean vessels,
Clancy, 648
J. W. Davis, 339
Fred. Davis, 699
Fawcett, 335
Glasscock, 636
Hamilton, 361
Morrison, 360
Thomas, 337
Yates, 335
of river boats,
Bachman, 539
Birchman, 556
Breman, 292
Bryant, 115
DeGrauchy, 130
Johns, 16
Johnson, 650
Lindt, 522
Ludovici, 454
Miller, 226
Oesterwold, 333
Stephens, 287
Uzarski, 646
Watkins, 605
Chiefs:
Aleke, 121
Amale, 174
Anege, 53
Anyambe-jena, 47
Arâmba, 91
Avyake, 41
Azâze, 676
Esongi, 22
Fanga-nângâ, 52
Ibanyi, 48
Isâgi, 650
Isĕmĕ, 44
Ivinĕnĕ, 77
Jongâñe, 108
Kasa, 39
Kâkamba, 48
Mabe, 46
Magamaga, 657
Magisi, 175
Mamyaga, 375
Mboko, 47
Niâgu, 25
Niâgu-demba, 370
Njwivi-njândâ, 370
Ntambi, 44
Nyare, 375
Nando, 104
Onanga, 93
Ondĕñe, 41
Oñwa-ombe, 25
Ra-Noki, 124
Re-Nkombe, 170
Wâlinja, 134

Dogs, 26, 130, 233, 276, 341, 425, 616, 658, 699
Dwarfs, 50

Elephant corral, 293, 294
Eugenie Falls, 213
Evil eye, 24

Freetown, 341
Fire-crackers, 216

Goree traders, 139
Government officials:
Mons. Alliot, 385
Gov. Ballay, 648
Count DeBrazza, 619
M. Jacques DeBrazza, 424
Mons. Dunot, 547
Mons. DuVal, 614
Mons. Froment, 465
Mons. Gazengel, 616
Mons. Kerraoul, 616
Mons. Labastie, 619
Laptots, 645

M. de Lestour, 424
Dr. Manas, 460
Lieut. Michaud, 424
Lieut. Michelez, 429
Lieut. Montaignac, 429
Lieut. Mizon, 391
Dr. Reol, 678

Highwaymen:
Aziza-njĕlĕ, 150
Ndambĕnjĕ, 150

Ice-water, 696

Kasa's death, 215
Kângwe Hill, 200
Kângwe Mountain, 375

Lakes:
Azingo, 653
Ezanga, 620
Ogĕmwe, 257
Onanga, 257

Madeira, 341
Maternal impressions, 265
Mt. Otombo, 374
Ministers, natives:
Etiyani, 601
Ibiya, 147, 649
Myongo, 147
Truman, 511, 649
Missionaries, American:
Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler, 305
Rev. and Mrs. Bannerman, 685
Rev. and Mrs. Brier, 623
Rev. and Mrs. Bushnell, 29
Miss Cameron, 326
Rev. and Mrs. Campbell, 365
Rev. and Mrs. De Heer, 65
Miss Dewsnap, 87
Rev. and Mrs. Gault, 624
Rev. and Mrs. Godduhn, 692
Rev. and Mrs. Good, 610, 638
Miss Harding, 418
Rev. and Mrs. Jacot, 685
Miss Jones, 41
Miss Lush, 87
Rev. and Mrs. Marling, 693
Mr. and Mrs. Menkel, 692
Rev. and Mrs. McMillan, 692
Rev. S. H. Murphy, 237
Miss Nassau, 29, 625
Mrs. Nassau, 350
Mrs. Ogden, 693
Rev. and Mrs. Preston, 14
Mr. and Mrs. Reading, 616
Rev. and Mrs. Robinson, 360, 484
Rev. W. Schorsch, 64
Mrs. Smith, 240
Mrs. Sneed, 693
Miss L. B. Walker, 240
Rev. and Mrs. Walker, 14
Missionaries, French:
Rev. Mr. Allegret, 614
Mr. Carmien, 619
Mr. Gacon, 587
Mr. Lesage, 650
Mr. Presset, 634
Mr. Robert, 697
Rev. Mr. Teisseres, 614

Nassau relatives:
Rev. R. H. Davis, Ph.D., 348
Mrs. Garman, 357
Rev. A. Gosman, D.D., 626
Mrs. Letitia Nassau Gosman, 345
Rev. S. M. Hamill, D.D., 626
Mrs. Hamill, 346
Mr. Hugh H. Hamill, 348
Miss Maud Hamill, 353
The Latta Family, 346
Mr. J. R. Lowrie, 354
Mrs. Matilda Nassau Lowrie, 354
Rev. J. E. Nassau, D.D., 349
Mrs. Nassau, 349
Miss Elizabeth Nassau, 346
W. W. Nassau, M.D., 655
Mrs. Nassau, 675
William Latta Nassau, 253
Charles Francis Nassau, 662
Mrs. Anna H. Sweeney, 45
Rev. W. Swan, 349
Mrs. Emma Nassau Swan, 349
Mrs. Stewart, 357
Edward Wells, Esq., 348
Mrs. Hannah Nassau Wells, 348
Mrs. Mary Wood, 355
Njĕmbe dance, 697
North star, 340

Orunda, 48
Other Men and Women:
Mr. F. W. Airy, 649
Miss Brown, 699
Rev. and Mrs. Buxton, 341
Rev. Dr. Calkins, 346
Rev. Dr. Chandler, 211
Commander Coffin, 540
Rev. Mr. Comber, 240
Mr. Christie, 344
Marquis de Compeigne, 15
Rev. and Mrs. Crowther, 130
Lieut. R. Dickens, 540
Lieut. E. F. Domville, 649
Lieut. F. J. Drake, 540
Sec'y Ellinwood, 12
S. R. Forman, M.D., 211
Rev. Dr. Freeman, 346
Rev. and Mrs. Fuller, 130
Sec'y Gillespie, 630
Rev. and Mrs. Goldie, 130
Rev. Mr. Grenfell, 240
Rev. Mr. Griffiths, 130
Mr. J. E. Harran, 211
Rev. Dr. Henry, 693
Genl. Herndon, 346
Lieut. N. T. Houston, 540
Consul Jackson, 237
Miss Johnson, 128
Rev. Dr. Kellogg, 336
S. R. Knapp, Esq., 210
Baron de Koppenfels, 34
Dr. Lenz, 34
Consul Lewis, 340
Miss Lombard, 685
Sec'y Lowrie, 116
Mons. Marche, 15
Capt. Monroe, 340
T. G. Morton, M.D., 669
Mr. and Mrs. Patten, 210
Rev. T. Parr, 130
Provost Pepper, 661
Lieut. F. Singer, 540
Rev. R. Smith, 130
Lieut. Com. Sperry, 540
Rev. Bp. W. Taylor, 699
Surgeon J. R. Tyson, 540
Calvin Wadhams, 211
Mrs. Williams, 326

Palm-cabbage, 219
Polygamy, 83
Papyrus, 23

Rivers:
Abange, 370
Ajumba, 200
Fernan Vaz, 13
Isango, 44
Lebo, 371
Mbilye, 48
Mexias, 13
Ngunye, 300
Nkogo, 370
Ogowe, 20
Okono, 372
Ozugavizya, 156
Rĕmbwe, 15
Yambe, 632

Salt, 71
Sea-sickness, 272
Seasons, 622:
Long, cool, dry (June-Sept.)
Short, middle, dry (Jan.-Feb.)
Rainy (former) (Oct.-Dec.)
Rainy (latter) (Mar.-May)
Skin-disease, 686
Suspension bridge, 46
Stations:
Angom, 693
Andĕndĕ, 35
Baraka, 616
Batanga, 624
Belambla, 82
Kàngwe, 35
Ngomu, 677
Talaguga, 371

Teneriffe, 341
Thieves, 672:
Ampamba
Endondo
Mbigino
Adimbo-suka
Traders, foreigners:
Ahrens, 476
Allam, 614
Bates, 656
Boccaria, 115
Bohn, 409
Boy, 262
Bramwell, 520
Busch, 547
Carlill, 302
Carrothers, 585
Cressman, 497
Czech, 603
Deane, 340
Deemin, 637
Detmering, 190
Dixon, 38
Drake, 655
Ermy, 27
Findley, 140
Foster, 337
Gallibert, 464
Gebauer, 478
Gibson, 404
Gravier, 694
Haber, 603
Harrington, 657
Hervy, 647
Holland, 255
Holt, 262
Hutchinson, 145
Jobet, 115
Jones, 562
Knoch, 633
Koflany, 627
Kuhtz, 645
Letz, 636
Louis, 145
Lubcke, 636
Manĕ, 124
McFarland, 86
McTaggart, 594
Mooney, 548
Nielson, 125
Neumann, 315
Percy, 31
Quayle, 505
Renĕ, 408
Romahn, 404
Sajou, 543
Schiff, 125
Schwartz, 263
Schultze, 125
Seddons, 496
Schmieder, 29
Sinclair, 28
Smith, 672
Surry, 278
Stone, 37
Travis, 69
Walker, 15
Wheeler, 637
Williams, 576
Woodward, 31
Wolber, 237
Traders, natives:
Agaia, 39
Ambura, 216
Angila-kukulani, 157
Animba, 371
Antyuwa, 653
Apoma, 91
Disingwe, 97
Dose, 80
Dowe, 255
Isamba, 371
Laseni, 228
Mpaga, 673
Morris, 86
Ndeg-oma, 221
Ngeza, 175
Njombi, 86
Njalĕle, 662
Nkombe-nyondo, 681
Ogombe-dĕngĕ, 94
Ongàmu, 659
Olimbo, 371
Owondo, 86
Re-Njàge, 48
Re-Njĕgà, 97
Re-Mombi, 74
Rikange, 681
Rogomu, 200
Sakwĕli, 83
Sĕmĕgwe, 101
Sika, 661
Trading-firms:
Daumas & Co., 637
Hatton & Cookson, 28
J. Holt & Co., 455
Stein, 497
Taylor, 138
Wöermann, 100
Tree climbing, 199
Trees:
Ceiba (silk-cotton), 22
Ebony, 203
Gum copal, 203
Mahogany, 203
Mangrove, 21
Pandamus, 22
Palm: bamboo, 22

calamus, 22
oil, 22
Tribes:
Akĕle, 643
Ajumba, 110
Benga, 649
Fañwe, 14
Galwa, 13
Inenga, 113
Ivili, 212
Mpongwe, 636
Nkâmi, 650
Okota, 14
Orungu, 647
Okanda, 35
Vessels, ocean:
Adolph Wöermann, 692
Africa, 569
Angola, 305
Benin, 336
Benguela, 698
Bonny, 636
British Princess, 699
Cameroons, 648
Cardenas, 335
Celtic, 345
Coanza, 633
Corisco, 361
Eboe, 649
Ella Wöermann, 654
Ethiopia, 191
Kisanga, 635
Kongo, 130
Liberia, 335
Magpie, 649
Mandingo, 418
Nubia, 633
Ocean Eagle, 339
Ohio, 360
Quinnebaug, 540
Roquelle, 263
Venus, 146
Vessels, river:
Akĕle, 475
Basilique, 660
Batanga, 384
Brazza, 630
Conquez, 472
Duala, 630
Eclaireur, 683
Elobi, 618
Ewaffa, 440
Falaba, 417
Fañ, 497
Gambia, 487
Gaboon, 618
Wm. Johnson, 226
Jeanne-Louise, 644
Malamine, 683
Möve, 691
Mpongwe, 243
Njĕgâ, 125
Oka, 651
Okota, 437
Orungu, 218
Oviro, 637
Papilio, 440
Pioneer, 15
Pionnier, 502
Saphire, 555
Turquoise, 497
Yasi, 681
Villages:
Aguma, 636
Akuri, 660
Adâli-na-nângâ, 681
Abun-awiri, 259
Angâla, 650
Aningo-arewe, 629
Aromba, 91
Asange, 614
Ashuka, 265
Atangina, 170
Atangino, 160
Bitâgâ, 626
Elovi, 621
England, 629
Enyanga, 691
Erere-volo, 370
Esira, 267
Eyĕnano, 636
Ginigo, 162
Igenja, 90
Inenga, 620
Isangaladi, 372
Isosa, 370
Izyuwa, 629
Lembarene, 617
Lâmbe, 643
Liverpool, 642
Loango-ayili, 176
Longwe, 667
Mâgeněně, 613
Mbomi, 657
Nandipo, 676
Ngumbe, 27
Ngwilaka, 623
Njoli, 371
Njomu, 613
Ntyuwa-guma, 162
Nango, 650
Orângâ, 623
Osamu-kita, 656
Ovimbiyano, 629
Sanjâla, 370
Sĕnĕ, 121
Sibange, 697
Wâmbâlya, 620
Yeña, 370

Witchcraft, 623
Women, natives:
Akera, 127
Anyentyuwa, 610, 640
Anyingila, 94
Apoyo, 654
Arangi-nomiĕ, 266
Aziza, 610
Azizĕ, 500
Azizya, 195
Beyânâ, 147
Bya-utata, 50
Charity, 247
Celia Dorsey, 314
Dombina, 628
Handi, 659
Iguwe, 690
Irândi, 558
Irina, 265
Jane, 640
Julia Green, 634
Keva, 516
Lucy, 570
Mburu, 268
Mwanyeno, 613
Mwenanga, 203
Nântye, 655
Ngwanji, 529
Ngwa-njanga, 271
Ntin-osamu, 686
Njivo, 634
Nyamba, 614

Nwanajâ, 43
Oka-oningo, 681
Onivi, 400
Ovĕmbwe, 177
Ozĕngĕ, 202
Ozume, 686
Pando, 177
Pâpâ, 659
Pâwa, 614
Sisingâye, 52

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